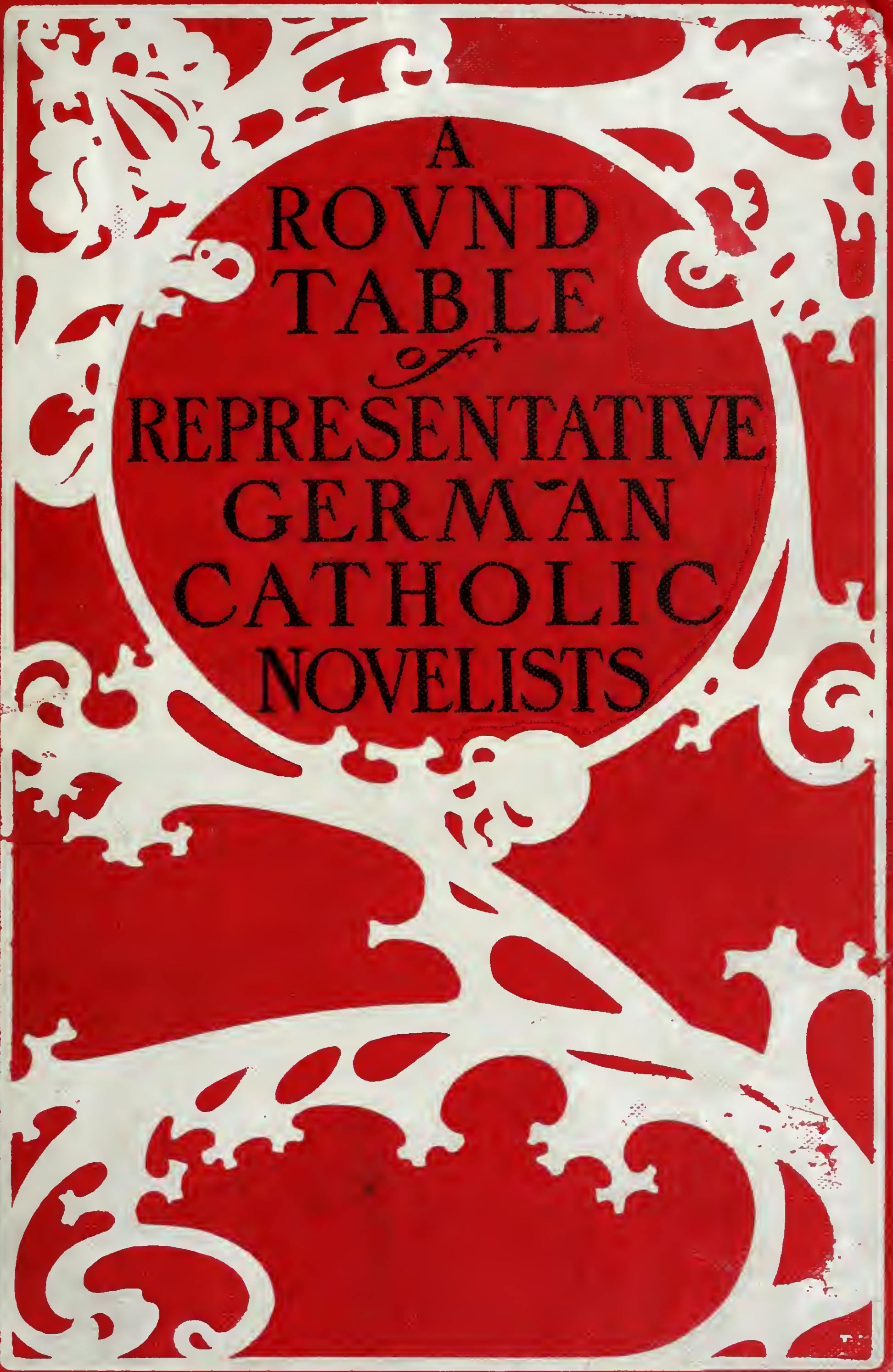


A ROVND TABLE of REPRESENTATIVE GERMAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS

A ROUND TABLE

OF THE REPRESENTATIVE

GERMAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS.

Cobolanden.
Ferdinande Freiin von Brackel

Cl. Daum

Dr K Domanig.

Emmy Giehrl
Tante Emmy

Hansjakob

Antonie Haupt.

M. Herbert.

A. Jüngst.

Dr. V. M. Otto Denk
(Otto von Schaching)

Ewilda von Pütz

Jos. Spillmann S.J.

A ROUND TABLE

OF THE REPRESENTATIVE

GERMAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS

At which is Served a Feast of Excellent Stories.

BY

CONRAD v. BOLANDEN
FERD. von BRACKEL
Dr. H. CARDAUNS
KARL DOMANIG
EMMY GIEHRL
HEINRICH HANSJAKOB
ANTONIE HAUPT
M. HERBERT
ANTONIE JÜNGST
EVERILDA von PÜTZ
OTTO von SCHACHING
JOSEPH SPILLMANN, S.J.

With Portraits, Biographical Sketches, and Bibliography.

11293

[redacted]
Santa Barbara, California

NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO:
BENZIGER BROTHERS,
Printers to the Holy Apostolic See.
1902.

[redacted]

Copyright, 1902, by Benziger Brothers.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

SISTER ANGELA . . . . . . *Antonie Jüngst* 9

AFRA. A TYROLESE TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY . . . . *Otto von Schaching* 25

THE POSTILION OF SCHOENBERG . . *Karl Domanig* 41

SACRIFICE. A TYROLESE VILLAGE TALE . *Everilda von Pütz* 59

JUST A SIMPLE STORY . . *Ferdinande von Brackel* 77

TINSEL . . . . *M. Herbert* 99

CHILDREN OF MARY . . . . *Emmy Giehrl* 117

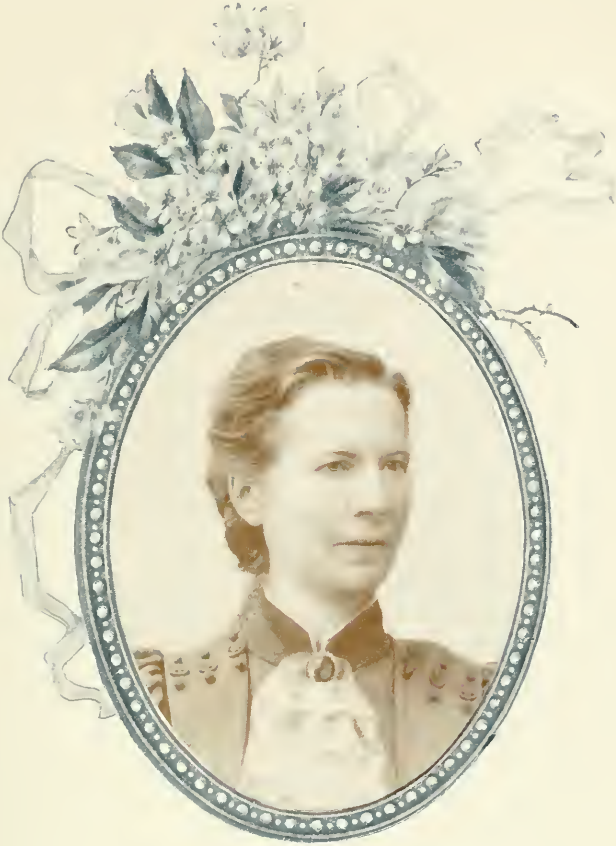
THE GOOD DEAN ENSFRIED. A STORY OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY . . . . *H. Kerner* 137

KING RATBODO. A TALE OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY . . . . *Conrad von Bolanden* 157

NICHOLAS CUSANUS . . . . *Antonie Haupt* 177

LONG PHILIP. A TALE OF THE TIME OF FREDERICK WILLIAM I. . . *Joseph Spillmann, S.J.* 195

FROM THE STORY OF AN UNHAPPY LIFE . *H. Hansjakob* 221



ANTONIE JÜNGST.

Antonie Jüngst was born in Werne, Westphalia, on June 13, 1843, and was baptized on the 27th, in the Catholic faith of her mother. Her father was a Protestant and a descendant of a preacher family well known in the olden German literature. After the death of both her parents the child found a second home in the house of Judge Crone in Rheine, Westphalia. Her parents by adoption sent her to the Ursulines at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1860 to complete her education. She studied with them for a year and a half and then removed to Munster with the Crones. Here she came under the influence of the blind poet and teacher, Professor Schlueter, and the association undoubtedly had a great influence on her development. Yet, though she read to the venerable Professor for hours every week, and studied English and Italian poetry with him, she could not, for a long time, bring herself to shew him her own attempts at poetry.

She lived for years in Münster, devoting herself to the care of her aging foster-mother, after the death of Judge Crone. Every summer there was an excursion into Switzerland, the Tyrol, or to Italy, as a rest and inspiration.

Since 1893, when her adopted mother died, the authoress has lived alone, giving herself up entirely to charity and to her writings.

She first came to public notice in 1883 by the publication of her epic "Konradin," which deserves to rank with the best that German epic literature has produced. The poem ran through several editions and was followed by a prose work, "Der Glocken Romfahrt," which, though not in measured rhythm, had yet the spirit of poetry in its telling. Then appeared another epic poem "Der Tod Baldurs." In 1889 there followed "Gesucht und Gefunden," "Tagesbuchblätter eines alten Fräuleins," and the epic, "Unterm Krummstab." A few years after she sent forth: "Das Vater Unser," a cycle of poems; "Wider Willen," three novels; "Leben und Weben," songs and poems; "Reginald von Reinhardsbrun," a novel; and others. Her latest book, "Roma Eterna," consists of impressions, in prose and poetry, of the Eternal City.

Sister Angela.

BY A. JÜNGST.

A TELEGRAM from an overkind officer friend brought me back to the city abruptly from a trip to my old home in May of last year. To be sure, my furlough was not up for another week, but the news of the transfer of the major and the retirement of the colonel of the regiment in which I was surgeon-major made the stay at the country-seat of my brother-in-law seem tedious. I was filled with the desire to be present myself at these far-reaching changes.

So I bade my brother and his wife, my nephews and my nieces farewell early the next morning. They all seemed very sorry to see the bachelor uncle go.

By some miscalculation on the part of the coachman we turned the corner of the station street just as the express puffed away with apparently delighted malice at our discomfiture. If I did not want to have the tearful scenes of the morning repeated on the next day, there was nothing but to wait here for the local train, due in two hours, and spend the night in Hanover, instead of Berlin. I took the matter as cheerfully as possible, therefore, and after enduring two long hours on the tedious streets of the little town, the train at last came along and carried me off through a stretch of not less tedious moor country. I had just replaced my watch, after pulling it out for the tenth time to calculate whether the train would arrive in Hanover in time to permit me to hear the opera—it was the "Cavalleria Rusticana," as I had taken care to learn—when there was a jerk that made the windows of the coupé rattle, and before I had time to think what might be happening the train was at a standstill in the wide field. I rushed out to learn what was wrong. Startled faces everywhere, astonishment, aimless questionings, and an equally aimless running to and fro on the part of the passengers, upset as ruthlessly as I had been, in their plans for the immediate future. The axle of a locomotive was broken and a continuation of the journey was not to be considered at present.

"If the ladies and gentlemen will kindly walk on to the next station—it is only a little quarter of an hour's walk to Schilda—the station for Wellendorf"—the conductor, a pleasant, gray-haired man, tried to suggest to the excited passengers, "in little more than an hour the damage will be repaired, and then we can go on without danger."

I took out my watch once more and looked at it, full of annoyance. Half-past three! We were due in Hanover at seven! As it was it would be nine or more and no choice but to spend the beautiful May evening in stuffy hotel rooms. But what was to be done? In the end, perhaps, I ought to have been grateful to have escaped without injury. Except for my tourist bag and umbrella, I had no luggage, and, taking these, I followed the other travelers towards the little station indicated.

"Ah, Major! What a pleasure! Are you bound for Wellendorf, too?"

"For Wellendorf?" I asked in astonishment, and turned to look at the speaker, a handsome young man of about twenty. I recognized him as Hugo Forster, a rising young artist, whom I had met some time before in Dresden at the house of a friend. Seemingly most agreeable in the midst of the desolation of tedium at this place and time, it was doubly pleasing to meet him.

"Well, yes," said the young man, smilingly, after we had exchanged greetings; "you have taken your luggage with you."

"Oh, yes," I interrupted. "Habit, my dear young friend. Experience has made me wise, and I never leave my things behind me in a railway carriage. But what about Wellendorf? The name seems most familiar, and yet I can not connect it at present."

"At Wellendorf the large provincial asylum for idiots is located," the young man said in a low voice. "I thought—"

"You thought I wished to follow up some scientific studies?" I interrupted him once more. "No, Herr Forster, this time my journey is solely one of recreation. Indeed, I expected to pass this evening listening to the new opera by Mascagni, and instead I shall have to spend it in that disconsolate corner." I pointed at the village whose low-roofed cottages were just rising to our view line. "Here I shall have to spend hours of weary waiting until the engine is sufficiently repaired to continue the journey. It is most good fortune to have met you—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Major. I go on at once."

"You go on? But where to, for heaven's sake? Surely not to Wellendorf."

"I am sorry to say, to Wellendorf," my companion answered, with a sigh. Turning away and seeming to follow intently the upward flight of a lark, he went on in a lower tone: "You do not know, perhaps, that I lost my father when I was very young, and that my mother has been an invalid for years, and that my only sister is among the unfortunate children at Wellendorf? It is a hard fate! But hardest for my poor mother, whose heart is bound up in her young daughter, and yet may not have her near her."

"And how long has the little one been in the asylum?"

"Since she was five years old. A conscienceless nurse, who was secretly given to drink, dropped the child when she was barely nine months old. The injuries she received were followed by epileptic attacks and finally by a settled dementia."

The young man paused, overcome by his emotions, and I, too, was silent, touched by the tragedy of his simple words. So we walked on together the short distance remaining to the station, each following his own thoughts. The platform and waiting-rooms were crowded with the passengers who had hurried on ahead of us,and were now impatiently waiting for the saving train. A light, two-seated wagon was waiting at the station gate. Young Forster spoke a few words to the attendant, took his luggage, which had been brought after him, and then turned to me.

"Adieu," he said, holding out his hand and giving me a cordial clasp. "May we meet again under more pleasant circumstances. I hope you may not have to wait too long here."

"One moment," I said, taking in the discomforts of the wait at the little station and reflecting that I might not reach Hanover until midnight, "I should like to go with you. I have, to be sure, seen many other asylums, but in some respects Wellendorf is singular. If I do not intrude—"

"Oh, not at all," he hastened to assure me, while I could see a look of relief in his serious eyes. "You do not realize how great a kindness it is not to leave me alone to-morrow, when my unhappy sister receives Holy Communion for the first time. To be alone with her and with my memories—" He stopped suddenly and went quickly ahead to the waiting wagon. After a few minutes we were rolling away from the inhospitable station over a good road, winding between hills where forest and field alternated in charming variety. After about two hours we came to Wellendorf, nestled close against a high hill. A dozen houses hidden among green trees half way up the hill, the vast buildings of the asylum, the whole overtopped by the slender church spire. That was all.

The wagon stopped before the door of the Golden Deer, the only inn of the tiny village, and in a few moments I was bestowed in one of its cell-like rooms. After a light luncheon I followed my companion to St. Mary's House. As I did not want to embarrass the young man during his interview with the Mother Superior and the Sister in charge, I left him at the door, and walked slowly along the garden wall further on up the hill.

It was a wondrously beautiful May evening. So peaceful, so hallowed, that I, tossed back and forth by the whirl of the great world, felt a balm I had not known for many years. In the cloudless blue of the sky the golden sun smiled down upon the young fields and meadows fair in the tender greenness of May, and the forest trees, lining themselves in proud majesty along the hillsides up and up until lost in blue mists, were alive with the first beauty of spring. The curling-leaved rose-topped oaks stood out sharply against the light, shimmering green of the beeches and the dark needles of the pines. Innumerable buds and blossoms were wherever the sun had kissed the grateful earth. The hammering whistle of the blackbird and the call of the finch sounded back and forth; but, above all—oh, harsh discord in the sweet harmony of nature, gruesome intrusion on the joy of the young world!—there came an indefinable mixture of sounds, marrow-piercing noises like the echo of the agony of a thousand tortured human hearts. Wherever I turned, the many-voiced surge followed me, that rose moaning, laughing, shrieking out of the walls of the insane asylum and seemed to hover quiveringly in the silent air above.

Even more sharply the contrast cut into my soul when, late at night, tempted by the bright moonlight and the sweet breathings of the gentle spring air, I sat at my window, letting the last cigar be followed by yet one more and then the last. A precious self-unconscious reverie softly crept over me and had almost lulled me into slumber when a strange sound roused me sharply.

In the blooming lilac bushes of the inn garden a nightingale was beginning her soft, sad-noted song, letting it gradually rise fuller and higher, and at the same time from the heights above, in clear and wondrously sweet tones, came the spring song of Wagner's "Walküre," so strong, so pure, so full of heart and sense-constraining power, that it fairly caused me to feel a chill dread that comes with the touch of the supernatural. Never had the finished performances of the most renowned prima donnas on the stages of the great cities stirred me as did this song in the breathless spring night.

I listened motionless and strained my eyes in vain to discover the unseen singer. At last I saw her. At one of the windows of the institution opposite, holding fast to the iron bars and sending forth one aria after another, she crouched. The nightingale in the lilac bushes seemed to listen astonished and then became silent, but then, too, the singer at the window ceased. And when, after a little, the bird began to sing again, tentatively, delicately, as if in awe of the mighty volume of melody to which it had just listened, the song from above began again, appealing, repining, until both voices melted into each other in a thrilling exuberance.

Thus they kept up a sweet response through the whole night, the song-enchanted nightingale in her bower of blossoms, and the poor lunatic behind the iron bars of her cell. It was no wonder that sleep shunned my eyes, and that the dawn found me still lost in reveries.

A beautiful morning came up over Wellendorf. Light streamed from the skies and rose from the earth—green and gold and blossom-rich, the colors of nature mixed with her kindest touch—only the heavy rising walls of the asylum remained a sinister blot on the sun-warmed picture.

My first question was about the mysterious singer. Hugo Forster, whose room faced the street, had heard nothing, and was therefore not a little astonished at my pale and disordered appearance. But my landlady could tell me more.

"The gentleman means the crazy Valdina?" she began, hemming apologetically. "Oh, but she is the poor, unhappy creature, and so beautiful, so beautiful! The whole year she mopes in a corner, but when spring comes and the nightingale sings again, then something comes over her, and she sings and sings every night with such feeling that you can not help crying."

"Valdina?" I asked, reflectively. "Was she not the famous singer at Bayreuth?"

"Just so, sir," the landlady began again, glad to have a chance to talk. "The people say she could sing like an angel. And beautiful she was, and smart. Smart enough to turn all the men's heads. But she did not care for any of them. She just made fun of them, until one day a fine, young gentleman came along. She loved him with all her heart, and he left her. Then the poor thing lost her head, or it went to her head, as the people say, and since then—" The landlady tapped her forehead significantly and shrugged her shoulders.

My companion, who had been giving evidence of impatience during this discussion, urged that we go on at once. The bells were ringing the second time, announcing the immediate beginning of the sacred ceremony.

Wrapt in recollections of the talented and beautiful singer whom I had seen several times as Elsa in "Lohengrin," I silently followed young Forster up the winding path. The door of the institution's church was wide open, a sea of flowers and lights filled the interior, and a considerable number of people were crowding into the pews and aisles. We had barely taken the seats shown us when a door beside the sacristy was opened, and the First Communion children entered, led by several nuns. There were a great many children, the girls dressed in white, with veil and wreath, the boys in black, and carrying a lily in the right hand. My eyes wandered over the paired rows. It was a sad picture for the eye of a physician, these awkward, sometimes misshapen and partially developed figures, the narrow heads and ugly faces; a beautiful sight, however, for the eye of the Christian and the philanthropist, for as little intelligence as these foreheads showed, there was yet a ray of higher light and an expression of touching helplessness, childlike faith, and interior joy. I turned from the children to the devoted women whose unremitting care and love had waked this slumbering spark, and by years of endeavor had fanned it to a tiny flame. How much patience it must have taken merely to train these children so that, at a given signal, they all took their places and recited the Creed with firm voices and clear enunciation! A tall Sister, whose graceful figure and movements were not entirely concealed by the heavy folds of her habit, seemed to have the most influence with these dwarfed beings. She controlled the whole lot, flitting here and there, ordering, directing, swiftly, quietly. Her voice, rising clear and sweet above the uncertain childish quavers, intoned the beautiful German church song, *"Hier liegt vor Deiner Majestät."** For a long time I tried in vain to get a glimpse of the face of the nun. Although she knelt very near me it was impossible to penetrate the screening veil. At last she turned her head in my direction, and for a moment, a single moment only, our eyes met.

I started, astonished, almost afraid. Where had I seen this beautiful, spiritual face before? The great brown eyes with the long, upturning lashes and the delicately marked eyebrows? Seen her I had, that was certain, but where and when?

---

* Here lies before Thy Majesty.

"Who is that?" I asked, excitedly, of my companion kneeling beside me.

"Sister Angela," was the brief answer, conveying not the least information to me.

Who was Sister Angela? What had been her name in the world? These questions so preoccupied me that, to my shame, I must say I perceived very little of the progress of the holy sacrifice.

It was not until the child voices began, "O Lord, I am not worthy," that I was roused from my abstraction. Rarely, or perhaps never, has anything moved me so deeply as to hear these words from the lips of these innocent ones in the saddest sense, the little ones who will always be children, the poorest of the poor, who could offer to the Almighty Creator nothing but a heart untouched by the breath of the world.

I do not believe that there was a dry eye, and I, for my part, was not ashamed of the tears that unconsciously ran down my cheeks, when the children in perfect order, in reverent manner and plainly awed by the feeling that something great and wonderful was about to happen to them, approached Communion.

Blessed children, in spite of their poverty of mind; blessed women, who, in high-hearted self-forgetting, have given themselves to the care of these blighted blossoms of humanity! Such things are found only where charity springs from the living tree of the Body of Christ through the Holy Catholic Church.

After Mass was over we were allowed to follow the children into the refectory, where, upon tables covered with flowers, their breakfast was awaiting them. Here the fifteen-year-old Emma Forster, my friend's sister, was presented to me. She was a physically well developed and healthy-looking girl, on whose broad shoulders a disproportionately small head seemed to hold itself somewhat unsteadily.

The child was well-behaved and affectionate, though very shy, and seemed much pleased with the presents her brother had brought for her. I could give her nothing just then, but promised to send her a souvenir for her first Holy Communion Day with the next mail.

"What?" she asked, fixing the peculiarly vacant eyes upon me. "A doll?"

"Emma!" her brother protested. "You forget—"

"Oh, yes," she said, dropping her eyes, repentantly, and pulling at a corner of her veil. "I forgot that Our Dear Lord came to me to-day; then one does not have dolls any more. I will ask Sister Angela."

Sister Angela! That was the word that broke the spell for all of them, their hold and guiding light. Here she had to fix a torn veil for a little girl, there she had to coax a poor boy who refused to eat, now urge the lagging ones, then restrain the over-hasty; everywhere adjusting and pacifying.

I watched her movements with tense interest, turning over and over again the question, where I had seen her before. Hugo Forster could give me no information. He knew the patient teacher of his sister only by her name in religion.

After the breakfast was finished I asked the Superior for permission to visit the living and sleeping rooms of the children, which occupied an entire wing of the building. My request was cheerfully granted, and Sister Angela was assigned as my guide.

It seemed to me as if the Sister hesitated a little at the words of the Superior and started to say something, but then immediately conquered the feeling and preceded me with bowed head. I followed her through halls and rooms, astonished by the practical and effective arrangement of the house, where everything, from the greatest as well as the least, testified to the inventiveness of loving and inspired care. And I had visited in my time many such institutions, for I was interested in the various phases of mental disease.

"Here are my pets, the angels of the house," said Sister Angela, with a mild smile, without, however, raising her eyes to mine, as she opened the door of a ward, where, under the supervision of two novices, there were about ten children, between the ages of three and six years. Some were in their beds, some tied in chairs, miserable, unhappy creatures, frail and misformed of mind as well as of body, whose utter helplessness and repulsiveness were enough to fill the ordinary person with instinctive aversion.

"How is my little Peterkin to-day?" Sister Angela asked, bending over one of the dull-witted little creatures.

At the sound of her voice a grin spread itself over the formless face, an inarticulate grunt came from the wet-lipped mouth, and two arms ape-like in length were stretched out to her. Sister Angela patted the child on the head and stroked the sallow cheeks lovingly. But when she turned to leave such a plaintive whimpering, ending in an animal-like howling, broke forth that I stopped, almost frightened. At the very first sound the Sister had turned and hurried back to the little boy, who was now striking with hands and feet at the novice in charge. Convulsions seemed imminent. But Sister Angela said, soothingly:

"Be good, my little boy. My little Peterkin does not have to stay here. Sister Angela will take him."

As she said this she lifted the heavy child and rocked him in her arms. Turning to me apologetically, she said:

"You will pardon me—"

"Countess Herschatz," I cried out.

Now, as she had raised those wonderful brown eyes, I recognized her, the brilliant Countess Hermine Herschatz, who a few years before had been the most courted beauty of the capital.

"Countess Herschatz," I repeated once more, trying to hide my emotion.

"Oh, please do not call me by that name, Major," the Sister said with a trembling voice. "It is gone and buried with all the rest."

"But I do not see; I do not understand—"

"You do not understand?" A deep red rose to her cheeks and then yielded to a deadly pallor. "Ah, but you surely know and understand what brought me here. There, there, Peterkin." She soothed the boy again, for he, seeing himself unnoticed for a few moments, commenced to whimper once more. "Sister Angela will play with you in a moment. You and Rosa," she motioned to a crippled girl, "shall set up the nine-pins and Sister Angela will roll the ball."

Smilingly, and with the same inimitable grace which had been her characteristic in society, she let the now chuckling child slip into a low seat, while Rosa ordered the nine-pins, and in a few moments the children were playing delightedly. Then she turned to me again.

"I knew you at once, Major, and that on this holy day, to which I have looked forward so long and with such deep joy, your presence should bring back the past is a drop of bitterness that I feel as part of my deserved punishment, for I never can atone enough for what I did."

She pointed to the unfortunate children with her slim white hand. "For the life which my frivolity destroyed I try to save as many as possible of these deserted and pitiable beings. For the one soul that my coquetry ruined I try to wake the slumbering soul in these. This is my atonement, my penance. And now let us part, Major. You will find the way to the lower halls without me, or else Sister Walburga may be your guide. To go farther with you now is more than my strength will allow."

I was too much moved to answer. Without a word I took the hand she held out and turned to leave the room. At the door I paused for one last look at the noble figure bathed in the glow of the noonday sun, the pale and beautiful face, and the clasped hands. The door had hardly closed behind me before I heard the sound of the soft voice talking to the children and the disharmonic, gurgling answers, and once more I repeated to myself with bated breath as I had done inside, "Countess Herschatz."

I saw her again as I had last seen her, radiant in evening dress, the picture of life and joy, her dance card in one hand, before her an officer bowing low:

"I am afraid you are mistaken, Baron," she was saying. "The second waltz belongs to Count Olsberg!"

"Pardon me," said the Baron, his tone growing faintly sharp, "the second waltz belongs to me. It was promised to me a week ago at the Austrian Ambassador's—"

"I do not remember, Baron. My card—"

"Give me your card, Countess; I—"

"How dare you speak like that to Countess Herschatz!" came the threatening voice of Count Olsberg, as interruption of the little passage between the two foolish young people.

Two pairs of eyes, dark with anger, poured their resentment into each other for a few moments; then there were sharper words, though so low that the pulsing music of the waltz just beginning deadened them, and yet so hard and metallic that I, who stood close, shivered as at the touch of cold metal. Then formal bows on both sides, and the Countess floated off into the waltzing maze with Count Olsberg. Glow of lights and breath of flowers, entrancing sound and motion in the glittering salon, as if never a shadow darkened the earth, and no one guessed that death was sitting with them at the silver-heavy board, and that at the bottom of all the harmony was the strident discord of hate.

The next morning the capital was shaken by an awful rumor. On the Hasen Haide a duel was said to have been fought at dawn between Count Olsberg of the Guards, and Baron Hosson of the Huzzars, fifteen paces, pistols. Hubert, Count Olsberg, the only son of his widowed mother, was mortally wounded, and had died a few hours later.

I do not know who it was that told the outcome of the duel to Countess Hermine. I only heard that she became unconscious from the shock and was prostrated by it for a long time. The following winter I waited in vain to see the star of the past season rise again on the social horizon. The Countess appeared nowhere. If some one happened to speak of the beautiful and brilliant girl, there was a shrug of the shoulders, and it was suggested that it was no wonder the Countess avoided the capital where her coquetry had caused so tragic a happening. The next season she would undoubtedly return for new triumphs. But Countess Herschatz disappointed both her friends and her enemies, and did not come back the next season, nor the next. Some one said she was living in retirement at her brother's country seat in a corner of the province, mourning the defection of Baron Hosson, whom she had secretly loved, and who, after serving the time of his arrest, ignored her altogether. Then even gossip forgot her. The capital, where wave drives wave, lives fast and forgets quickly. About that time I was transferred, and for a long time even I had not thought of the exciting episode.

But the threads of our fates are curiously interwoven. Here, in the Westphalian asylum, I had seen again the famous beauty in the habit of a humble religious—she, the tenderly trained, carefully guarded and protected lady of the great world, as the protector and teacher of children whose bodily and mental weaknesses must offend the natural sense of refinement daily, hourly, whose sight must be a constant torture.

And yet, as she appeared to me that morning, at the head of the children whom she was leading to the table of Our Lord, with the light of a love greater even than mother love in her eyes, she seemed more beautiful to me and even more happy as Sister Angela than ever Countess Hermine Herschatz had been. What the one had done wrong in the thoughtlessness of youth the other was expiating in high and noble penance.

Touched by the thoughts that rushed upon me, filled with awe of a religion which can thus raise men above themselves, and make even sin a rung in the ladder reaching heavenward, I went slowly through the great passages of the building. At the door of the refectory my amiable traveling companion met me, holding the hand of his little sister lovingly.

"I would like, Major—but, for gracious sake," he interrupted himself, "what has happened to you? How you look!"

I passed my hand over my forehead and said with feeble attempt at pleasantry, "I have seen ghosts, no, rather good spirits, whose sight has moved me more than even I myself would have believed. Sister Angela—"

"Ah," Emma Forster interrupted, and the lustreless eyes brightened. "You were up with Sister Angela where the sick children are?"

"Yes, yes," I answered the eager little questioner.

"And did she tell you the sad tale about the little red hen and the cock? Oh, when Sister Angela tells it to us in the evenings we all have to cry." And even at the thought the child's eyes began to fill with tears. "But it is even nicer," she went on, confidingly coming closer to me, "when Sister Angela tells us of Christmas and of the little Jesus and His dear Mother, and of the Saviour who for love of us—"

The little girl stopped. She had evidently lost the thread, but after a short and distressed silence she looked up at me so happily, so innocently, and so full of faith, that I felt more convinced than ever that the Lord was pleased to take up His abode in this heart, even in spite of the lacking gifts of the intellect.

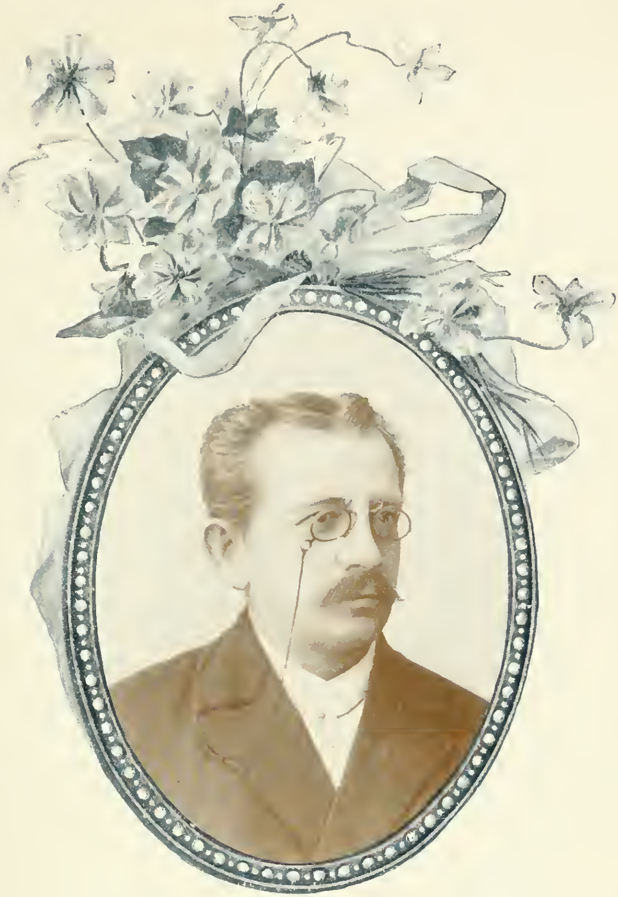
"You love Sister Angela very much, do you?"

"We love her, oh, so much, so much!" And the girl, so shy and limited in words, became talkative in the praise of her beloved teacher and friend.

Sister Angela and Signora Valdina! The beginning of their lives had been so much alike, and how different was the conclusion to be! I asked the Superior about the singer, and the answer was, "Incurable."

Shortly after noon I bade farewell to Wellendorf. When I was seated in the wagon and waving good-by to my companion, who remained, and to whom I really owed this singular meeting, I took in once more the high walls, the endless seeming rows of windows, the tower of the church, and the cemetery of the institution climbing up the side of the hill. Up behind those walls Sister Angela worked and atoned, and down there in the cemetery she would rest in the shadow of the cross. Strange transformations of fate! Wonderful transmutation of a curse into blessing!

A blessing, aye, the highest blessing of heaven, the once thoughtless and frivolously wasted life of Countess Hermine Herschatz has become for many, and I myself bless even now the hour in which the railroad accident sent me, instead of to Hanover and Mascagni's opera, to Wellendorf and the Insane Hospital.



OTTO VON SCHACHING.

(Dr. V. M. Otto Denk.)

DR. VICTOR MARTIN OTTO DENK took his pen name "Otto von Schaching" from his native town, Schaching, in Lower Bavaria. He was born on June 23, 1853. After he had received the preparatory education customary in Germany, he went to the University and studied history and philology. After that he spent many years in England, France, Italy, and Spain. He began his literary career at an early age, being but seventeen when his first article was published. His work entitled, "Der Materialismus in der Erziehung und die Revolution," published in 1874, was widely read both by Catholics and Protestants. His real literary reputation, however, begins early in the nineties, when he turned his attention to the writing of tales of village life. In this field he won a pronounced success with his widely read and highly praised novel "Stasi," which appeared in 1891. The critics were unanimous in their acknowledgment of the great importance of this book, and placed its author among the foremost novelists of the present time, "Stasi" was followed in rapid succession by a long list of novels and romances, in which Schaching takes his local color from his native Bavaria. Among these are: "Die Teufelsgretl," "Die Geistertonne von Heilsberg," "Bayerntreue," "Waldesrauschen," and many others. In all these works the critics praise the author's rare art of setting forth realistically the characters and scenes of his stories. Lately he has experimented with the historical novel, and "Widukind, the Saxon Hero," shows his gifts in this direction. He has also won for himself an enviable reputation as a writer of works dealing with the history of education and literature.

Dr. Denk lives in Regensburg and is the editor of the *Deutscher Hausschatz*, a Catholic Magazine published in that city.

Afra.

A TYROLESE TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY OTTO VON SCHACHING.

THE pale January sun sent its slanting rays through the low windows of the great farmhouse at Wiedeck, that stood looking down from the free heights of the Volderberg into the Unterinnthal. The men and women servants of the place were gathered around the big oak table in the living-room, and were just ready to rise from their noonday meal.

At a side table the farmer sat by himself, and meditatively nibbled at a crisp noodle. He was a big man, of some fifty-odd years, whose sharp-cut features seemed darkened by sullen shadows. As his people arose for the customary grace after meals, he, too, stood. The head servant led the prayer, and the others responded. Just as the response chorused through the room, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us," the door was opened, and a tall, lean man with a pedler's pack on his back came in. He took off his broad-brimmed hat, and joined in the prayers at once.

"God be with you all here!" said the newcomer, with that pleasant heartiness that tells of long acquaintance.

The servants answered each after his own manner, and then went out to their several occupations, only the farmer himself remaining.

"Well, and how is everything up here?" the pedler began, setting his pack down on a chair. "It is a goodly time since we have seen each other—half a year."

"H'm, something like that," said the farmer, while his eyes ran questioningly up and down the pack. "Dost bring something new, Hergottskraemer?* Where are you from, to-day?"

"From the valley—from Hall. The road was very bad from Telfels up. Where is the goodwife?" asked the trader.

"She has gone to Hall, on a pilgrimage," the farmer grunted. "Woman fancies—let me see what there is in the pack," he added, hurriedly, as if to turn the conversation into other channels.

The pedler undid the wrappings of unbleached linen which covered his pack. Then he spread a bright array of holy pictures on the table. Among them were a great number of pictures of the Sacred Heart, which were particularly popular since the Tyrol had been put under the special protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in the year of 1796, when the French invasion threatened by way of Italy. Nothing, however, seemed to please the farmer, who looked but hastily and turned up his nose.

"That will do," he said. "I do not want to see any more."

"Wait a little," said the trader. "I have something that might please thee. See!" And he held up at arm's length a beautiful group carved out of pearwood. It represented St. George, high on his horse above the dragon, into whose wide-open mouth his spear was thrust. "Hast ever seen him made so well? I never did," the pedler said, while his eyes shone with the light of appreciation.

The farmer cocked his head on one side, and looked at the carved gem which the trader held up before him. The lines in his deeply marked face grew deeper, and his expression became almost evil in its bitterness. He pressed his lips together and turned away. But the trader continued to praise the carving:

"Just look at the horse. Is it not as though it would come to life every moment? How can any one carve like that? Dost know what it's worth? Just guess."

The farmer shrugged his shoulders. "H'm, about three gulden."

---

*Hergottskraemer, literally translated, "Our Lord's trader." It is the colloquial term for a seller of sacred pictures, images, and so on.

Then the trader laughed as if the farmer's answer were the best joke possible.

"There, one can see what a farmer knows of art." And he placed the carving back on the table. "Let me tell thee, a great gentleman of Vienna has offered fifty golden gulden for it, but the carver said that he would not sell this carving for a hundred."

"H'm," sneered the farmer, "he must be a fool."

The trader did not answer at once, then he spoke, in a raised and solemn voice:

"He must be a fool, eh? So be it; for dost know, he is thy own son?"

The farmer stood as if struck with palsy, stirring neither hand nor foot, but his eyes glittered ominously. Then he folded his arms, and said, in a strange, hollow-sounding voice:

"So, that's where the thing is from. And what does the whole farce mean?"

"Farce? There is no farce here, my good man," answered the trader. "Eight days ago I was with Franz, thy son. He gave me this carving to give to his father, because his father's name is George, too, he said, and he asked that his father should kindly take it. That's what he said—what Franz said. And he has sent thee something more, and I brought it right along." And, before the farmer could recover from his astonishment, the trader had gone out of the door. When he came back in a few moments, he was accompanied by a pale young woman, rather tall than short. In her clear-cut features there was a certain distinction. Her blue, inscrutable-looking eyes were in striking yet most fascinating contrast to her deep black hair, that waved around the high white forehead and fine temples. Her costume was that of the women of the Pusterthal at that time.

As she entered the room she greeted the farmer in a modest and quiet way, while her eyes were fixed, half-questioningly, half-shyly, upon the owner of Wiedeck. He on his part was so astonished at her appearance, that he almost forgot the thanks for her greeting which custom demanded.

"Whom dost bring me here?" he asked the trader.

"Whom do I bring, farmer? Do not pretend like that. Hast not guessed who it is—Franz's wife?"

"Wh—wh—who? What?" stammered the farmer, and stared at the young woman's face.

She, however, stood his gaze without a sign of embarrassment, and then she took two or three steps toward him.

"Yes," she answered, with the same calm with which she had greeted the master on entering, "I am Afra, thy daughter-in-law. A few days ago, Sarnerquiria, here," she made a gesture toward the pedler, "came to us, and asked my husband had he a message for his father. Sarnerquiria was going into the Unterinnthal and around Hall to trade, and then it might happen that he would come up to the Wiedeck farm, too. Then all at once the thought came to me: 'Afra, go along with him, and take Franz's finest piece of art as an offering to father.' Franz himself could not come because he is sick just now. And now, father-in-law, let me not go without peace and forgiveness for Franz and me."

Her voice shook, tears quivered on her lashes, and her hands timidly clasped the hard right fist of the farmer. But he grabbed his hand away, and turned his back on her.

"Thou hast made a vain journey," he said, harshly. "With me there is no forgiving. It is thy fault that our son married against our will. Thou didst turn his head. Thou canst tell him that between him and me all is over. So, and now see that thou findest the way he showed," pointing to the picture-seller, "back again. I have finished."

"Oh, go along, farmer," said the image-seller now, persuadingly. "Was it a crime that Franz married Afra against thy will? She is as good as gold. Not an ill word could be said about her. And even if her father has not a stockingful of gold put away like many a farmer, yet all the people respect him in the country around because of his art. Dost not need be ashamed of her for a daughter-in-law. See, just as I came into the room, the people were praying, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who—'"

"Stop talking stupid stuff. When I want to hear preaching, I can go to church and hear the priest. Do you understand? Rather take this person and go thy way. 'Twill please me better."

The pedler turned to go, but Afra, despite the farmer's brutal words, began once more:

"Father-in-law—"

"Father-in-law? Father-in-law nothing. Now, I am tired of this. Get out of my sight at once, or my patience will be at an end!"

In the mean time the pedler had packed up his things, leaving only the St. George group untouched. Now he nodded to Afra as a sign that he was ready to go. She hesitated a moment to see whether she should follow or wait and stay. Then she said, in a trembling voice:

"Everything has its limits. Thou dost order me out. I go. But the time may come when thou'lt ask my forgiveness. God keep you!" And she turned quickly away.

"That's right, Afra. 'Twas a good dressing for the proud old fellow. I am glad."

The farmer himself remained behind, his face red with anger. Then his gaze fell upon the carving of the St. George which the trader had left. With an oath he took it and raised his arm as if to dash the exquisite bit of work to pieces—anything to satisfy the bitter feeling of revenge that filled him. Then his hand sank back again. If it had been another saint, perhaps even his sense of sacrilege might not have conquered his rage; but his own patron saint! He placed the group back on the table.

* * * * *

A little way Afra and Sarnerquiria, as was the pedler's name, went along together. Then they parted. The trader went up farther into the hills to sell his wares to the pious peasants, while Afra went down into the valley toward Innsbruck. In that direction, behind the frozen, snow-covered, saw-like points of the Salstein and the Salzberg, was her home.

It was late in the day, and the sun was hidden behind gray and wintry clouds, when the goodwife of the Wiedeck farm returned from her pilgrimage near Hall, where she had been to lay the griefs of her mother heart before the Mother of God. Since her son had married the daughter of the poor sculptor down in the Pusterthal, peace had fled from Wiedeck. She herself had forgiven them long since, but the father seemed to get harder every day. The last six months had been beyond all endurance.

"Art here, Leni? I was beginning to think thou wast not coming back to Wiedeck." Thus the farmer greeted his goodwife. There was a certain sneer in his voice, but the wife, a tall person with a sharp-cut chin that showed a mind of her own, was not in the right mood for such a greeting.

"'Twould have been more sensible to have stayed away," she said, in a hurt tone, laying her rosary and prayer-book on the window-shelf, and taking off her head-scarf. "I go on a pilgrimage to pray that there may be an end of this trouble, and while I am gone thou dost spoil everything again with thy ungodly temper. I believe that it was Our Lady herself who sent Afra into our house to-day that there might be peace here once more."

The farmer looked at her in utter astonishment, but did not speak.

"Yes, just look at me. I have heard all about thy senseless temper. Sarnerquiria met me, and told me everything."

"Then I do not have to tell thee again," the farmer said, dryly, and left the room to escape the gathering storm. But before he could close the door he heard his wife's plaint:

"If it goes on like this, I shall leave, too."

But he had heard this for weeks, once at least every day. So he was used to it. The next few days brought no betterment in the relationship of the couple, rather the contrary. The goodwife could not banish from her mind the reflection of how well everything would have been if her husband had been kind to Afra, of whom, after all, she had heard nothing but what was good.

Then it happened one day that a religious from Hall, a Franciscan Father, stopped at the Wiedeck farm. He had been up in the mountains visiting a sick relative.

"And is everything well with all here?" he asked of the goodwife.

"Oh, no, Father," she answered, with a sigh. "It is not well at all. Sit down, your reverence, or else the sleep will be carried out of the room." And she wiped the top of a chair with a corner of her apron, though there was not a speck of dust anywhere. In the mean time the farmer entered, too, and greeted the priest respectfully.

"Now, then, my good friend," began the priest, addressing the wife, "what is the trouble? According to your pleasant face, you are most healthy."

The goodwife stroked her shoulder-cloth nervously.

"Ah, your reverence, the trouble with us is altogether different. There is no living here since Franz—" Then her voice broke.

"Did Franz die?" asked Father Cyprian, kindly.

"Die!" said the farmer, now. "No; he did not die. But as good as that. He married, and he married against our wishes. And that is trouble enough."

"So, so," said Father Cyprian, then, slowly. "I have not heard anything of this, at all. How did it happen, anyway?"

"H'm," began the farmer, "it is soon told. You must know, your reverence, that even as a boy Franz had a turn for whittling and carving figures. It was wonderful how natural he could make everything. And, as it often happens hereabouts, a strange gentleman came up here in the summer-time and went by our house, one day. Of course, Franz was sitting out on the bench and whittling. The gentleman stopped and looked at the boy, and then he said to me, 'There's something in that lad. He will be an artist some day, if he is sent to study.' But I did not think much about it, for these city gentlemen can talk a lot in a lifetime without saying much. But the boy begged and teased after that to be sent away. I for my part did not want to help him along in such nonsense, but my wife began to beg and plague, too, and at last, like a good-natured stupid, I gave way as I always do, and sent Franz to St. Lorenzen to learn with old Nuwal. He was recommended to me as a very good sculptor and teacher. Franz was sixteen years old then. He did learn something worth while, that is true.

But now comes the main part. After three years the boy came home. It wasn't long before I saw that something was wrong. And then, to make the story short, I found that he had just lost his head about Afra, the old sculptor's daughter. He wanted to marry her, and he wouldn't listen to even a word about any one else. There, what do you think, your reverence? All my talk and all my warnings were wasted on that boy. It was just as if he were bewitched. Afterwhile, the whole thing seemed too silly to me, and then I said to him: 'Franz, either thou dost obey me, or thou canst take bag and baggage and go out of my house.' And what do you think that stubborn-headed lad did? He went away into Italy, down to Rome, until he was of age. And then, a half a year ago, he came back, and married that girl. Now he is living in Lorenzen as a carver and sculptor, and into my house he can not come."

"H'm," said Father Cyprian, and nodded his head reflectively, "this is indeed a serious story. But see now, farmer, Franz is, after all, your own flesh and blood; and, even if he was wanting in obedience to his parents, you must not close the door of your house against him. That is unchristian—"

"That's what I am always saying," the goodwife hastened to put in.

"And, then, what is there about his wife that you do not like her? Is she a good woman? If she is, I do not know why you should not acknowledge her as your daughter-in-law."

"Dost hear, George? Do I not always say so?" the goodwife said to her husband. "Your reverence, now listen to me."

And then she began and told her side of the story. For a long time she, too, was angry with the lad, but now she had forgiven him and his wife. Then she began to tell of Afra's visit, and of the pedler's praises of the young woman. Then she suddenly left the room, coming back in a few moments with an article that she showed the guest, with the words:

"See, your reverence! This is something that Franz carved! What do you think of it?"

Father Cyprian arose from his chair and walked to the window, so as to have a better light on the carved St. George group. For a few moments he was silent, and then his features lit up with enthusiasm. Then suddenly he called out: "Wonderful! Beautiful! Why, this is a work of art! Do you know what, farmer? Your son is an artist, whom Our Lord has blessed with a great gift, and you may well be proud of him. 'Twould be a sin and a shame to hold him in scorn any longer."

"That's what I always say," the goodwife put in again, and then she began to sob with mingled grief and delight.

The farmer stood as if turned to stone, and said never a word, but just the same his eyes brightened, as if with a secret pleasure, at the praise which Father Cyprian gave his son's work.

"I'll tell you what," Father Cyprian said, then, taking up the group once more. "Let me take this carving along with me, and show it to our Father Superior. We need several large statues for our church; and Franz shall make them for us. I will get him the commission. But, farmer, you must give up these bickerings. Your son holds out his hands, asking forgiveness and peace. And, then, it is your duty to put aside hate and bitterness. Think of what Our Lord Jesus Christ said to Peter, when asked how many times we should forgive our fellow men: 'Seventy times seven.' Think, also, of the parable of the master and the servants, and how the master treated the servant who was hard toward his fellow-servant who was in his debt. And now, God keep you all! He will find the way to set everything right."

Then, slipping the carving under his cloak, the son of St. Francis went on his way.

* * * * *

It was toward the end of March. A wondrous light and life flooded the young earth, for Spring had assumed her sway over the land of Tyrol, and the warm breath of the south wind had melted the snow and ice from the mountain sides and set free the streams in the valleys. Fresh, soft greens and many-hued blooms filled the eye with delight and the nostrils with sweetness.

In front of a little brown-shingled house in St. Lorenzen, in the lovely Pusterthal, a finch sang its gay song hidden in the white and pink fragrance of a blossom-covered apple-tree. His song along with the golden sunshine streamed into the open window of a modest little room. Here, among finished and half-finished figures and pieces of carving and new designs, a young man, chisel in hand, was working away at a block, bringing out more and more distinctly at every stroke the outlines of a human figure. The young artist was Franz Trauner, the son of the owner of the Wiedeck farm. His young wife Afra sat near him, her fine face a little paler than usual. Lines of sorrow and sadness were about her mouth. Her hands, though resting idly in her lap, held some knitting. She sighed deeply, and her husband paused in his work and turned to her.

"Console thyself, Afra," he said, and gently stroked her soft hair. "Death must come to us all, and we can do nothing but accept it."

"That is true; but father might perhaps have lived longer, if—" She stopped, overcome by her emotions, and Franz understood what she had meant to say.

Eight days before, the old artist Nuwal, her father and Franz's teacher, had died. He had not been well for a long time, but, after the return of his daughter from the Wiedeck farm, he had failed rapidly. Secret grief and worry about the possible future of his only child filled his heart and sapped the little strength left him. A single gleam of pleasure had come through the gloom of the small remaining margin of his life, in the honorable and flattering commission given to his pupil and son-in-law by the Franciscans of Hall for the statues of the Twelve Apostles.

And Franz's work-loving hand was even now busy at the execution of the commission. The first figure of the Chief of the Apostles was growing out of the block, under his touch. He was just about to begin his interrupted work again, when the face of Sarnerquiria, the picture-pedler, whose house was right near the Nuwal house, appeared at the window.

"Trauner," he said, "hast heard the news?"

"What news?" asked Franz, raising his curly head.

"To-morrow the militia of Lorenzen are going out against the enemy, who is before Schabs even now. Brother-heart, let the French take care! My rifle is in order already."

With that he vanished.

Franz chiseled away calmly, talking with his wife about the course of events the while. Since the 24th of March of that year a mighty gathering of fighters had filled the valleys of the Tyrol. The militia was preparing to defend the land against the French troops threatening from the South. From the hills the signal-fires flamed, and in the villages the alarm-bells were calling the able-bodied men to the defense. And from all sides the brave Tyrolese responded to the summons. Clergymen, noblemen, merchants, citizens, peasants, and laborers, armed with every kind of weapon obtainable, gathered in the meeting-places. Even the women forgot the traditional weakness of their sex, and went out heroically to help the fatherland. An implicit faith in the covenant which the people of Tyrol had made with the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the previous year filled the souls of all, and gave courage to the weak and daring to the strong.

It was on the 2d of April, on the so-called Black, or Passion, Sunday. Near Spinges, where the vine-covered lower heights rise to the points of Eisak, the yeomanry attacked the French under General Joubert. From nine o'clock in the morning until sunset the bloody and unequal fray raged around the houses, over the meads, and in the woods of Spinges. The rifles, scythes, and pitchforks of the Tyrolese peasants made sad havoc among the enemy, though the French greatly outnumbered the natives. But the defenders, too, suffered many and terrible losses. Here at one side lay a loyal hero, the Tyrolese Winkelried, the scythemaker Reinisch of Volders. He was pierced with eleven bayonet wounds, and around him lay fifteen French soldiers, whom the great fighter had slain with his mighty bludgeon before he fell himself. Not a hundred feet away lay another brave man, his breast pierced with French lead. Many a one knew and loved him in the Tyrolese land. Over at the forest edge the white and green flag of the company, with which he had gone forth merrily to the fight the day before, was gaily fluttering in the wind. But he lay there, cold and dead, the picture and image pedler, Sarnerquiria.

Franz Trauner could not bring himself to stay away when the fight for home and country was being waged near him. Moreover, his hand was as quick with the rifle as with the chisel. To be sure, Afra was mortally frightened when he spoke of going. But all her entreaties to induce him to change his mind were in vain. Then she said to him, "Well, then, if you go, I go too." And the brave young woman kept her word. As the fight progressed her courage and calmness seemed to increase rather than to leave her. For hours she had stood beside her husband, behind a protecting boulder, loading his two rifles with practised hand, he firing one while she loaded the other. Many a shot came hissing over the two or rebounded from the rocks as a little message from the enemy, but so far neither had suffered any harm.

Franz had just taken the loaded rifle out of Afra's hand. His sharp eyes were trying to pierce the thick powder-smoke that hung over the enemy's ditches. In the mean time Afra was preparing the second rifle. She poured powder out of the horn into the barrel, put the ball and wad on top, and rammed the whole down with the rod. While thus occupied, her chance gaze ran along the edge of the forest. Her features stiffened in sudden fright, her eyes opened wide, and her whole body shook.

"Franz, Franz!" she called, shrilly. "Look there! Look, look! Come quick! Yes, yes, it is he!"

And even while she was saying these words she, scorning the danger, ran out into the open field. There stood a Tyrolese peasant in the costume of the Unterinnthal. The poor man was hard put against three French grenadiers, who were making for him with their bayonets. To be sure, he disabled and knocked down one with a thundering blow of his rifle-butt. For that, however, the other two knocked him down. With the strength of despair, he grabbed the bayonet that one of them set against his breast, and tried to keep the murderous steel out of his body. But the other's bayonet was ready to do the work alone, and even then the Tyrolese felt its point piercing his heavy coat. Life seemed but a matter of moments, when a shot rang out right at hand, and one of the soldiers fell.

The death of his two companions maddened the remaining grenadier. His flaming eye sought the new opponent, and beheld a woman threatening him with the butt of her raised rifle. Like lightning his saber flashed out of its sheath, and, with an oath at the "canaille," he sprang toward her, and made a plunge at her side with his weapon. Just as he struck her another shot rang out, and he, too, fell. For Franz had paid home swiftly the injury to his brave wife.

All these things had happened so rapidly that Franz hardly knew what it all meant. Only now did his glance fall upon the Unterinnthaler, who was slowly gathering himself from the ground and getting up. His face was black with powder and perspiration. Nevertheless, Franz recognized him, with a sort of glad fear:

"Heavens, father, art hurt?"

"Yes, that I am; but 'tis a trifle. First let us look after Afra. Me later."

Franz examined his wife's wound. Fortunately it was not severe. Father and son raised the unconscious young woman, and carried her to a near-by farmhouse, whose white outlines were seen through the trees.

"Father," Franz related on the way, "'twas Afra saw thee first. As soon as she did, she ran with the rifle, and before I really knew what she wanted. I didn't think that thou, too, wast in the fight."

"As if a Trauner could stay at home at such a time!" said the old man, in answer. "Art not here, too, Franz?" he asked.

That was all that passed between the two, but it was enough to bring peace with it.

When Afra recovered after her long unconsciousness, she was astonished to find herself in a bed and in care of tender hands. Franz and his father stood at her bedside. Every trace of hardness had passed from the farmer's face. His lips were silent, but their trembling showed the deep emotion with which he was struggling. Suddenly, as if following a swift impulse, he took hold of his daughter-in-law's hand.

"Afra," he said, unsteadily, "I thank thee. Thou'lt forgive me now?"

She replied with a happy smile and a silent pressure of her hand. And strange to say, at this a singular tenderness came over the old man, and the tears began rolling down his cheeks. Afterward he wondered how he could have been so "soft." It was hardly his usual way.

Six months later Franz was working away at the Twelve Apostles in a little cottage adjoining the Wiedeck farmhouse. He and his Afra were living there so as to be near their parents.

KARL DOMANIG.

Karl Domanig was born April 3, 1851, at Sterzing in the Tyrol. His grandfather was a friend of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot leader, and Domanig's family was one of the best known in the country. When he was ten years old he was sent to the Preparatory School of the Benedictines at Fiecht. After that he went to the Schools of Brixen, Salzburg and Meran and the Universities of Innsbruck and Strassburg. In Rome, where he studied for two years at the Collegium Romanum, he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. After his return from Rome, he devoted himself to philology and the study of early German. He took up particularly Wolfram von Eschenbach's "Parzival," on which he wrote several treatises. The Austrian Minister of Education awarded him a stipend for traveling expenses, in 1880, which enabled him to spend some time in Italy, devoted to the study of the history of art. After that he removed to Vienna, being employed first as tutor to the children of Philip, Duke of Würtemberg, and later in the same capacity, to the sons of Archduke Carl Ludwig. In 1884 he entered as a volunteer in the Museum of Coins and Antiquities, and in 1887, after he had married, received the appointment of custodian at the Royal Museum of Art. He has written many technical articles as a result of the opportunities for obtaining material in the Museum.

He made his first entrance into poetic literature by a trilogy dealing with the Tyrolese struggle for liberty. "It is in the spirit of Shakespeare, simple yet profound, pious yet strong, humble yet great, and, above all things, true and human—" such was the criticism of Father Kreiten in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* in 1897. He also wrote the drama, "Der Gutsverkauf," and the poetic tale, "Der Abt von Fiecht." The latter, an *edition de luxe*, has gone into three editions and has been translated into the Norwegian. His novel, "Die Fremden," has also gone into a second edition. Moreover, he has written a collection of little stories dealing altogether with his native country.

Domanig is the representative of the Tyrolese in modern German literature. He is enthusiastically devoted to his country, and also thoroughly Catholic in spirit. In his writings he manages to find the difficult mean between cosmopolitan and narrowly local tendencies, as well as to keep his head between the romantic and naturalistic schools. His realism is clean and robust, and his idealism healthful and free from affectation.

The Postilion of Schoenberg.

BY KARL DOMANIG.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TELLS OF GEORGE, THE POSTILION, AND HOW HE PLANNED TO GET MARRIED.

I HAD a dear old aunt, more than ninety years old, and mourned by all who knew her when she passed away. She was the widow of the master of the post at Schoenberg in the great house that now stands so lonely and deserted.

What a contrast between the past and the present!

In her time the masters of the post had twenty and more horses in their stables, kept four to six postilions—or stage-coach drivers—and were the familiars of princes and great people. Kings and emperors ate and lodged for the night in the post inns. My aunt knew all of the older princes of the ruling house of Austria personally. What wonder, then, that she could tell great tales of the old days? And then, too, she told her stories very entertainingly, so that one did not weary listening to her.

"Tell me," I said to her one day, "the story of the postilion. You did tell it to me once, but it is long ago and I should like to hear it again."

She did not remember at once which one I meant, for postilions she had known many, and of each one she could tell some little tale.

"He who came up from the Unterinn Valley, and stayed with you for seven years, and then made such a to-do about getting married——"

"Oh, about him? That was George. He must have been with us about nine years and was one of the best and most faithful postilions we ever had."

"Where was he really from?"

"From the Inn Valley—I do not just remember what village. In the first years he was with us he used to tell me over and over again of his home, how much more beautiful everything was there, and how much pleasanter the people were. So that at last I was a little vexed, and said to him: 'Indeed, what surprises me is that you stay here at all as long as there is so little to please you here.' But then he was a poor lad, and had no relatives except his old father whom he helped to support. And so he had to make the best of us and of his place with us."

"And that probably wasn't the worst that could have happened him," I remarked. "For the retainers of your house were well taken care of, I'm sure. But what then, aunt? How was it about the marriage?"

"Oh, yes. That may have been about thirty years ago. George had been with us going on the ninth year. Coming down stairs one morning I saw him standing at the post-master's door, bending to the keyhole, and listening for some one to say 'Come in.' 'Looking for the post-master?' I asked. 'He isn't here—he is gone for the day. What do you want?'

"Oh, I could manage about it some other day too," George said, but remained standing where he was. He was a tall, powerful fellow, and I a mere midget beside him.

"'Indeed, do you need money?' I asked.

"'No,' he said, but he did not go. Then I noticed for the first time that he was in gala attire and wondered why—on a plain work-day, and no distinguished guests in the house.

"'You know,' he went on, somewhat embarrassed, 'I really could tell it to you just as well— But then we must be alone, Mistress.'

"'Hm, a secret, is it?' and I unlocked the door of the postmaster's office. And George took off his hat and scratched his ears and hesitated.

"'Well, what is it anyway?' I asked again.

"'I would like to get married.'

"'Married—you? But on what?'

"'Oh, I have saved a nice sum, Mistress.'

"'You have? Yes, you are likely to have a great pile.'

"'Oho,' George chuckled. 'Now just guess.'

"'Oh, well,' I said, 'probably you have something worth while.' For, you know, a postilion in those days could make a good deal through tips, but the trouble with most of them was that they spent a good deal too. But George, as I said, was always saving and if he spent anything extra it was for his father. He sent him a few gulden every month.

"'But guess,' George went on.

"'Altogether you probably have a few thousand.'

"'Yes? Just wait, and raise it a little. Seven thousand and some hundred I have, Mistress.'

"'Why, George, you are doing better than the master! To save seven thousand gulden in nine years—that's not a little money, and everybody wouldn't believe you.'

"'But I have had good luck too, Mistress. And you understand what with the tips and the wages and putting it all at interest, it soon grows a good deal.'

"'Yes, yes,' I said, 'and the best capital, and the one that has probably brought you the most blessing is what you have done for your father.'

"'It is true I've always been fond of him. But then that is my duty too.'

"''Tis your duty and it is fine of you to do your duty. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thou mayest be long-lived upon the land which the Lord thy God will give thee."'

"George brought our rambling talk back to the subject again by saying that he needed God's blessing, especially now when he meant to marry. For marriage was, after all, the most important step in life. With a good wife a man could be happy all his life, but with a bad one just as unhappy.

"'Yes,' I said, 'and I suppose you have your eye on a particular one?'

"'True,' he answered.

"'And is she good?'

"'Good as gold, Mistress, so I have heard.'

"'That is the first thing to be thought of, George. Has she some means of her own?'

"'She has not only some, but a good deal.'

"'Well, what are you worrying about then?'

"'Yes—but—but, you know—the question would be whether we really are suited to each other.'

"Just think! Now he wanted me to tell him whether they were suited to each other or not. It almost made me laugh!

"'In heaven's name,' I asked, 'have you not noticed yourself whether you like each other or not?'

"'Like each other? I took her up on the seat with me once on the return coach, and then I talked to her several times after that, but nothing more.' And now he told me too who the maid was, and how he first came to think of her.

"I knew her very well. It was Vincentia—Cenz, as she was called, who lived up in the Matrei forest. She had been down with us when we were in the old posthouse to learn to cook. She was there almost a whole year; then her father died, and she had to go home. She was the only child and lived with her mother and aunt on the farm, part of which they rented. The farm belonged to them free of incumbrance and the girl was as good as could be. She wouldn't have a certain young man, Luis Kloben, though there were some people who said that it was a wonder he would have her. For you know he was young, handsome, and rich. But there was a good deal of talk about his morals and it was true that he spent most of the time lounging around the public-house. That's why Cenz refused him. Yes, the girl was all right and George was to be congratulated, and I did congratulate him too.

"'If I only had her!' he said.

"'Well, you must see about it,' I said encouraginglv.

"'I was on my way there,' he went on, 'and that's why I have my good uniform on. But I just wanted to ask— What do you think now, Mistress? Do you think that we're suited to each other?'

CHAPTER II.

THE MATTER HAS A LITTLE HITCH.

"George went, taking the coach that was to be brought to Steinach, and stopped to see Cenz on his way back. He made his proposal to her or her mother; I really do not remember if she happened to be at home herself. In about a fortnight she came down and asked that she might see George in my presence. The post-master and her mother were there too. It was settled that George was to stay with us until after Easter, and then they were to be married up on the farm.

"Even then I noticed that while George was very pleasant to his bride-to-be, there yet seemed to be something like indecision and melancholy in his manner. I watched him a long time while they sat together and talked and brought them some wine up to the little reception room myself. Of course I did not let him know I noticed it, but whenever I had a chance afterwards I would stay to George: 'You are getting a good wife. Cenz is handy and agreeable and you can't be thankful enough.' Just the same we hated to lose him, for, as the post-master often said, such postilions were scarce.

"One day, it was about three weeks before Easter Sunday, George came and asked for several days off, because he wanted to go to see his father and his friends, as he had not been at home for nine years. At that time there was not much travel, and the post-master gave him permission to go. But George stayed longer than he agreed. We were all distressed, because we could not understand it in such a punctual fellow as George usually was. I said something must surely have happened him or he would be here. When he did come at last he looked troubled and worn. For this reason the post-master did not say a word to him about his staying away so long—neither did I. I only asked him if he was not well. He muttered an answer, whether yes or no, I could not understand. And when I brought him some camomile tea he said: 'Nothing will help me; just let me go.'

"And I let him go, though I kept an eye on him all the time, for the man began to seem doubtful to me. He went about moping, and when it was his turn to take the coach he never blew his horn any more, though he could blow it as none other could. At last I said to the post-master: 'I do not understand George at all. I think I will talk to him a little.'

"So one morning after breakfast I managed to catch him alone, and asked him how he was getting along. He did not answer.

"'Something must be wrong with you, George,' I said. 'Since you went to the valley you are very strange. Are you sick? Tell me honestly what is wrong.'

"At this George looked out of the window, and drummed on the pane and left me standing there without a word.

"'Go on, George,' I said, 'what sort of a manner is this? Look at me. Why, see here, if Cenz knew about this she would be grieved.' And then I took hold of his hand and said that I meant well with him, and for him to confide in me——

"'I don't like her any more, if you *must* know it,' he said then, all of sudden. 'It's all over, and I am going now, right away, to tell her so myself.'

"'But, George, how did this come and why?' I was very much astonished. He started to go out but I restrained him, saying commandingly: 'Now you stay here, George. I have a word to say in this matter, too. You're not out of our service yet, and as long as you are with us, I will not permit that you should act in such an unchristian manner. Yes, yes, just look at me. I tell you that's no way to treat a decent girl, to desert her and ruin her chances after everyone knows that you have been engaged to her.'

"I talked harshly in my indignation and he became very red. Then I softened a little and asked him to sit down.

" 'If I have wronged you, I did not mean to, George, but tell me what is the matter,' and I urged him to sit down. As he did so his hat fell out of his hand, and I picked it up and when I looked up again the tears were rolling down his cheeks. Then I did not know what to do, and so was silent. He too, said nothing, but wiped his eyes impatiently and started to leave once more.

"By this time I thought he had met some other girl in the valley and that is why he did not want Cenz any more, for the girls there are very taking. But when I remembered what a good and faithful girl Cenz really was, I said angrily: 'Go, George, just go on; but there is no blessing on faithlessness. The girl that stole you away from Cenz will hardly bring you luck.'

"Then George turned around and looked squarely at me.

" 'Mistress,' he said, 'there is no other girl that I like better, but before I'd take Cenz, I'd go to my grave.'

" But for heaven's sake, what is this? Has she done something wrong?'

" 'Nothing wrong at all. But I don't like her any more. I can't take her, Mistress—we're not suited to each other.'

"He brought it out in gasps, as if it were very hard for him to say it. And after he had said it he sat down again and then I sat down too, beside him, and at last he began to talk, though I had to coax him by asking many questions first.

" 'No, Mistress, don't bother asking me questions. You'll not guess it anyway. I really don't know how it is myself. For truly there is no other and never was, except Margarethe, God give her peace. I can never forget *her,* though it is nine years now since death took her. As for Cenz—she is good enough as far as that goes, and what has come between us, it puzzles me to tell. When I went away from here that time with the wagon toward Innsbruck, it was a rainy evening and the narrow valley seemed narrower than ever. It was just stifling up on the Isel Mountain. However, it stopped raining, and below lay Innsbruck with its thousands of lights and I breathed deeply again.

I was so glad to be back in the Inn Valley once more. Then the next day I let Joseph take the wagon back as the post-master said that he should, and went on a-foot. I stayed over night in Rothholz and the next day I was at home. It was so nice the very first day and I felt better the farther I went, and when at last I walked through the village the houses all seemed to me as if they were new painted and decorated. When I saw father again and all my friends and heard them talk the way they talk at home, then something came over me—oh, I cannot tell you how or what, but it seemed that I must stay right there and no place else, and I could like no one but the people at home, and all of these together. Really even in the graveyard I was happier than here. And then it began to seem to me that Schoenberg and the Matrei forest were lonesome and dreary, and Cenz came into my mind, every word that she had spoken and I was sick of it all. And since then I'd rather be out of the world than go and marry Cenz and live up there with her. It is so, and I can't help it. I have prayed and it did no good. No, God knows, Mistress, better a pain once than a pain forever, and she herself would only be unhappy with me.'

"That's the way George talked, and what could you do with the homesick child, the great, overgrown baby? I tried to tell him that a man's home is rather where his calling and the Lord send him than where he happens to be born. But to preach in a case like that, what good is it? George just hung his head and paid no attention to me.

"The same morning it was his turn to take the stage to Steinach. I felt rather queer as I looked after him driving along and never a sound from the horn. Then I did not see him again until the next day. He did not come back until late at night when we all were asleep and what happened in the meantime I know only as he told me later and partly too from the inn-keeper up in Matrei.

CHAPTER III.

THERE IS A TURN OF THE TABLES.

"George in coming back stopped at Matrei, where an old acquaintance of his was living, a former stage-driver, and asked him to take the coach home. He himself had business in Matrei. The other man laughed a little and agreed to do so.

"And then George went into the inn. But he did not want to drink, much less did he want company. He just wanted to sit by himself and wait, for he dreaded the visit to his bride.

"He felt sorry for her at heart, anyway. Such a good, amiable girl as she was and now he was going to say to her, 'I do not want you.' But marry her? No! They were not suited to each other and both of them would only be unhappy for life.

"And so he sat all alone at the farthest table, for the general company was too boisterous and gay for him. And in the meantime he tried to think over and over again what he should say to Cenz, and whether there was no way out of it at all. But he could think of none. The maid asked him 'What is wrong with you to-day, George?' He did not answer.

"The guests at the other table finally saw this, and began to tease, which he did not seem to notice. Luis Kloben alone said nothing, but sat and watched him sharply. Kloben had been in the inn since noon and was very red in the face by this time. At last he got up and taking his glass went and sat down at the table with George.

"'What is the matter with you to-day, George?' he asked, in a friendly tone, though usually he could not bear him, and when George turned his back on him he leaned over and whispered in his ear: 'Cenz, isn't it? Did she give it to you too? But then the girls,—that's their way. Well, here's to your health, we're brethren.'

"He screamed out the last, laughing as if he were gone foolish. George looked at him from head to foot, rose, pushed him away and went out, forgetting to pay.

"How he got to the farm he never could tell, but all at once he stood in front of the house and could not go in. It was as if he were spell-bound. Then the little dog ran out, a snappy, ugly-tempered little brute, and flew at his leggings. George paid no attention to him and the dog sprang up higher and tore at his breeches. Then George chased him and opened the door.

"Cenz herself was sewing by the window, and behind the stove were her mother and the old aunt spinning. As George entered the mother rose quickly, and taking her wheel went into the adjoining chamber. George greeted them all, but only the aunt responded. Cenz herself barely looked up from her sewing long enough to see who it was, and then she bent her head again to hide the deep red that flashed over her face and neck. The little dog kept up his growling a few seconds longer, then crouched behind the stove and there was utter silence.

"George sat down on the bench opposite Cenz, resting his hand on the torn knee. The aunt kept turning her wheel.

"After a while George looked at his betrothed. The setting sun was shining on her thick blonde hair, giving it a golden shimmer, and her eyes fixed on her busy needle seemed full and clear. Then he said timidly: 'Cenz, don't I get even a greeting to-day?'

"Cenz did not look up. 'I think that instead of greeting each other we should be saying Good-by, God be with you,' she said.

" 'Do you think so?' George asked. The tears came into the girl's eyes and she covered her face with her hands and leaned her head against the window.

"In the meantime the aunt had stopped spinning and was watching the two young people. At last she burst out: 'Well, then, George, it seems it is I who must tell you that everything is over as far as Cenz is concerned. She doesn't want you any more.'

"George looked at her and then at Cenz, and did not know what had happened him. Had he not come to ask his release—and now? How did she anticipate it? It seemed to him that things were whirling around him, and he sat staring straight ahead without a word. Then the aunt began again:

"'We did think you were a good fellow, but if things are as they say and you want to put the old folks out of the house as soon as you get into it, then it is better for us not to let you get in. Do you understand? And with a fellow like that, Cenz doesn't want to have anything to do. Now you know it.'

"'But George did not understand even yet, and he only asked dazedly: 'What?'

"'What? Do you want to deny it?' the aunt went on, getting angry now. 'Haven't we witnesses? Cenz will not have any man who does not honor her mother. She could have had many others, and you needn't think so much of yourself because of your money.'

"Then the door opened and the mother came out of the chamber. 'Yes,' she said to George, 'You will see that the blessing of God is not on you if you treat old people that way. You will find it out some day when your own children turn you out of the house when you can't work any more. They will treat you just as you'd like to treat me now.'

"Then George began to see a glimmer of light. He rose and said: 'This is strange talk, mother. Whoever knows my father can ask him whether I have done my duty by him or not. And I never meant to treat you differently, mother. Whoever says so is a liar.'

"'Liar?' screamed the aunt. 'Now just look at the rowdy!' She fixed her eyes on the torn knee of his breeches. 'Do you think we don't know what you've been saying?'

"'What did I say? What is it? Out with it now—I want to know!' said George.

"'You don't need to know anything,' screamed the aunt again. 'It's enough if we know.' And the mother said: 'Go on. We took you for a saint long enough. You will not deceive us any more.'

"And hearing the women talk and scold, the little dog came out again from behind the stove and began barking. George stood in the midst of them, anger and annoyance struggling for mastery. At last Cenz came over to him and said: 'Luis Kloben told mother.'

"'But what did he tell your mother, Cenz?' George asked almost tearfully.

"'Oh, George, that you said to the landlord down at the inn and to him that as soon as we're married mother would have to get out of the house,' and sobbing bitterly she went back to the window.

"The two old women began to abuse him again and the dog barked harder than ever. Then George gave him a kick that sent him into a corner and shaking his finger threateningly, he said, 'Luis Kloben and the landlord? So that's it? I'll bring both of them up here this very day, and see what they have to say,' and with that he stormed out of the house.

"When the women saw George so angry they were silent and embarrassed for a while. Then Cenz began gently to take his part, saying that she never did believe anything that Luis Kloben said. But her mother said: 'He told me in confidence,' and the aunt pointed to the landlord as chief witness.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH GEORGE TRIES TO CLEAR HIMSELF AND MIXES UP THINGS.

"When George got back to the inn it was dark, and the landlord was just reciting the Rosary with his household and servants.

"George went up to him without waiting a second: 'What did you say that I said?' he cried threateningly.

"The landlord, still kneeling, answered: 'Just let me finish the Rosary. There is time enough to talk afterwards.'

"But the prayerful temper was gone. All were looking at George, and the maids were giggling. George muttered something and went into the public room. The landlord went on praying.

"Luis was still sitting all alone at a table, and George went for him at once. Just what happened he never liked to tell afterwards. But when the landlord and the servants came in—whether they had finished praying, or whether the noise brought them—George had thrown Luis to the ground and was choking him, saying between gasps, 'Liar, scoundrel, will you own up that you lied?'

"When they were separated the landlord asked George what he meant by coming into his house and fighting. He couldn't understand it in him. Then George turned on the landlord, and said that he too had lied about him, and acted like wild. It was a long time before the man could make anything out of it. Then he said, 'George, you are right. I never heard you say anything like that.'

" 'Do you hear that—you——" and he started for Luis again, but the landlord held George, and Luis slipped behind the table.

" 'Will you apologize now?' But Luis refused, though the landlord urged him also.

" 'Do you know, Luis,' the landlord said then, 'every man has a right to believe you or not, and most men will know how much stock to take in your talk, but you must not call on me as a witness. I never heard George say anything like that and I don't believe he would either.'

"When George saw that he could do nothing more with Luis he urged the landlord to go to Cenz and clear him.

" 'Very well, I'll gladly do that.'

" 'All right,' said George, 'We'll go.'

" 'Now? At this time of the night? I'll not go out there now. There's no such hurry either. I have to go in that direction to-morrow after a calf, and then I'll tell her.'

"Then George got angry again and the landlord finally told him that he'd better go home if he could not listen to reason in any form.

"One can imagine that it was an affair of which George did not care to talk afterwards. When he was gone the landlord sent Kloben home and forbade him ever coming back. And for that matter when the story was told there were few who believed anything Luis Kloben had to say.

"Early the next morning George was waiting for me at the foot of the stairs. 'Well,' I said, 'what's the matter so early in the morning?' I held my little lantern up in front of his face and he looked so pale and disturbed that I did not say anything about his coming in late. And then he began to tell me in bits. I could make nothing out of it all at first except that he wanted me to go to see the girl and tell her that what they said about him was not true.

"In the meantime the post-master came along and George turned to him, asking him to speak to her for him.

"'I can do nothing there,' the postmaster said. 'It's the landlord's business to set it straight, and if Cenz really wants you she will believe you herself.'

"'But the people? To have all the people thinking of one like that!'

"'All the people? Marry Cenz and treat her mother right, and the people will have nothing to say.' Then the post-master left us.

"After the post-master was gone, I lingered a little so as to have a chance to talk to him. When he began to beg again I said: 'I wonder that you are so anxious now to save *your* honor, while it seemed little to you to leave the girl, or what might be said of *her*.'

"'Do you too think me a scamp?' he asked.

"'I don't that, but is it worth while to get into such a passion on account of a scamp? Go on, George; how would it be if instead of all this fuss you were to go to see Cenz, and tell her all about it and set things straight with her yourself.'

"'She'll never believe me,' he said despondently.

"'Do you think not? Oh, I am sure that at the very first word you say she will believe you and forgive you and everything will be well. I know her.' He did not answer and then I got angry and said: 'What is the use of worrying about you? Haven't you feet and a tongue? It's your affair, not mine.'

And then I left him, though I did say an *Our Father* for him, for I still had hopes.

"And truly, about eight o'clock I saw George taking the road up toward Cenz's home.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THINGS END WELL.

"THIS was on Tuesday of Holy Week, and then of course whoever has a little time goes to church. Cenz and her mother had gone down to the village to church, and there was no one at home but the old aunt. But she received George much more pleasantly than she had the day before.

"'One can't believe that Luis Kloben—we didn't really believe what he said after you told us that it was not so yesterday, Cenz herself never believed it. She said you were innocent.'

"George sat down and said nothing. When the dog began to bark again the aunt shut him up.

"I believe he tore your breeches?' she said and then she got her needle and thread and sat down in front of George and hastily patched up the torn knee.

"As they sat there, George on the bench, and the old aunt on the floor in front of him, Cenz and her mother came in.

"'Oh, George,' said Cenz, 'now we know everything. The landlord told us that you are innocent. You are not angry at us, are you, George? It is true, we did listen to his story too readily.'

"And then the mother told the aunt how the landlord had waited for her after Mass and explained everything. The aunt hastily finished her sewing, saying, 'You see, everything comes to light in time.'

"But George sat there silent and thoughtful. At last he held out his hand to Cenz, and she closed both hers over it and leaned against him. Then he threw his arms around her neck and the thought that he did not want her any more never even entered his mind. 'I do not know, how it was, but it suddenly seemed to me as if I had but one friend in all the world, and that was Cenz. I would not have given her up for anything or any one,'" he said to me afterwards.

* * * * *

"And now you know the story," said my aunt.

"Yes, but what happened later?" I asked. "Did George's doubts come back and was he sorry?"

"Oh, no, never. They were the happiest couple possible. And he often told me so afterwards. He became tax collector and had to travel around a great deal. He always stopped with us when he passed by, and then he would tell me how he grew to love and value Cenz more every day. Sometimes he would take a horn and sit out in the garden and blow for an hour. He would not get tired blowing, and no more would the postmaster, God rest his soul, tire listening to him.

"To be sure his happiness did not last very long. They had a little daughter and were living peacefully and pleasantly. The old father was with him, too, but his son went to the grave before him. George was caught in a storm and got pneumonia. Eight days later he was dead.

"But I remember to this day one time when he told me of Cenz and of the little girl. He did not seem as genial as other times, but rather thoughtful and sad, particularly when he referred to the old story of his homesickness. 'I did think I would have to live there because it was my home. But Cenz has made the strange place home for me, if one may call it that. For we are not truly at home anywhere.' He said this so sadly that I tried to coax him out of it. 'No,' he said, 'it is true. The hardest thing can not be to die, when we know that it is better where we are going. Life is much harder, Mistress.'

"And indeed I have often thought of these words—you are still young, my dear, and have got to learn that we are all only strangers in this world."

EVERILDA VON PÜTZ.

EVERILDA VON PÜTZ was born November 21, 1843, in Munich. Her parents were Hippolyte von Klenze, the Royal Bavarian Chamberlain, and Emily von Klenze, whose maiden name was Farmer. The mother, as will be seen from the name, was an Englishwoman. The writer's grandfather was the noted architect, Leo von Klenze, a friend, in his day, of Schinkel and Humboldt and the confidant of King Louis I. of Bavaria. The upheavals of the famous year 1848, and various journeys to her mother's native country, made a deep impression on the child. Her parentage, associations, and training made her familiar from her earliest childhood with German, French and English, and when she was but nine years old she wrote her first fairy tale. Her first novel, "Gräfin Eva," was published in 1870, and was soon followed by two others, "Mutter und Tochter," and "Der Letzte Schuss."

On November 10, 1873, she was married to Captain Karl von Pütz. Her happiness, however, was soon to end in the tragedy of her life. Her husband died, just a year to the day after the marriage, leaving her with a young son, born on the 7th of October. After her bereavement, Frau von Pütz returned to Munich, where she is still living with her son and an unmarried sister. The great grief which came upon her and her somewhat delicate health prevented her from doing as much literary work as her unusual abilities and opportunities might have led one to expect. Nevertheless, she has published a number of novels and Tyrolese village tales in which the women, especially, are portrayed faithfully and touchingly Her novels are: "Mutter und Sohn," "Maria Angela," "Christine's Glück," "Aschenbrödl," "Mein Johannes," "Versöhnt," "Der Liebe Lohn" and "Der Perlenschmuck." Many of her stories, besides those that are collected in book form, have appeared in periodicals. Frau von Pütz has also written two historical tales for the young, "Die Tochter des Marquis" and "Von der Pike auf," and travel sketches, but considering the extent of her travels, her output of descriptive writing is very modest.

Sacrifice.

A Tyrolese Village Tale.

BY EVERILDA VON PÜTZ.

The moon had risen behind the mountains and shone brightly down into the valley. In its clear light the ice-topped mountains shimmered above the snows that clung to them lower down.

A delicious quiet filled forest and field, broken only by the rhythmic murmur of the mountain stream, singing in a thousand varying melodies its old yet ever new song.

Nearly every light in the village was out. In the window of one house, standing a little back from the road, the anxious housewife, however, had placed a lamp, which sent out its feebly guiding ray.

On the bench outside of the house a twelve-year-old girl was sitting—the only child of the house. The cool wind disheveled her blond hair and blew it over her face, so that she pushed it back every now and then impatiently. The child was listening anxiously. "Now I believe I hear something," she whispered excitedly to a dark-robed woman who stood in the doorway, and then both listened again.

From away off came the sound of a harsh voice singing in discordant snatches.

"It's he," burst out the child, as she sprang to her feet. "You go to bed, mother dear; he's terrible to-night—I can tell it."

"No, Louise," answered the woman in a tired tone. "I am used to the misery and I must stay. Who knows what might happen if I didn't. Many a man like him has set fire to himself and to the house, not knowing what he was doing. But you get into your chamber. Quick, quick!" she urged, as she saw a reeling figure approach the garden fence.

She kissed the little girl hastily and pushed her into the house toward the stairs. Then she went to meet the drunken man and took hold of his arm.

There was a look of scorn in her still handsome face as she tried to get him to let go the fence, to which he was clinging.

"Are you here, Anna?" he muttered, thickly. "That's sensible of you—no, it isn't sensible—it is some of your cursed spying. I know you, Anna. You're a hypocrite—that's what you are, and you don't want a poor man to have any fun—not a thing—not a thing—would you leave me—I know you—"

Silently she led the staggering man into the house. Here, as if filled with disgust, she suddenly let go of him, and he reeled backward and fell on to the bench.

"What's come over you that you treat me like that?" he cried, angrily, and struck at her with his clenched fist. But she dodged deftly.

"Do you want to go to bed, or do you want to sit there all night?" she asked, and her black eyes glittered in her pale face.

"I want to go to bed," he hiccoughed, defiantly. Again the woman supported him, helped him into the chamber, and into his bed. In a moment he was breathing loudly and sunken into a drunken stupor. The woman stood by the bed and looked down at him with burning eyes.

"And that is the man I loved once! I put down my hands for him to walk on, and this is the thanks for it all." She pulled up her sleeves and looked at the blue and black marks on her arms. "He beats me like a dog. Oh, if I were only dead and buried," she sobbed.

"No, mother," a small voice spoke up, and two soft arms crept around the neck of the unhappy woman. "You must not die; what would I do without you?"

Anna pressed her child to her bosom and covered the little face with kisses. "You, dear, you are my only consolation, my dear, dear darling. No, I will not die as long as you need me.

Our Lord may give me the strength to live on through all this misery."

"He will help, mother," whispered Louise, and gently stroked her mother's thin cheeks.

"Do you think so?" she asked bitterly. "I believe He has long since forgotten me. I have prayed and pleaded so long, but it has done no good."

"O mother," answered the child, with a quivering voice, as she leaned her face against that of her desolate mother, "we must not say that."

"You are right, my darling. And I do not mean it just that way either. But sometimes I feel as though I could stand it no longer, and I must get up and run away over the hills—just to get away, away, where I can no longer hear the brawls, the noise."

"I'll go with you, mother," said the girl decidedly. Then suddenly she stopped, and added slowly: "No; that will not do. Who would take care of poor father then? He would be all alone."

"Then both of us must stay, I suppose," the mother answered, with a wan smile. "And now hurry and get to bed. It is very late. Good night, my good little girl."

Louise ran up the stairs to her little bedroom, and the woman turned to her own bed, which stood beside her husband's.

The lamp had gone out. But the moonlight lay silver and brilliant on the chamber floor and fell on the repulsive figure on the bed. With open mouth, swollen and red of face, thick and labored of breath, thus was he sleeping whom Anna had once promised to love, honor, and obey. She saw him still as he had been when he first won her love—a bright, pleasant young man with a handsome face—and now, O heaven, what a change!

She shuddered. With unconquerable aversion she turned from him, took a pillow and some bed clothes and carried them into the sitting-room on to the long house-bench. Before she lay down she turned her weary eyes once more upon the crucifix hanging in the corner of the room: "My God, wilt Thou never hear me?" she whispered, and then buried her face in her pillow and sobbed herself to sleep.

Up in her little room Louise was still standing at her window. Her young heart was very heavy. She did not know for whom she was most sorry—for her father, or for her mother, or even for herself. To have to be ashamed of one's father—could anything be more bitter?

She thought and thought. "What is to be done? How can I help?" Her eyes followed the moonbeams skyward. "God alone can help," she whispered. "But we, too, must do our part in gratitude for His grace."

Louise rested her arms meditatively on the sill. What was it the priest said recently of the sacrifices which the saints made in order to save souls? How they prayed and fasted, and endured pain and suffering in order to save souls and do penance for the sins of others. "'Who wants to save a soul, must suffer for it,' that's what he said," she whispered.

The child rested her little head on both hands. "Dear God," she said, softly, "put a good thought into my mind now." And the longer she reflected the more quiet she became. A smile lit up her lovely little face as she turned it toward heaven, to all the wonderful light and glory that illuminated heaven and earth.

"I just know what I'll do. Do Thou bless me, dear God, so that I shall do it right and do it with all my might. Now I made a rime. I never did that before. I'm sure that that's a good sign," and full of her new thought she lay down with a happy smile and was soon sound asleep.

The next day began as many another had. Louise and her mother had long since had breakfast and been at work in the garden, the stable, and the house when the man himself appeared, irritable and weary. His wife brought him his coffee, took the bread out of the table drawer, and together with a knife, silently laid it down beside him—without a word or a look to him.

"Huh," grumbled her husband, testily, after the first mouthful. "What kind of a brew is this?"

"It has been waiting for two hours," answered his wife, sharply. "And, of course, it can't be as good as it was."

"Quit your talking," said Florian, roughly. "My head aches."

"I believe that," said Anna, contemptuously over her shoulder as she turned to go away. "The condition in which you came home last night again is a sin and a shame."

"Get out of here," the man screamed at her. And then he leaned his head against the wall and tried to collect his thoughts.

What was it he wanted to do this morning? Yes, he remembered—but what could a fellow do with such a head? "Anna is right," he thought, heavily. "Yesterday was almost too much for me. To-day I'll stay home. Maybe," he added, for safety's sake.

Noon came, and found the man still sitting in the same place. He had slept some more and felt better. Louise set the table, chattering gaily. She told her father how many eggs she had found hidden in the straw, that the rosebuds were nearly ready to burst, and what she was going to do in the garden this afternoon.

"You're a busy girl," said her father, and a pleased smile came into his face as he watched her flushed little cheeks. "You're always glad when you can find something to do, isn't it so?"

He was a good, industrious man in ordinary life. It was only drink that made such a brute of him. The day after he was always very sorry, but yet he was too weak to resist the evil spell of the inn.

He had loved Anna very much. She was from Southern Tyrol—dark, with wavy black hair and brilliant black eyes. Her emotions were deep and vivid, while he was rather phlegmatic and easy-going. He could not see why she could not forget what he had done the day before, when he tried to make up the next day, and why she should consume herself in silent bitterness.

Having found his own good humor again he would have liked a pleasant chat with his wife now. But she was cold and distant. Louise was, as always, amiable, patient, and kind. Never an ugly look or a scornful smile from her. The little one, he thought, could understand that even a good man may sometimes take a glass too much.

Sometimes? Even that would be bad enough—but every day? As it was unpleasant to give an account of himself at this point Florian passed it over as lightly as possible.

Anna brought in the huge bowl filled with kraut and noodles and pork, and put it on the table. It was the favorite dish, and the father began to eat heartily and soon was in a genial mood. Anna, too, took her share, but Louise refused everything save a piece of bread and a little water.

Her parents looked at her in astonishment. But Louise said that that was all she wanted.

Each went to his particular work after the noon-day dinner, and the day closed as had most others—Florian went to the inn and came home in a bad way. Louise, up in her little chamber, heard blows and curses down stairs, and her heart was full of pain. How good her father used to be, how hard he used to work! And now bad company had brought him to this. The devil of drink had taken hold of him. He did not do his work, and everything was going to ruin on the place, for no matter how hard Louise and her mother might work, the strength of a man was lacking on the little farm.

When the family was at dinner the next day Louise refused everything again except bread and water.

"What is the matter, child?" the mother asked, anxiously. "See how pale you are. Are you sick?"

"No, mother, do not worry yourself. Nothing is wrong with me."

"What nonsense is this?" her father exclaimed, angrily. "If you are well, eat."

"I may not, father."

"Is that so? I'd like to know why not? Who is forbidding you?" the man asked, sarcastically.

Then the child rose and stood in front of her father. Fearless and unshadowed her blue eyes looked at him.

"I may not," she said, in a low voice, "because I have promised our dear Lord that as long as you come home at night—you know how, father—and swear, and make my poor mother cry, I am going to eat nothing but bread and water. I want to suffer, so God will not punish you."

The silence of death was in the room. Anna covered her face with both hands. Florian looked fixedly down in front of him upon the table. His face became dark red, and then he suddenly threw down his spoon, rose, and left the house.

Louise looked after him through the window. Then she ran back to her mother, and threw her arms around her neck. "He has the rake," she cried, "he is going to make hay." And not only that, but Florian stayed at home that evening, too.

His little daughter, who was most hungry by this time, ate heartily, and half ashamed, half regretfully, Florian watched her slyly.

What, his poor child meant to go hungry like a beggar on his account? That must not be. Her health, in the end, perhaps, her life, would be on his conscience. And what would the house be without the sweet smile and the young voice of his little girl?

And how she did try now to please her father, to entertain him, telling him all sorts of things that happened in school, giving him riddles to guess, playing games with him, and so on. Florian was often highly amused, and even the fine, severe face of his wife softened into an occasional smile.

A week passed like this in peace and pleasantness, when, one unhappy evening, after supper, one of Florian's public-house friends came in.

"God be with you here!" he called out, and lifted his shabby hat. Anna acknowledged the greeting with a barely noticeable nod, helped Louise clear the table, and then went into the kitchen with Louise to wash the dishes.

"She likes me so well that she runs away from me," said the newcomer, jeeringly. "Looks rather grouty though. What is the matter with you, Flori? Is it true that your wife will not give you a cent and hides the door key from you? I just stopped in to ask if you did not want to go along. The men are all waiting for you. The landlord has received some new wine from Hungary—a good one, a better I do not believe you ever tasted. What do you say? Will you come? Or maybe your boss won't permit you?"

"I don't have to ask anybody's permission," answered Florian, angrily. "I think I am still master of my own house. But for that matter it would be her way to make me do the minding."

The two in the kitchen listened anxiously. They heard Florian's voice in the hall, then the outer door slammed, and he was gone.

"Oh, mother," the child called out in a trembling voice, and began to cry. "Are there really people so bad that they try to make others bad too?"

"There are plenty such devils in human form, and they take away every hope one has," said the mother, gloomily.

Heavy black clouds had in the meantime come up. Torn by lightning they hung over the mountains. The thunder rolled and rolled, given back in unending echoes. Loud and near, then losing itself in the distance. The rain poured down in streams, the roads became pools, and the gutters waterfalls.

Louise crouched between the woodpile and the house, her eyes fixed unwaveringly upon the blackness in front of her. From time to time the lightning glared and the road was visible for a moment; then the darkness fell again, almost like a tangible curtain, and impenetrable darkness covered everything before the child.

"Louise, Louise, where are you?" her mother called anxiously.

"Here I am. All nice and dry," answered the child. "I am watching to see if father is coming. Please, mother, put the lamp back into the window!" and when that was done and the mother wanted the child to come in, she begged to stay where she was. "Poor father will be wet to the skin; don't you think so, mother?"

"Serves him right," thought her mother, but aloud she only said coldly: "Maybe so."

It was very late at night when the heavy step of the drunken man came up the walk. Under his rain-soaked hat, pressed down over his forehead, the eyes looked sullen and ugly.

The downpour of rain had sobered Flori just enough to put him into the worst possible mood.

"What are you doing here?" he bawled, when he saw the two waiting for him. "Can a man never have a bit of peace on account of you? Do you have to mix into everything that isn't your business? Get out, get away with you, I don't need you. I guess you," and he turned to Anna, "are having your laugh now because the flood of water almost carried me off."

"It's your own fault," the woman answered, shrugging her shoulders. "Why did you go down to the public house again?"

Furious at this answer, Florian lurched toward her. "Be still," he roared at her, and lifted his hand to strike her. But with a plaintive cry the child threw herself between them to protect her mother, and, receiving the blow hard in the face, she fell to the ground—unconscious.

"For God's sake," cried Florian, suddenly sobered as he bent down over the unconscious child. But with a wild gesture his wife pushed him back.

"You are not worthy to touch her," she hissed at him, and picking up the girl in her strong arms she carried her up the stairs.

Florian stood motionless with horror. What had he done? What if the child should die? With a groan he sank on his knees, and raising his hand before the crucifix, he solemnly vowed never, never again to yield to the temptation of drink.

Then he listened strainedly for sounds from above. Through the board floor there came to him the sound of faint weeping, and after a while he heard a weak little voice speak. That was Louise. "God be praised, she is still living," he said.

After a little while Anna came down to the kitchen to get some water, and Flori tiptoed up to her.

"Anna," he said, timidly, "how is she?"

She looked at him with glowing, forbidding eyes, from head to foot, and then turned her back on him and left him standing there.

That was a long, sad night, and Flori had plenty of time for reflection, for remorse, and for good resolutions.

When day dawned he could stand it no longer. In his bare feet he crept up to Louise's chamber. On account of the heat the door was half open. In the gray light Flori saw his wife lying on the bed, fully dressed, holding the sleeping child in her arms. A great weight fell from the heart of the watcher. No music on earth could have been pleasanter to him than the gentle breathing of the two sleepers. Florian himself, exhausted by the emotions of the night, then fell asleep, and did not wake till nearly noon. At first he did not remember what had happened, but suddenly it all came over him, and he felt a sort of horror of himself.

Then he heard Louise's voice in the living-room. "He is still sleeping soundly, mother, but when he gets up I'll go up to my chamber, shouldn't I?"

"No," said Anna's voice, unyieldingly. "You'll stay here."

"Mother, please let me go. I wouldn't like to have father see me."

"You heard what I said," said the mother.

"Is the poor little thing afraid of me?" the man listening thought to himself. "I will show her that in all her life she never need be afraid of me again." Then he dressed himself quickly, and hesitatingly went out into the living-room.

The storm had spent itself. Only a few light clouds still hung around the mountain tops. The sunshine came pleasantly through the windows, and where the little red curtains were drawn it lay upon the floor in rosy patches.

In the alcove at the table laid for the noon-day meal his wife and child were sitting. The little one had just filled the soup-plates for her parents, but her own remained empty.

"Good day, father," came her cheerful greeting. "Did you sleep well? Sit down here with us now or else your soup will get cold."

Slowly Florian sat down. "How are you, Louise?" he asked awkwardly. "I am very sorry that I struck you yesterday as I did. Did it hurt you?"

"Better hurt me than mother," the child answered in a low voice, and Florian dropped his head shamefacedly.

He would have liked to ask his wife's forgiveness, too, but she sat there without a word, without even a look of her great black eyes for him, cold and distant. All his courage left him, and a certain sullen defiance took its place.

But Louise, too, pleasant as her voice sounded, avoided meeting his eyes. She chattered of all sorts of things, but kept her head turned away so that barely her profile was in view. And her plate remained empty. All she had in her hand was a little piece of black bread, from which she broke bits, at which she nibbled.

Florian no longer heard her words—the poor child was going hungry again on his account. "That God may not punish me," was his sole thought.

"Louise," he said at last, in a broken voice, "come here to me."

She startled visibly and hesitated.

The man rose from the table and went and sat down on the bench against the wall. "Louise, come here to me," he repeated, gently.

Obediently the child rose and came toward him slowly, carefully hiding the right side of her face with her hand.

"Have you a toothache?"

"No, father, my cheek is only swollen."

Florian took her hand away. The whole side of her face was swollen and the eye blue and black.

The wife rose too, and stood very straight, looking questioningly, almost threateningly, at her husband. But he saw nothing but the pitifully disfigured face of the child before him.

"For heaven's sake—my child—did I—did I—do that?" he stammered.

"Father," the girl cried out, and laid her head upon his shoulder. "I am glad to suffer this, too, for you."

Great sobs shook Florian. "Forgive me, poor child—forgive me! It shall never happen again, I promise you. And Anna, you forgive me too?" He stretched out his hand toward her. She would have liked to have pushed it away, but was ashamed to do so before her child, who was smiling happily at her now.

So Anna laid her cold fingers in her husband's right hand. He closed his hand over hers tenderly, saying, "An evil spirit has held me. Help me pray now, that I may be different hereafter."

And he was different. He worked for two, as if to make up for what he had neglected. Storms of temptation still assailed him, but he fought through them manfully. Louise would have been very happy now if it had not been for her mother's attitude. It was as if all the love which the ardent-tempered woman had had for her husband had been spent. The pain of his brutal treatment of her had been too deep—she could not forget it and did not want to forgive it.

Once Louise put her arm around her mother's neck, "Mother, can't you love father a little bit," she whispered. "He is so good now."

Then Anna pushed the girl away roughly as she never had before. "What I do does not concern you," she said sharply, and Louise did not dare to put the question again.

Florian himself often looked pleadingly at his wife, but she turned away as if he were not on earth.

* * * * *

A year had passed. Everything on the little farm was in fine condition. Florian had remained steadfast and become a model in every way. And yet all was not well with him. He often looked faint and pale and suffered constantly from peculiar pains in his tongue, which made it hard for him to eat or to talk.

At last, after trying in vain the quack remedies of a peasant doctor, he went to a regular physician. This man advised him to go to Innsbruck to the hospital at once, and so urgent was he that Florian set out the next morning early. An hour's walk, three hours on the train, and then he would be at the end of his journey.

Anna did not close an eye that night. And yet when her husband held out his hand for the parting she only said, "Good-by. I hope you will be well soon."

Her husband smiled sadly and turned to go, accompanied by Louise, who insisted on walking part of the way with him.

Anna stood at the door a while and looked after them. She was sorry that she had been so heartless—was not the poor fellow on his way to the hospital. Suddenly a great fear came over her: How many there were who never came back from the hospital. If something should happen to Florian—if she should not see him again!

Ah!—she had not thought of that. With a deep sigh she ran down the steps after the two. They were a long way down the road. But one more word she must have, and give him in return a sign of love to cheer him on his hard journey. For he was her husband after all, and the father of her child.

She waved her kerchief, and tried to call, but the sound stuck in her throat, and the two went on and on.

Now they stood still and Florian stooped and kissed the child again and again. The little one turned to go back, slowly stopping and waving her hand every few steps, while he, too, stopped to wave in answer.

Then came a loud, shrill cry: "Flori, Flori!"

The man heard, and looked up, and swung his hat hard. He called too, but the sound was weak and thick, and the woman standing all alone above did not hear it.

* * * * *

Florian is in the operating-room of the Innsbruck Hospital. He knows that the operation must be performed if he wishes to save his life at all, and for his child's sake he has consented.

A Sister of Charity is standing beside him murmuring words of pious consolation, and giving him a little crucifix, for he has asked for one.

The physician and surgeon are standing to one side in consultation.

Now the surgeon steps up to Florian and begins to talk to him. "My dear man," he says, kindly. "You know that we will have to cut off most of your tongue, and you will probably be unable to speak hereafter—"

Florian started and looked at him with horror. "We must have courage," the surgeon continued, soothingly. "Everything will probably pass off well, but if you have something more that you wish especially to say, better say it now. It may be that you can not say it afterward."

For a few moments Florian gazed at the cross in his hand, then raising his eyes to heaven, he said:

"Praised be Jesus Christ," slowly and solemnly, and reverently bowing his head.

The surgeon made a sign to the physician and turned with moist eyes to his instrument-case.

* * * * *

It was late in autumn when the lone figure of a man came up the highway to the village. The sky is as blue as in the midsummer; delicate silvery webs float in the soft air; the trees and bushes glow in every shade of color.

The man stops often to breathe deeply. Oh, this is a different air from that which one breathes in the hospital. Florian forbade his dear ones to visit him. He feared the shock for them. Two days before he left the hospital he wrote and told them the truth for the first time. In his awkward and clumsy writing he told them that the operation was successful, but that he would be unable to talk for the rest of his life. This was a great misfortune, to be sure, but he would try to bear it as a penance. Louise would never have to go hungry again for his sake, now, but everything as God wills.

They must have gotten the letter by this time and must know what has happened.

Softly Florian went up the garden path and peeped through the window into the living-room.

There they knelt, side by side, his wife and his child, reciting the Rosary aloud. He knew they were praying for him.

His shadow fell on the floor and Louise looked up. A cry, "It is father," and then she sprang to her feet and fairly flew out and clung to him sobbing and murmuring endearments. He gently stroked her blond hair and looked at her—dumb.

Anna, too, had risen—there she stood as if rooted, her feet like lead, her heart beating in heavy thumps. Now her husband entered. Silently, but with an unspeakably sad look, he held out his hand to her. Then something rose hot and conquering in her heart, a flood of the old warm love melted the ice that had crusted over her feeling for him, and with a smothered cry she clasped her arms about his neck. "Flori," she stammered, "my dear, good Flori. How you must have suffered!"

The man sank down on a chair and leaned his head against her shoulder. She caressed him and stroked his hair. The old, sweet time of their first love seemed to have come back to them. And Louise knelt down beside her father and kissed his hands in sheer joy, though she wept the while.

Everything was forgotten now—all the pain, the misery—the disgrace. Nothing remained but his affliction and their love.

* * * * *

A singular life now developed itself for these three. The wife, passionately atoning, living only for her husband and child; Florian heroically penitent, yet happy in the love of his own, courageous and active; Louise, the light of the house, smiling, cheerful, the consolation and the pride of her parents.

The tears and the sacrifice of her young life, however, God and the angels had counted and rewarded.

FERDINANDE BARONESS VON BRACKEL.

This writer was born November 24, 1835, at Castle Welda, near Warburg, in Westphalia. She is the daughter of a long line of noble ancestors and has done honor to her house by her gifts as a writer, even as her ancestors have honored the name by deeds of valor and statesmanship. She was educated, step by step, along with her brothers, by the priest of the Castle village. In this way her mental training was far beyond what was generally granted girls in the days of her youth. Thus it is that, in addition to her great natural talents, her books show a remarkable erudition and a ripe judgment. But it must be remembered that she gave her talents time to ripen. She did not publish anything until 1873, and then but a small volume of verse. However, the small volume has run through four editions. Her first novel, "Die Tochter des Kunstreiters," followed two years later, when the writer was forty years old. It made her famous at one stroke. The theme is not new, yet the treatment of the psychological aspects of the story is so powerful that the interest never flags. This novel was published in English under the title of "The Circus Rider's Daughter," and ran through a number of editions in a short time.

At the same time there appeared "Heinrich Findelkind," a story for the young. This was followed by two novels, "Nicht wie alle Andern" and "Aus Fernen Landen." In 1878 came her romance, "Daniella," which is considered her best work. Her other novels which appeared during the next twenty years have all been well received and passed through several editions: "Am Haidstock," (translated into English with the title "The Fatal Beacon,") "Prinzess Aba," "Der Spinnlehrer von Carrara," "Vom alten Stamm," "Im Streit der Zeit."

F. v. Brackel's style is clear and fresh, whether the characters she presents move in narrow circles, or in the broader fields of life. She has always been true to the bent of her own clear intellect, and has brought problems into consideration in her writings which are rarely touched by women novelists.

She lives part of the time with her widowed brother in Cassel, and part of the time in her native Castle Welda. Her latest book is a volume of short stories, one of which, "Just a Simple Story," follows this sketch.

Just a Simple Story.

BY FERDINANDE VON BRACKEL.

I.

THE ADVENT OF ROTTRAUT.

"WHAT, another girl?" said the Baron, as he stood at the cradle and gave a disappointed look at the little thing that lay with tight fists, its crumpled face half hidden. "And the child seems dreadfully small to me, nurse. It is hardly to be found in the pillows. Is it a real healthy baby?"

"Indeed, I think it is, sir. But it is not at all like the other children. I did not care to show her to my lady, for she is so small. But then she has time enough to grow."

"Papa, may we see little sister?" came children's voices from the outside.

The father opened the door. "Easy, easy!" he said, warningly, and three little girls from four to eight years old came tiptoeing into the room, looking wide-eyed at the cradle.

"Were we all so ugly, too?" asked the second eldest, after a few moments of astonished survey, turning her pretty face to her father, while the other two were still watching the tiny stranger in mute curiosity.

"Little babies are never pretty," said the father, soothingly.

"Mamma always says that I was pretty at the very beginning," the oldest one said, full of the consciousness of her own charms. Rosy-cheeked, regular of feature, yellow-haired, and brilliant-eyed as she was, it did not seem, indeed, that she could ever have been anything but pleasant to look upon.

"What a funny nose she has!" said the second one again. "Just look, papa, how it turns up."

"Take care of your own nose, miss," said the nurse, who, after proper nurse-fashion, took the part of the youngest arrival. "Your nose will be so long some day that you'll be glad enough to give her a piece of it if you could."

"People with large noses appear intelligent," said the father consolingly to the offended second eldest.

"Why, papa, I believe little sister's hair is red," the oldest began her critique again. "None of us had *red hair!*"

"Sister is opening her eyes! Sister is smiling!" called out the youngest, as the little one stretched its tiny fists across its face, opened its blinky little eyes, and pulled up its mouth so that it seemed as if it were really smiling.

"O papa," said the children, in a chorus, "look what a big mouth she has. It reaches to her ears."

"Now be still, children," said the nurse, reprovingly. "You have waked up little sister. She's a smart little thing, just the same. See, she's laughing at your nonsense. When she grows up she will probably be much more beautiful that the rest of you and will marry a prince, and then where will you be?"

Just then the doctor entered, and the children's attention was diverted from the queer little sister, for, instead of the regular family physician, his assistant had come on account of the old doctor's illness. The new doctor, who was still a very young man, was not only a stranger to them, but he was somewhat crippled, an accident in his childhood having caused an injury to his spine. His face was pale and rather thin, as is often noticeable in cripples. But the eyes were large and fine, and the symmetrical head led one to think that he must possess unusual intelligence. He had, moreover, a look of settled melancholy, though his expression when speaking was most pleasant and kindly.

After he had said a few words to the Baron, he stepped to the cradle and looked at the child.

"Do you really think the child can live? There is nothing wrong with her, is there?" asked the anxious father, while the physician examined the tiny being.

"I do not find anything that points to any defect," answered the physician, "and with the good care"—turning to the nurse—"which she will undoubtedly have, I am sure she will grow and thrive splendidly."

The old nurse looked at him gratefully.

"A wonderfully plain little lady," said the father. "She will have to change considerably if she expects to make conquests some day. What color are her eyes, nurse? I believe they are blue."

"Brown," said the nurse.

"But I see distinctly this eye is blue."

The physician bent over the child again and looked at it.

"The little one has, so far as I can see now, different colored eyes—one is brown and one is blue"—

"What! That, too? Why, that is a terrible state of things for a girl," said the father. "She is a regular child of misfortune. If she were but a boy!"

"One can't tell that yet," said the nurse again. "Just see what a jolly face she has even now."

"She will need to have something to offset the rest of her."

"What shall we call the little lady of the red hair?" said the Baron again.

"Call her Rottraut. If she is sweet and loving every one will forget her red hair," said the doctor.

And thus the little lady was called, for in the old German name *Traut* means loving and true, and *Rot* red.

* * * * *

It was many years later. The little girls were all young ladies, even the youngest one with the red hair and the turned-up nose.

"I am really grown-up, and a young lady. I have even been at a number of balls. Just ask mamma, doctor," she added, for there seemed to be a doubt in the eyes of her listener.

The man to whom she was speaking was the same physician who had stood at her cradle, now a trusted and noted practitioner. After the death of the old doctor he came into most of his practise, that of the Baron's family included. The nurse liked him because he managed to persuade her into his way of thinking without antagonizing her. Between them they brought up the dainty little girl.

"There is little of her," the nurse was wont to say, "but what there is is jolly and good and contented. Her off-colored eyes see nothing but the pleasant side of things."

Although her mother sighed very often when she looked at the little creature, and considered, with some dismay, her possible future, the physician in whom many trusted and believed was delighted at the affection the child seem to have for him. The pleasant little face was full of life and vivacity, and even her parents observed what delight went with her presence.

"Rottraut always thinks of something jolly," her sisters said of her, "and the teachers like her best. For even when she does not know anything she has some answer that makes them laugh, and they do not scold her, and they like her better even than Gertrude, who is so much smarter."

Gertrude's nose had really become a little too long, but she had an air of brightness and intelligence, and people called her "distinguished." Elsie, the oldest, was beautiful, even as she had been when a child, and no one thought of what she knew or did not know when he looked at her. Lisa, the third, had a healthy bloom that was exceedingly pretty, though she was hardly a beauty, and it was said of her that she would be an excellent wife some day. Of the fourth, however, people said but little, or if they did, and meant to be kind, they said that children change a great deal as they grow up.

Now she was grown, indeed, but was very little changed; so even the doctor, who was used to the irregularities of her face, had to admit. It came home to him particularly just now, after his return from a stay of several months spent at a university in special studies. It astonished him, too, to see the delight she evidently took in society. He himself never went out to social affairs because of his deformity, and for her, too, he feared that the rebuffs that come to plainness and unattractiveness would destroy her sunny disposition. He could not understand how her parents could expose her to the chance of experiences which are always so much more sad and bitter for a woman than for a man. But it had happened, and there she sat and laughed the same as ever, and talked even more gaily.

"I'll tell you how it is, doctor—or must I call you professor, now?"

He shook his head.

"But I would like to so much," she persisted. "You see, I always have a better time than the others. If I were good-looking I would have to spend two or three more years studying, for Elsie does not care to have so many younger sisters going out with her. But mamma so often complained of staying at home on my account that the other girls found it uncomfortable, and at last they asked that I be taken along. It did not make any difference, being only me, for they did not think that I would take any of their dances from them. So I have gone to a number of balls and have come out much younger than my sisters did."

"And you enjoyed yourself?" the doctor asked, still dubious.

"Of course I enjoyed myself. Did not old nurse always say that I could please anybody?" she asked, roguishly. "If any one likes brown eyes I look at him with my right eye; if he likes blue, I let him gaze into my left. There were many girls there who did not dance, and I did not either at first. But I had my own special joke. It pleased my sisters so to have people ask who I was, and then have them remark that I do not look a bit like the other girls! Once I heard a little lieutenant asking Elsie, 'Who is that wonderful red Aurora over there?' and then see him wilt when he heard that it was her sister. Afterward he had to take me in to dinner. I believe he could not see straight for a few moments, he was so frightened. But I consoled him. 'Aurora always precedes the light,' I said. He became very red, a regular blush of dawn, and stammered all sorts of apologies, but when I laughed he finally laughed, too, and we had a very pleasant time together after that. At the next ball he came to me right in the beginning and we had three dances together. Think of it, doctor, three dances! But don't be surprised. The belles had no wish to dance with him because he is so little and still so young, so that we two had a very nice time without any one bothering. He is the nicest, the very nicest little lieutenant that there ever, ever was "—

"If you enjoy going out so much I am afraid that the plan I was thinking of will not please you," interrupted the doctor. During all her chatter he seemed to be thinking deeply.

Just now he was reflecting how often people who have the very best intentions in the world do the wrong thing when they most wish to do the right, by interfering in the affairs of their fellow-beings. Besides that, he had another reason, and for a moment his thoughts dwelt somewhat savagely on the "very nicest little lieutenant."

The Baron had risen to a high government position. But the double duties of his office and of the life necessitated by his daughters being such prominent members of society, had been very hard upon the aging man, who was now somewhat ailing and run down. A furlough seemed immediately necessary. Foreign travel was suggested, but the Baron protested that at present he could not afford it. He would go to his estate. There was quiet there, too much quiet, though it was only a few miles away. Then the doctor thought it might be well if he took his youngest daughter along for company, the underlying idea being that the girl herself would be happier away from the society that would but snub her.

But now the doctor began to feel very uncomfortable. If she found this society so diverting would she want to leave it? Diffidently he began to unfold his plan.

"O you dear, good doctor!" Rottraut called out, springing up from her seat. "O you dear! Papa is going into the country and I am going along! Why, that is the loveliest idea you could have had. Am I not right? Everything nice always comes to me—I have the best of everything."

"But it will be very quiet and lonely out there," protested the doctor. "No balls, no nice little lieutenants"—

"Oh, there I shall be the enchanted princess, and of course the handsomest and bravest prince in the world will come to wake me, as old nurse used to prophesy. But just think how astonished the prince will be when he sees me open my eyes—first a blue one and then a brown! I am afraid he will lose courage and run away. And you will come out some time, won't you, doctor? All the doors shall open of themselves when you come. What did papa say, and will mamma have no objections?"

No, mamma had no objections—mamma was glad to have one girl less to take around. Elsie thought it best to have her youngest sister out of the way a while longer, and Gertrude hoped that she would study a little more, for really she knew hardly anything. The only one who did not seem quite happy was the doctor who had suggested the plan. Somehow he suddenly found the Baron's house most strangely lonesome—even more so than his own apartments, where he lived with his books and his housekeeper.

II.

THE ADVENT OF THE PRINCE.

The seclusion that the Baron had promised himself did not last very long. They were only on the estate a few days when he and his daughter, out for one of their long walks, met two gentlemen, one of whom was greeted most deferentially by the Baron.

This gentleman was none less than the nephew and heir of the reigning Prince. He had just returned from a trip around the world, and had been expected in the capital for some time. But he preferred to come first to this little hunting-lodge, to arrange his rare collection, gathered from all parts of the globe.

The Baron, himself a great personage in the little principality, was treated most cordially by the Prince; when they met the next day the Prince joined him and they walked along in animated conversation. The Prince's companion and adjutant followed with the young girl. He was Count Walden, the long-time adorer of Elsie, waiting for the Prince's accession and an appointment which should enable them to marry. In the mean time the Baron did not look very kindly upon his courtship, and Count Walden was quite delighted to be able to thus meet his sweetheart's father under the wing of the Prince. As for herself, Rottraut kept thinking how happy Elsie would be if she were in her place, and yet how little jealous she would be of her homely sister—and the humor of the thought caused her to laugh merrily at everything possible.

The first day the Prince had said to Count Walden: "I thought you told me that the Baron's daughters are all very beautiful?"

"All but this one," Walden hastened to affirm.

But the next day the girl's infectious laughter filled his ears, until at last the Prince turned and looked back to see what there was to laugh at.

The girl was not a bit embarrassed.

"What was it, child?" asked the Baron.

"O papa," she answered, "the merriest tale, twice told, is stale."

"You seem to have a lively fancy," said the Prince, joining Rottraut as they started again, while Count Walden was left to walk with the Baron.

Rottraut was not displeased at the change. The Prince did not seem nearly as stiff and formal as she had thought princes to be, but laughed gaily at her witty sallies. To be sure, he had little to say himself, but the people said of him that he was a scientist, and studied a great deal, which was certainly not true of many princes. It was one of his delights to discover things out of the ordinary, and so he enjoyed the girl's piquancy and original manner.

"As things are," he said to his adjutant on the way home, "it will probably be rather pleasant for you to be able to become well acquainted with the Baron and make a good impression on him. This walk need not be our last. Try to win his good opinion; I shall help you as much as I can."

When he returned to his antiquities he seemed to hear Rottraut's merry laugh, just as the doctor did among his books, and he began to wonder what she would say about his collection.

The next day they all met again. And so many other days. If his other daughters had been there, the Baron would have thought it noticeable that from that time on the Prince usually walked with Rottraut. But she—she was safe.

Count Walden in the mean time talked most seriously to the Baron about politics and affairs of state. He also mentioned the probable betrothal of the Prince to a certain Princess. He told how beautiful she was, how anxious the parents on both sides were for the union, what a blessing it would be for the country, and so on, not forgetting to put in that the Prince upon his marriage would have his own residence and would be liberal in his treatment of those appointed for his service. The Baron listened calmly to all these things, but, as many other papas do under similar circumstances, gave them little thought. Why should he discuss the matter with his daughter and have her write her sister Elsie about it? It would but disturb Elsie's peace of mind with useless hopes.

So each in his way found the solitude delightful, and it lasted until Count Walden fell to reminding the Prince every day that he was eagerly awaited in the city, while the Baroness and her daughters commiserated the Baron and Rottraut in each letter for their banishment. At last the announcement was made that the Princess who was spoken of as the prospective bride was coming to the city, and in the great festivities in her honor papa and Rottraut must take part. Even the doctor found the stay in the country had been sufficiently prolonged for the Baron's health.

But for the first time in her life Rottraut did not seem to feel a great desire to see her old-time friend the doctor.

* * * * *

When the Baron and his daughter came back to the city the older sisters had much to tell, and they did not seem anxious to hear Rottraut's experiences. They did know that the Prince had talked a great deal to their father, and they felt that the time might come when this friendship would yet be very useful to the Baron—their father might be minister if the Prince became ruler. But Rottraut said nothing, not even to the doctor, for though the Prince had talked much to her, she did not seem to be able to tell what he really said. She noticed how pale the doctor was, and for the first time Rottraut was impressed with the fact that his figure was misshapen. But she did not have much time for reflection, for the Princess had arrived, and the ladies of the capital were to be presented to her. The Baroness somehow felt that four daughters were too many to present at once, and wanted to leave the youngest at home, but the Baron would not listen to that. At the very last moment the third, Lisa, had a toothache. That would have been bad enough, but when the toothache resulted in a swollen cheek she of course had to be left behind. The two older girls were very charming in their dainty spring gowns. But Rottraut! if she could but have worn her outing suit, as she did when tramping around in the country! These same tramps had added freckles to her other defects, and Rottraut looked sadly at her reflection in the mirror. But what was to be done?

A little while later she was standing before the beautiful Princess. Beautiful as she was, Rottraut noticed that she said the same thing over and over again to everybody. Perhaps she was shy. But when she saw Rottraut she held out her hand most cordially, and told her that the Prince had talked of her a great deal. "I knew you at once," she added.

"I am afraid it is impossible for me to travel incognito," Rottraut answered, as she bent over the Princess' hand for the customary kiss. For the first time in her life she did not like being reminded of her red hair and her variegated eyes, which undoubtedly the Prince had mentioned in describing her.

"We will see more of each other later," said the Princess. "At court most people are so stiff, and the Prince told me that you have such pleasant ideas."

Stiff the Princess surely was, and of ideas, pleasant or otherwise, she did not seem to have very many, Rottraut soon discovered. So she was glad when the Prince approached. But everything was different and formal here, compared to their country meetings, and Rottraut was embarrassed. Perhaps it was that she was too glad to see him, for she had thought of him often in these days, and the old nurse's prediction about the Prince who was sure to come for her some time kept running through her brain.

When Rottraut returned home that day she did what she had done very often lately—she looked in the glass. This time she found out that her nose was really not bad, and that her figure was graceful; she remembered that the Prince had often admired her hair, and told her that the great painters all liked red hair. Why should people not like hers? And she thought so hard of all these things that when she sat opposite the doctor the next time he called she really did not know what to say to him.

Not until he was gone did she remember that he had said that her old nurse was ill, and had suggested how glad the good old woman would be if Rottraut would come to see her and tell her some of her jolly stories. But what should she say to the old woman? In these days when the Prince was expected to call she had no desire to go away off into the suburbs. Moreover, she was convinced that her sister Lisa had visited her.

The Prince did call on the following day, but he was so occupied with the different ladies of the house that he had but time to say a few words to Rottraut. He told her then how sorry he was that he could give her so little attention, and that was as good as a long conversation.

A few days later the Princess came and was most anxious to see the Baroness. Her maid of honor was ill, and she needed some one in her place; would she not let her have Rottraut for the time?

Naturally the Baroness was flattered, but astonished at the Princess' selection. Elsie or Gertie would have been more suitable, but Gertie said that the Princess did not want to be overshadowed by Elsie's beauty nor by her, Gertie's, cleverness.

"She is careful on account of the Prince," said Gertrude.

"That is it," said Rottraut. "I always get the good things because no one is afraid of me."

She said it laughingly, but for the first time her too ample mouth showed a bitter and disagreeable line. Perhaps she could show her sisters that she could make a different impression to what they imagined.

In the service of the Princess, Rottraut found so much to do, and she had to accustom herself to so many new things, that she had little time to think. In a few days the Prince himself called, and remained for tea, something which he had never done before. He seemed highly pleased to meet Rottraut and talked a good deal.

"He just stayed because you entertained him so well. You always have something interesting and pleasant to say. I wish I could talk as you do. I never can say a word to him no matter how hard I try. Can you not help me?" asked the Princess, and her great velvety eyes were fixed so confidingly on Rottraut that the girl had a guilty feeling of being unworthy of so much of her confidence.

"I believe I can tell you," she answered, "why you have nothing to say. A woman can never say much in the presence of some one of whom she is very fond. A man, on the other hand, finds all the more to say," and she smiled and buried her little nose in the tea rose which the Prince had given her.

"If women can not talk when they are in love then you must never have been in love," said the Princess, as she brushed back the girl's red ringlets almost tenderly. These same ringlets were built up now after the most approved fashion, and pale yellow tea roses nestled in them.

"Those yellow roses in your hair were really a happy suggestion on the part of the Prince. You ought always to wear brown velvet and pale yellow roses, especially if it should happen some day that you too would be afflicted by a thick tongue and nothing to say," and the Princess kissed the girl tenderly.

If it is true that a man's wit is quickened by being in love, as Rottraut said, then it was not well with the Prince. For he had a desire to do and say many things these days, and most of them had some relation to the plain little maid of the beautiful Princess. He had a new plan for every day. Sometimes it was a visit to the museum, sometimes to the theater, sometimes a little excursion into the country, winding up with a country dance. If Rottraut noticed these things she gave no sign, although she usually took part and wore her pale yellow roses. The Prince spent a great deal of time at her side. The Princess may have noticed this, but she would not let herself think of it, for she did not believe that she could come to grief through Rottraut, in whom she had confided utterly.

It was true, too, that the Prince had made it a point to express opinions upon many things at these fêtes—and he had particularly insisted that a pretty face could never satisfy him. Wit was more than beauty; he admired the effervescing quickness of mind that brightens and fascinates. This was most pleasant to Rottraut, for even her best friend, the doctor, had never praised her in that way. And so she began to think again that if the Princess had taken her merely because she was not good-looking, and there was no need to be afraid of her, she knew differently by this time.

And with all these thoughts it was not unnatural that she became quieter and more quiet all the time.

The Prince thought so too, and said to her one day: "The air of the court is not good for you; out in the country you never looked as serious as you do now. I hope that when we go out to my lodge to-morrow you will find your delicious sparkle again. Do you not remember how we walked through the woods together, and you had a different story for every flower, every tree? . . . I hope I may count on you to-morrow," he added, softly, "for I have something particular to say to you—for once I should like to have the privilege of saying something unusual myself," he added, and stooped to pick up the rose which she had dropped. But not to return it to her, but to fasten it into his buttonhole as if he too had acquired a fondness for pale yellow roses.

When Rottraut went to bed that evening she lay awake, filled with a strange restlessness that banished sleep for the first time in her life.

In the morning she found that the country air might not be good for her, and as she had not seen her father for so long a time, she would spend the day with him. He would be all alone, for her mother and sisters would join the country party. Then, too, she could at last make the long-promised call on her old nurse. And really the party would not miss her.

The Princess seemed distressed at her request, but she gave her permission, nevertheless, saying, however, that the Prince would no doubt be displeased, as he had planned the outing for Rottraut's benefit.

As Rottraut sat with her father and watched the coaches roll away her feelings were most conflicting. Would the Prince miss her? And she felt that he would, and somehow she found little to say to her father, who was not in very good humor himself.

Indeed, lately all sorts of unpleasant thoughts had come into his mind.

Elsie, Gertie, and Lisa, his three beautiful daughters, had been out in society for many years, and had been taken to every function, and what had come of it? Elsie could only marry Count Walden when he obtained his court appointment, and that was still far afield. Who knew whether he would ever get it? Also, was it not said that the Prince cared but little for the Princess who had been selected as his bride, and that he loved some one else not his equal in rank. Even yesterday he had heard similar allusions at the Casino, and why did Rottraut stay at home to-day? What could it mean?

But Rottraut would not listen to her father. She brought out the cards and reminded him of the jolly times they had had playing cards in the country, and then the Baron called her his good little daughter, who always knew what to do to amuse him. Between times he scolded about the Prince, who did not seem to know enough to marry the Princess, and was thus making himself and others miserable.

But Rottraut at this became very silent, and found that it was time to go to see the old nurse.

III.

THE REAL PRINCE.

"Ah," said the sick woman, "thanks be to God that you think of visiting poor old nurse again! I have waited so long for you. Is it the same merry face we used to know, doctor? I can not see as well now as I did then."

At the word "doctor" Rottraut looked up in astonishment. A man who had been sitting by the side of the bed rose. It was the doctor.

"Professor, I ought to say now," the old nurse amended.

Rottraut herself hardly knew why she felt so strange when his earnest eyes were fixed questioningly upon her. She blushed and suddenly thought what beautiful and expressive eyes the doctor had. In her embarrassment she held out her hand quite in the old way, and congratulated him, telling him that he had become a great man.

"But he is just as good as ever," said the old nurse. "As good as gold. He never forgot me, and always brought me help or consolation."

"But the very best thing of all—the sunshine—I could not bring. You never have looked as happy for me as you do just now."

"To make people happy has been Rottraut's gift since she is on earth," said the nurse.

"It is one of the most gracious gifts. God keep it for you at all times, and in all places," said the doctor to Rottraut significantly, and then he raised her hand to his lips, something he had never done before in his life. It seemed as if he were about to say something more, then he turned and went to the door.

"A very good man," said the old nurse, "and he has a sad lot."

"But why sad?" asked Rottraut, hastily. "He has a great name—everybody likes him."

"To be liked is not to be loved, many a heart has found," said the old woman. "Many a girl would have him, but he always thinks of his deformed appearance, and—"

"But he is not at all homely, with his beautiful eyes," protested Rottraut, "and love does not bother itself about personal appearance very much."

"Ah, but his heart belongs only to one," the old woman went on, with a sigh. "Perhaps he did hope to win her for a time, but now he says it was foolish of him to think so. Since then he looks so sad. Do you know that he told me the Prince is in love with you? Everybody in the city is talking of it. They say he does not care for the beautiful Princess, but for you. Is it true? A Prince, a real Prince? What will your charming sisters say to that? Is he real good, too?"

"How can you talk such nonsense of the Prince, dear nurse?" Rottraut asked, and bending over her old nurse she took her by the shoulders and kissed her. "The Prince is probably not half as good nor clever as our dear doctor." The girl was glad that the clock struck just then, and reminded her that it was high time to leave to go back to the Princess.

* * * * *

When she returned the Princess was in a more radiant mood than Rottraut had ever seen her. It was a beautiful day. The Prince had been a little put out on account of Rottraut's absence, but it had been a lovely day. And the Princess showed great anxiety about her toilet, and begged Rottraut to advise her what to wear.

The Prince had not talked in vain to Rottraut about color and color schemes, and she therefore chose most carefully, in spite of the many thoughts that were crowding her little head. The Princess was delighted, and suggested that Rottraut was not even as particular in choosing her own toilet as she had been in choosing that of the Princess.

And indeed the girl put on her own gown carelessly, giving little heed to its becomingness; in addition, she looked weary and troubled.

At dinner Rottraut sat beside the Prince, and he noticed how quiet and serious she was, and found that this did not suit her at all; indeed, for the first time in his life her lack of beauty seemed remarkable to him. He protested that he had missed her at the picnic, and asked why she had stayed away. At last, wondering of what she might be thinking so hard that she could ignore him, he grew somewhat cool, and haughtily asked her what problems absorbed her so entirely.

She looked up at him suddenly, and a little of her customary vivacity came back to her face.

"I am thinking most seriously of becoming engaged," she said.

The Prince gazed at her in utter astonishment.

"You are thinking of becoming engaged! Most young girls do not speak of things like that until they are actually engaged," he added, with just a tinge of sarcasm.

"But it is the truth," she went on, "I am only thinking of it. Other girls are always thinking of this possibility, but it seemed so far away from me. Tell me truly, Your Highness, did you ever think it possible that anybody should think of me in that way?"

"Do you really think that there is but one who could think of you in that way?" the Prince asked, gently. He found that in spite of all it might have been hard for him to think that way of her at times.

"You see, Your Highness, you, for instance, liked to talk to me because I happen to have a pleasing wit. But supposing I happened to be serious and tedious some time, just as I am to-day? Oh, you are much too kind to want to answer me," she went on, with a gleam of her old humor, "but the other one will love me just as much. The best thing there is, I think, is a heart in which we can always find love, no matter what our mood," she added, and then she looked over at the Princess, whose eyes were fixed on them. The conversation had the appearance of being most intimate.

The Prince, too, involuntarily followed her glance and caught something in the Princess' eyes that flattered him. He had to admit that she was a most beautiful woman, more beautiful, it seemed to him, than he had ever seen her before. And the advantages of a union with her seemed to come up before his mental vision.

"You may be right," he said at last to his plain neighbor. "But you have not yet told me the name of the fortunate man."

"We will wait a little," she answered. "It is not a noble name, though a distinguished one. If it were one of my beautiful sisters, papa might hesitate; but for the little girl with the red hair, and one blue and one brown eye, why, it is an unexpected good fortune. As for me—well, it is happiness, too, to have won one of the best and truest hearts."

"Truly, truly," said the Prince, "and therefore I wish him who has won you a thrice happy life."

She gave him her hand, and this time he held it like a good chum; with something like tears shimmering in her eyes she looked up at him and said:

"I shall never forget your kindness to the homely little girl, and I hope that you too will soon be happy, and will make others happy." She suddenly thought of Elsie. "And then will you not also think of another couple who have long and patiently waited for their happiness? Papa will not give his consent to my sister's marriage until Count Walden has his appointment."

"And through the Count you want to put your papa in good humor?" the Prince said, laughingly. "Very well. I can hardly deny you anything to-day, although I am inclined to be vexed with you for wanting to leave us."

Then he led the girl to the Princess, and after a few moments took his leave.

"You talked a very long time with the Prince," said the Princess, just a little suspiciously. "It is a delightful gift to be able to converse so entertainingly."

"But this time it was something very particular. I was telling the Prince of my betrothal, which is not generally known as yet. It is an old love that has lasted since I was a small girl, and I hope Your Highness will rejoice with me a little."

And indeed the Princess did rejoice. She never had been so happy and animated before. But the people who had noticed Rottraut's long conversation with the Prince said that he was in love with her, and that the Princess was trying to conceal her chagrin beneath her assumed gaiety.

* * * * *

Professor Schirmeck heard this rumor, too, and had his own grief about the matter as he went down to his clinic the next morning. He passed the house of the old nurse on the way, and for a moment thought of going in to tell her. Then he felt that it was not a tale after all of which he wanted to be the bearer. So he walked along with bent head, until somebody suddenly stood in his way.

It was Rottraut herself, her eyes dancing, her lips quivering as if with suppressed laughter, just as he had often seen her when she had something funny to say.

"I have to tell you first," she said, clinging to his arm, "you, my oldest and very best friend."

The professor's head bent low, his voice sounded strained.

"I think I can guess what you have to say. A brilliant lot is to be yours."

"Indeed, I could hardly have expected a better."

It hurt him that her voice sounded so carelessly gay.

He stood still, as if to cut short the conversation. "Then I may congratulate you right now?"

"Indeed you may. But my engagement is not yet officially announced. In the mean time I hear that you, too, are engaged, and that you have chosen very wisely."

"I? You will have to tell me who is my bride to be. Frankly, I do not like such empty raillery, my lady."

"Indeed, I hope that it is not empty raillery," Rottraut said, in a low voice. "From what I have heard I am indeed going to enter into a more advantageous marriage—but I do hope that you, too, will be happy"—

The doctor was very pale.

"This is too much, my lady," he said, harshly. "You have not hit upon a happy thought"—

"Oh, it is the best, the very best I have had in all my life—or do you mean that you really do not want your little girl?" and she let go of his arm and looked into his eyes. "Have I made a mistake? Who knows what might have happened if I had not felt so sure and a real Prince had appeared, just as nurse used to say he would? A real Prince, professor!"

The doctor did not seem to hear what she was saying, but Rottraut felt that hers had been a happy thought in spite of his silence, and a few minutes later the little house of the old nurse was the scene of their radiant happiness. It was the doctor who now became eloquent and she who was silent, for hers was happiness founded on true love without pride or self-seeking.

M. HERBERT.

Along with Ferdinande von Brackel and Antonie Jüngst, M. Herbert is one of the foremost names among German Catholic women writers. The real name of the writer is Theresa Keiter, and she is the widow of the critic and litterateur, Heinrich Keiter, who died on August 30, 1898. M. Herbert is a modern writer in the best sense of the word. She called a collection of her stories "Children of the Time," and it was a fit title. Her stories are children of the time and filled with the spirit of the day, but set against the background of the faith in eternity, which is needed to give to things of time their right perspective. There are two characteristic qualities in her writing—originality and depth of conception. Her husband wrote of her work, before he became acquainted with her who was to be his wife—"The quality of Herbert's work, which always fascinates, is the brilliant style and the finished way in which the author manages to bring in her ideas on life and humanity, God and eternity, art and literature, and the problems of the day, so that the effect is neither disturbing nor insistent, but seems but to complete the harmonious impression of the whole."

Theresa Kellner, that was the writer's maiden name, was born on June 20, 1859, in Melsungen, in Hessen. She began her literary work when very young and had won a name among German writers by the time she was twenty-seven, with her novels and romances "Miss Edda Brown," "Das Kind seines Herzens," "Die Jagd nach dem Glück," "Kinder der Zeit," and others. After these she wrote: "Gemischte Gesellschaft," "Baalsopfer," "Frauennovellen," "Aglae." Besides this she contributed to periodicals. She also published a little book of aphorisms and a book of poems. Both of these essays into new fields of literature were favorably received by the critics, and helped to confirm her high standing in German Catholic literature.

Tinsel.

BY M. HERBERT.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

On the sunny side of a hill, near one of the quiet little towns of which there are so many in Germany, there was a weed-grown garden. The crumbling wall and the neglected flower-beds framed a dilapidated old house. The wind had torn many a tile from the roof, and the rain long since washed the paint from its walls. Even the grape-vine, that may itself have been planted to cover the signs of decay, was not tied up, but hung unpruned, its creepers fluttering loosely, with but few bunches of fruit among the choking luxuriance of leaf.

Beside the house, however, there stood a great linden-tree, indifferent in its majesty to the decay and weediness about it. Its green branches struck the dusty windows and reached inside when they were opened, the only fresh and beautiful thing in the place.

The surroundings were an indication of the interior. The hallway was covered with straw and dust, the tapestries hung from the walls in fragments; here and there were dusty and broken pieces of household furniture, while worn-out garments hung on rusty hooks.

And who were they who lived amidst such surroundings?

In a room whose furnishings were in keeping with the whole place an old man sat at an ancient piano and accompanied his beautiful little daughter as she sang.

The man was a veritable human ruin; he seemed to be a faded gray from the crown of his head to his toes. One could not tell whether he had thus faded with the passing time, or whether the thick dust which covered all else in this house and followed every motion one made by a quick rising cloud had settled on him too.

The long and ample dressing-gown which hung about his spare form, the thin curls that fell to the updrawn shoulders, the bushy eyebrows, everything was gray and colorless, except for the deep, dark eyes—the one touch of vivid life in the man. The years back of him, however, had been eventful and vari-colored, rich in hopes, and full of disappointments; full, too, of brilliant scenes, in which he had been a spectator oftener than an actor.

His soul had been filled with a flaming desire for the highest and the most evanescent of all the gifts that life offers. He had dreamed the dream of art and of its success—the dream which betrays thousands by its allurements, and yet never fulfils its promises—for somewhere, somehow, its devotees experience the sting of dissatisfaction and heartache.

Even now that his own life was gray, and forgotten of the crowd, he did not give up his dream. It rose again, more enchanting than ever in the last thing left to him—his yellow-haired, golden-voiced little daughter. It was a marvel that she should rise out of the dirt and the dust, the poverty and deprivation into which the old musician sank deeper and deeper every day, delicate and graceful as a blossom. But she herself was a marvel. Thus the old man told himself. Thus he told the child—too often. She was a wonder, as Malibran had been once—Malibran, whose glory of song had been the enthusiasm of his own youth.

There was a magic in his daughter's voice, and he hoped that her future would be filled with the roses whose thorns only he had felt. When he had seen her first triumph he would be willing to die; he would then have reached the loveliest thing of which he had ever dreamed. His life and work would not have been in vain.

The girl herself, the object of his proud desires, wove the web of her own fancy into dreams of a future, brilliant and happy. She had never known the gentle and pious influence of a mother's love. She did not even know what her mother's name had been. Her father had nurtured no tender memories of her in the child's mind, for his marriage with the beautiful, careless danseuse had been one more of the shattered hopes of his life. She had died after clouding his unhappy way with a few more shadows. And he had not mourned her. Whatever belonged to the past was valueless and forgotten. The poor musician had a narrow heart, a circumscribed existence. His whole being fed hungrily on that one desire, that one hope. He would long since have died of mental and physical decay if the thought of his child's future had not kept him at a living tension. The girl really had a happy childhood—free, full of sunshine and delicious idleness, with no thought of care nor duty, beloved and petted, as if there were no dark days to be expected in life. For although her surroundings seemed bare and ugly in the eyes of the ordinary beholder, the little one found mines of pleasure in them. To her it would not have been half so nice if, instead of the rank grass, the wild-flowers, and raspberry bushes, regular beds and paths had marked the garden. There was nothing jollier than to climb around in the old linden-tree, pull its branches as she liked, and drink the dew from its leaves.

And although her father sometimes wanted her to sing at most inconvenient moments, he did not compel her to go to the hated school as other children had to. When she had practised unusually well, he would unlock the great oak chest in his bedroom in which were hidden fabulous splendors. Red, and white and blue, and gold-embroidered gauze and satin dresses, bright flowers, strings of pearls, fans, velvet shoes, gold-spangled veils—such a variety of glittering finery that the little one would clap her hands with pleasure and then begin to trick herself out in the gaudy tinsel. And she knew, naturally, how to adapt its splendor to her dainty face and figure.

Her father would lean silently against the wall in the meantime, watching the child with luminous eyes. His trembling hands would fold themselves suppliantly and he would whisper: "Dear God, hear my prayer, and grant me my desire this time." Nor did he realize what a foolish prayer he made to the great and wise God, who pities us in our petty love for the tinsel of earth.

* * * * *

The old man's self-sacrifice for the sake of the child was most touching. While he himself suffered for necessities, he brought her all sorts of delicate tid-bits. His possessions went to ruin and his own coat was so shabby that his pupils guyed him; but his daughter was dressed in every foible of fashion. It was indeed a singular sight to see the elegantly clad, symmetrical girl, with her fine-featured face, in the poor room with its shabby furniture, standing beside the old man, who coaxed the last remnants of melody out of the quavering piano in accompaniment to her clear young voice.

Time passed in the shabby little house outside of the quiet little town. The old musician grew older and grayer every day and the linden branches spread wider and closer. When the wind swayed them apart on a summer evening, one might catch a glimpse of a girlish face framed in golden curls. Sometimes the passers-by paused at the garden wall and listened to a voice that seemed to come from the heart of the tree. It was a voice that might move one to anything it willed. Sometimes tears, sometimes the vague longing for things unattained. The old man's dream seemed to be coming true. The voice had a certain fame even then beyond the quiet little town.

Once, indeed, a distinguished-looking man came up from the capital and offered the old man an engagement for his daughter. The latter received the visitor in his poor room, and offered him a rickety chair. His beautiful daughter stood expectantly beside the piano. But he told her to leave the room. When the gentleman, who had followed the girl's movements admiringly, made his offer, the gray old man answered with measured courtesy:

"I thank you, sir, but my daughter will make her début in Paris. Paris is the only place for a great gift. We will go there in a few months."

Again days and weeks passed. The old man began to spend the slender sum he had saved for the long-hoped-for journey to Paris. He sent to the city for a tailor, and had a new suit made for himself. This was really a necessity, even if he had had no intention of going on a journey. He bought beautiful and costly gowns for his adored daughter. From the days of his own comparative successes he still had memories of what was suitable for a lady, and he spared nothing. More assiduously than ever he practised the newest songs over and over, and until late at night the young voice rang out with untiring strength.

Then it happened that a tall, aristocratic-looking young man passed the weed-grown garden one evening. The musician's daughter was practising as usual, and the magic of her voice held him fast. He sat down on the crumbling garden wall and listened until she ceased to sing. The next evening he came again, and many evenings after, until at last the desire to see the singer became overmastering.

But how gain entrance to her rigid seclusion?

It is easy to find an excuse when one is looking for it. He would ask her father to teach his little niece, whose parents he happened to be visiting. He would go personally instead of writing, and thus he would probably have a chance to see the marvelous singer, and to thank her for the great delight that her song had given him. Further his thoughts did not go, for he had a clean heart, and if his forehead was lined it was because he was a student and a thinker. His mind was open and receptive for everything that was good, much more so than his calm, severe face might have led one to think.

One bright afternoon he knocked at the worm-eaten door. As no one seemed to hear he pushed it open and entered. Although the disorder and the dust that rose at every step gave him a queer feeling, he went on toward the second story, where he suspected the living-rooms to be. He knocked once more at another door, and receiving no answer, entered.

The room was empty, but the window was open and the linden branches came in through it. Out on a gently swaying branch sat the musician's daughter, her white hands lying idly in her lap, her head leaning against the trunk of the tree. Her reveries seemed pleasant, for she smiled softly to herself as she sat there, flooded by the golden light breaking through the green of the trees.

The young man stood still a moment—a thought of Undine flashed into his mind. Then he took several steps hesitatingly and bowed low.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I should like to see your father," and then he came closer to the window.

At the sound of the strange voice the girl turned her startled eyes toward him. Then as she felt the admiration in his gaze she blushed faintly and answered his greeting with evident embarrassment. But she quickly regained her composure. Her father was not at home, she told him, and asked him to wait, as he might come any moment.

And then, with a little teasing touch, she pointed to the window-sill and invited him to sit down, if he was not afraid of falling. He sat down and they continued to talk as if they had known each other for a long time. Thus the astonished old musician found them about an hour later.

So soft and full of the joy of youth and life, the young voice had never yet rung out as it did on the evening that followed. Never before had it made such an impression upon a human heart as it did upon the young man who sat on the garden wall and listened and listened. When it was all over he rose to his full height and said, "She must be my wife."

Again the time passed. The summer had gone and winter followed, and now spring was here again, but the young singer had made no hit in Paris, her name had not filled the papers and the journals. His beautiful daughter had not realized the old musician's dream. Instead she had stolen away on the night set for the departure for Paris, after he had tried to force her to give up the idea of marrying her lover. This last disappointment had also been his last grief.

The old house was empty, the old musician lay in a forgotten grave, and all his work had come to naught.

CHAPTER II.

THE SINGER.

It was in the middle of October, the time which usually brings the mild and melancholy days the German poets love so much. It was the time of the yellow leaves and the red berries, the faint, blue skies and the mellow light, the time of the home-flying birds and of the old woman's summer.

But this time it did not bring the gentle days. Before the last of summer's roses had attained their full bloom a heavy frost had come and laid its killing touch on the earth. And the wind blew cold and raw, as if it had its delight in the dance of death in which it whirled the blackened leaves through the streets.

Two women stood on the balcony of a large house in St. Andrew's place. One was slender and delicate, almost too slender and delicate, yet one forgot it when one looked upon her face. It no longer had the beauty of early youth, but instead there was intensity, spirit, and fascination. The other woman was stout, short, and business-like. They seemed to be mistress and maid.

The wind swept howling around the corner and ruffled the long, blond hair of the younger woman. But she did not seem to notice. She leaned against the railing and stared down into the little garden with its whirling chestnut leaves. Then the older woman spoke to her:

"Come into the house, my lady," she said. "You will take cold in this sharp air."

The answer was a short laugh.

"Take cold, Babette? What are you thinking of? You are beginning to treat me as if I were going into a decline."

"But don't you intend to sing to-day, my lady? And you know how much depends on the success of your first appearance here."

This warning was effective.

"You are right, Babette. The wind is chilly, and my voice must be cherished, for my whole existence does depend on it. I will go in."

Inside there was a crackling fire in the grate, and the heavy curtains shut out the sound of the chilling fury without. Nevertheless the young woman walked up and down shiveringly several times, as if just realizing the cold. At last she paused before the grand piano, and pushing aside a stack of music impatiently, she began to play without notes. The sounds she called forth were wild and feverish at first, but gradually she grew more quiet, and ended with a tender lullaby, while unconsciously almost her lips formed the words and her voice followed the music. Then suddenly she broke down and began to sob.

"My children, oh, my children!" she cried. "I am dying with longing for them."

Babette, who was sitting sewing in a corner of the room, wiped her eyes, but made no attempt to console her young mistress.

"God alone can help her," she whispered to herself.

The young woman rose from the piano and went toward her.

"Babette," she said. "I must have my children, or I can not sing any more. When I raise my voice for a full sound something chokes me and hurts me so that I feel as if I must cry instead of singing. I wonder how they are, the dear little things? I wonder if they take good care of them?"

She had sat down on the footstool before the elder woman and was looking at her anxiously. The latter stroked the beautiful blond hair gently.

"The Baron would give his life rather than have any ill happen them," she said, consolingly.

The young woman shuddered.

"They will forget me. They will not know me when I see them again, if I ever do. He will take care of that." Then she buried her face in her hands again, and sat there motionless until her servant reminded her of the necessity of dressing for the evening.

* * * * *

The theater was crowded to the last seat on this evening. An expectant whisper went from mouth to mouth.

"They say she is more beautiful than ever," said a young officer in the first row to his neighbor. "Were you here at her first appearance? What *verve* in her acting, what a ring to her voice! She is superb."

The man addressed shook his head cynically.

"Ah, bah, a pretty woman, that's all. Would have done better to have stayed with her husband and the babies. Spent the whole summer at baths, I hear, trying to cure a distressing hoarseness. Bad sign that. Artists' bays are not always green."

Then he put up his glass and began to watch the boxes. Up in the balcony the talk was also of the new singer.

"I wish she would be hissed," said an elderly seamstress to her friend. "Yes, indeed, I do! It would serve her right for leaving such a good husband and two sweet babies for the sake of her precious vanity."

"I have heard," said the other, "that her voice is nothing to what it was, but she must sing to pay her debts."

The talk was drowned by the overture of the orchestra, and soon after the curtain rose. The opera was Romeo and Juliet, and when the curtain fell on Juliet a wave of unending applause swept over the house. Behind the scenes friends and acquaintances were heaping congratulations on her. But she stood pale and silent, without a word. Before her eyes she saw constantly the broken form of the old man, her father, who would have given half his life to have seen his child's success. And now she had become that for which he had trained her, but his blessing was not on her. She had thrown it away for the sake of a happiness that had deserted her too.

Tremblingly she changed her costume for the next act. When she stood on the stage again she felt no strength in herself to sing. Nevertheless she commenced. But what was this strange pain in her throat? There was a sudden, hoarse discord, her voice broke, and she sank fainting on the stage.

All night long the storm raged and the wind howled with a singularly despairing sound. So at least it seemed to the young woman who lay on her bed, pale and still, with wide open eyes, as dawn crept through the curtains. At last she sprang up and rang her bell. It seemed a long time before any one came, and she walked up and down restlessly in her long white nightgown, unheeding the chilliness of the room. At last Babette came, frightened at the sight of her mistress, shivering and feverish.

"Get the doctor at once—ask him not to wait," she said, "or better still, tell me right away yourself what the doctor said last night about my condition."

The young woman's face was so despairing that the maid's eyes filled with tears as she told her that the doctor had said nothing definite, but had looked very anxious.

When Babette had gone the singer drew a morning robe about her shoulders and went into the reception-room, where her magnificent piano stood. She opened it and began to sing. Oh, happiness! Here was her voice, full and clear, with the same affecting charm that had so often entranced her audiences. Higher and higher rose her song in the utter joy of her relief. Then, suddenly, again that pain, that hoarse discord. Blood streamed from her mouth; once more she fell unconscious. There the doctor and the maid found her.

The musician's daughter had sung her last song. Whither did the wind carry all the exquisite tones?

* * * * *

It was evening again. The rain splashed down in torrents, and the last leaves of the chestnut fell noiselessly on the little paved place before a plainly built villa.

From the high windows of the ground floor light streamed out on the pavement and gave the only sign of life in the house. Inside the lonely room a man sat writing. His pen flew over the sheets, though once in a while he paused and listened, bending his head toward the open door of the adjoining room. Once he rose, and taking the lamp walked on tiptoe into the room. Here he bent down over a little bed in which two children were sleeping.

They were two lovely, golden-haired little beings. The father covered them up carefully and then tiptoed back to his work. His face had a hard, severe expression that made him seem older than he was. The firmly closed mouth, the Grecian nose, the thick dark hair, gray-streaked, gave him a distinguished look. It might even have been fascinating if his coldness had not repelled approach.

There was a time when it seemed as though things might be different with him. That was the time when he brought his young wife home and introduced her to his acquaintances—he hardly had intimate friends. No one had heard of his engagement or his marriage; no one had ever seen the young woman before, or heard her simple bourgeois name. But that in itself made her interesting. She was received as a delicious surprise, and her clever conversation, her beauty, and her magical voice were sought for every fashionable gathering. The Baron, her husband, escorted her everywhere, and his eyes followed her every motion. But when she had had two dear little children, and still remained a society beauty, busy tongues began to whisper about her. She was called a brilliant coquette, and so on—and there were good friends ready to tell her husband what people were saying. The Baron listened to them coldly, as if their talk did not touch him, but after that the Baroness did not appear in society so frequently. He left the big house in the city and came out to this lonely little villa with his family.

His young wife did not understand the change. He himself treated her with coldness. She, spoiled, admired as she had always been, pined and wept in her exile. Why is it that the wind does not carry away evil words as easily as it does good ones? And finally their world found out that the Baroness had left her husband and was singing in a distant city. To people the man seemed colder and more distant than ever, but his political speeches were also more brilliant. He was becoming a great statesman.

CHAPTER III.

THE END.

The Baron in his lonely room laid down his pen at last, and took up the paper. He read the political news and articles carefully. Involuntarily almost he turned then to the column on art and drama. After a moment he put the paper down, and his hand trembled a little. He rose and walked up and down the room nervously. He saw himself once more standing outside the old musician's house and listening to a wonderful voice. She was the old man's idol, who should perfect his dream and bring him honor and wealth and triumph—all that he himself had missed. But the young Baron saw her, and her sunny beauty waked all the depths of his determined nature. He would marry her, and when the old musician refused to give her to him, he took her. He himself was the first to teach her to forget her duties. Would not God hold him responsible if her soul was lost?

"You must find her," he told himself. "You must save her, if you can."

But then the memory of the bitter disappointment that this woman had been to him came over him again, and the evil spirit was uppermost.

At this moment the bell rang in the vestibule, then a light step hesitatingly approached the children's bedroom. The Baron paid no attention. If he noticed it at all, he may have thought that it was the nurse looking after her charges.

Perhaps an hour passed thus, when a sound coming from the adjoining room roused him. Turning, he saw that the portières were thrown back, and the slender figure of a woman was standing there. Her face was very pale and her blue eyes were fixed entreatingly upon her husband. In her arms she held the smaller of the two children, which, feeling itself in its mother's arms, snuggled close against her, half asleep.

The Baron's face darkened and he did not seem to see that she was trembling so that she could hardly hold the child.

"Do not think that I have come to ask you to take me back," she said. "I have only come to ask for what is dearest to me on earth."

"What do you want with the child?" he interrupted, roughly.

"Do not be so hard and bitter," she said, gently. "I know that when I left your roof I surrendered my right to the children; but, Richard, you do not know what I have suffered. I am dying for the sight of them. Have mercy and let me have one—only one of them, that I may do my duty once in my life at least."

"You have lost your voice and your triumphs. Now that your vanity can no longer satisfy itself, you are thinking of your duties. No," he said, angrily. "I will help you. I will give you as much money as you want. Go to Italy, travel, rest. You may find your voice again. But I will protect my children. The poison of your frivolity shall not be implanted in them."

He spoke calmly, but his expression was so unyielding that she made no resistance when he took the child out of her arms and went into the bedroom with it.

Slowly she turned to the door and went heavily through the hall, into the cold air outside. Her faithful servant was waiting for her. "I have no hope left," she said, as leaning on her maid's arm they went slowly toward the hotel.

The dark look left the face of the Baron as soon as he returned to his workroom and found that his wife was gone. If she had remained he might have softened. But now she was gone, and he knew that she would not return.

Did he feel remorse now that he had sent away the mother of his children so unmercifully? There was no sign of emotion in his face. His heart suffered, perhaps, for she was his wife and he loved her. The next morning he made inquiries for his wife's address, but without result. He advertised, but there was no reply. He deposited some money in a certain bank for her, but it was not drawn.

Again time passed, dragging or fleeting, as one takes it. The

Baron had traveled far and wide, but he did not speak of the purpose of his journeys. He had searched for his lost wife, but found no trace of her. Now, in the springtime, he returned to his children and found them blooming and healthy under the care of their nurse. But he took no delight in them, for sorrow was eating his heart. His hair was gray and his forehead deeply lined with care.

One day he was walking indifferently along the streets of his native city when he met his wife's old servant. The blood rushed to his heart, but his face gave no sign. He approached her calmly, and though a thousand questions trembled on his lips, he did not ask a single one. He knew his wife must be living, or else the old woman would be in mourning.

"Babette," he said to her, "if your mistress wishes it, my children may come to her every day for a few hours. Tell her that."

"It is too late, sir," was the sad answer. "She has but a few days left to live."

* * * * *

In a poor room, away up under the roof, the once famous singer lay on a little bed.

Her nightgown, with its fine lace trimmings, her long, blond hair, which was spread out on the pillow, were in singular contrast to the shabby room and the deathly pallor of her face.

Her white, almost transparent-looking hand rested on the arm of her faithful servant.

"Babette," she said, faintly, her eyes glittering with fever, "I have lost everything and have nothing left in the world. My voice is gone, and my beauty, my youth and my wit; my children are out of my reach. I have thrown away love and disregarded duty. What have I left to live for? I do not want to get better—indeed, I do not."

"Our merciful Father in heaven still lives," said the old woman solemnly. "Go back to your husband. He is ready to take you."

The sick woman raised herself painfully and threw her arms about the nurse's neck.

"Teach me to pray, Babette. I feel that there is still hope in the mercy of God. But I can not find it alone."

Quick steps were heard on the stairway, and the sick woman straightened up, listening eagerly. The door opened in a moment and a man came in. His iron reserve was gone and he sank down, overcome by emotion, at the bedside of the dying singer.

"My poor, unhappy wife," he sobbed aloud.

She, however, had fallen back into the pillows, unable to think or to speak. All that she could do was to smile happily. He took her hand and held it in his a long time.

At last she began to whisper softly to him, her great, strangely brilliant eyes fixed on him. "Teach my children to honor my memory. Teach them to pray, and above all things teach them that they have duties, for without duties fulfilled life is a nightmare—ugly and woful."

At the last words a painful smile passed over her face, a smile which the Baron never forgot.

"Forgive me everything," the dying woman entreated.

"You must live," he cried out, despairingly. "You must come back to me and to your children!"

"Back?" she breathed faintly. "Back to God." And then all was over.

"Back to God—and to duty," said the Baron, his voice choked with tears. "That is meant for me, too."

EMMY GIEHRL.

This writer, whose name is a household word among German children, who know her as "Tante Emmy" (Aunt Emmy), was born on November 1, 1837, in Regensburg. Her father, Dr. Joseph Aschenbrenner, was a prominent man, who was made Minister of Finance in 1849, and later, as a reward for his services to the state, was given a patent of nobility. There were seven children in the family, but three of them died very young. The remaining four had the advantage of an unusually careful training and education. Emmy was a delicate child and so was kept away from most of the pleasures and games of childhood, which resulted in a somewhat melancholy tendency to lugubrious poetry and ideas of early death. In 1858 she was married to Assessor Rudolf Giehrl. Her father died in the same year, aged sixty years. In 1864 the blow of her own life befell her. She became ill with a spinal and nervous disease, which has since kept her to her bed. In 1874 her husband died, leaving but the one injunction to his wife, to look carefully after the training of the children.

At this time, broken as she might have seemed by bereavements and illness, she began her literary work. Not into imposing volumes, but into little tales, most of them designed especially for the children, flowed her energies. She appeals to children of all ages, the little ones who have scarcely mastered the letters, and the old ones who are playing with their grandchildren. There is a touch in her stories that wins the heart at every age. A collection of her complete works has been published in eight volumes. One of her children's annuals has been issued for seventeen years, another one for fifteen.

There are fairy tales, stories, novels, picture books, and plays. Her "Kreuzesblüthen," a book of devotions, has appeared in ten editions and been translated into several languages as well as another work "Die Verlobten," a book for girls, especially brides. Among her long list of stories the following are especially worthy of mention: "Die Sternsänger," "Meister Fridolin" (translated into English); "In Herben Zeiten," "Das junge Familienhaupt," "Rudolf," "Maria Hilf," "Wahrheit und Erfindung," "Die Dorfhexe." Wherever her books have appeared, they have won their way by their pre-eminent quality of lovableness.

Children of Mary.

BY EMMY GIEHRL.

I.

On the last day of the month of April several Sisters were busily making garlands and arranging flowers for the May devotions, which were to begin next day in the chapel of the city orphan asylum. That sort of work is dear to the devout heart, for through it the childlike fancy, as well as the generosity that shrinks from no sacrifice for the honor of God and His saints, seems best expressed. It has been claimed that the first impulse to the May devotions was given by a child, and there is, indeed, a great truth underlying that claim. Our relations to Mary when rightly considered must be those of a child to its mother. As the child delights in decorating the picture of its absent mother, so we too place the first fruits of spring, flowers and blossoms, at Mary's feet. When we go to the May devotions we are like good children who greet their tenderly beloved mother and delight her with their offerings and prayers.

"Do please hand me that branch, Sister Benigna," said a girl's soft voice. "All the bushes in the convent garden have to help us in the praise of our dear Mother. Just see the little buds. They look like tiny roses between the pale green leaves."

"But then you have remarkably good taste, too, my child," the Sister answered, and looked smilingly down at the young girl, who, with eagerly flushed face and deft hands was preparing the decorations for a statue of Our Lady of Victory, while a young friend was helping her.

Neither of the girls was more than eighteen years old, and both were in fashionable attire. They therefore did not belong to the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, who had charge of the city orphan asylum and its pupils. Nevertheless they seemed very much at home here, where in truth they went in and out nearly every day.

"Oh, you give us the greatest pleasure, dear Sister, when you just let us help you. Isn't it so, Elizabeth?"

The other girl nodded affirmatively. "Indeed it is, Marianne, for the chapel of the asylum is noted for its tasteful decorations and its beautiful May devotions."

"The praise for that belongs to Miss von Marten," Sister Benigna answered, modestly. "She is always doing something for our humble chapel and helping us out when our little means fall short. And the dear Mother in heaven will pour out graces over her in reward."

"Yes, yes, Marianne," said her friend, teasingly. "You will get your wish and I shall soon see you here in a little cap as postulant."

"May God grant it," the young girl sighed, and a shadow flitted over her bright face. "And you, Elizabeth?"

"I? Oh, as your devoted friend, I'll have to follow you wherever you go."

"Indeed," said Sister Benigna, gently, "then our Mistress of Novices is to be congratulated on getting two such fine novices at once."

The girls smiled. "How peaceful it is in these quiet rooms," said Marianne. "I really believe that the true love of God could make a paradise out of a prison. I feel that in such a place selfish desires must perish and the storms of life end."

"That is true, my child," Sister Benigna answered, "but only in unison with God and His holy will."

"You know, of course, Sister Benigna, that I am a child of Mary?" Marianne asked. "I was dedicated to Mary on the first day of my life and I never wore anything but blue and white until I was twelve years old. After my first communion I began to wear other colors. At that time I had a heavy care in my heart."

"A heavy care at twelve years, child, and in your circumstances?" Sister Benigna repeated.

"And yet it was so. Do you believe in a soul-union—that is spiritual communication, with those whom we love especially?"

"I do not understand you altogether."

"Well then, I shall tell you. My mother had a friend when she was young who was like her other self to her. They were educated in the same academy, became Children of Mary on the same day, and promised each other to be true to the grace of being Children of Mary all their lives. They exchanged white roses, which they pressed and placed in their prayer-books, that the sight of them might always remind them of Mary the most pure. Later they were separated. My mother married and did not hear anything for years of that other Marianne after whom I was named, and who had been so dear to her. But a wonderful Providence caused me to meet her when I was still a little girl. One day when I was out walking I met a strange, pale lady, who spoke to me. When I told my dear mother about her afterward and described her, some intuition seemed to tell her that this was surely her lost friend. She had seemed to be very unhappy, and my mother begged me to pray a great deal for her, so that she might not be unhappy for all eternity.

"I prayed often and long for poor Marianne, on whose account my mother grieved so much, and whom, in spite of my youth, I could not forget myself. I somehow understood that it was the question of the eternal happiness or eternal misery of a soul, and I constantly prayed to Mary to help her child. But just before my first communion I had a strange dream. The Blessed Virgin bowed down from the altar of the church which I visited every day and said to me:

"'Marianne, do you really love me very much?'

"'Oh, yes, yes,' I answered.

"'Very well, then. Work for souls.'

"'What shall I do?' I asked, for I did not understand what she really meant.

"'He who truly loves souls will give his life for their salvation, as my divine Son gave His for the salvation of mankind. Are you prepared for such a sacrifice?'

"'Yes,' I said, and woke. But when I thought about my beautiful dream it seemed to me that it could only mean that I was to give up my life for the unhappy Marianne, and I felt I was ready to do so. I still remember how pale my dear mother's face grew when I told her that I had prayed to God to let me die to save her lost friend. I did not tell her of the dream, partly because I was too timid, and partly because I saw that it would only make her more sad. As it was she had drawn me to her, and I heard her whisper: 'Oh, God, not that, not that.'

"Strange to say the lost Marianne came to us shortly before her death, was reconciled to God, and died quietly and peacefully in our house. Her last word was a blessing for me and a prayer of thanks for the grace that had made her a Child of Mary. Of my promised sacrifice for her sake she never heard anything, and God did not accept it either, although I was in earnest about it. Can it be that it has been saved up for me for some later time?"

"If the hour should come for it, my child," said Sister Benigna, "the divine love will give you the strength and grace you may need to make it."

While they were still talking the vesper bell rang in the community part of the asylum and the two girls said good-by and started homeward.

II.

THE residence of Doctor von Marten, who had a prominent position at the university of the capital, was in the suburbs of the city, and Elizabeth and Marianne turned in that direction.

Suddenly Elizabeth stood still and said:

"Marianne, what's wrong with you? I have noticed for some time that you are not as gay as usual, and to-day, when you were talking to Sister Benigna, I saw that you had tears in your eyes and heard you sighing. Tell me, dear, what's worrying you?"

Marianne pressed her friend's hand. "Help me pray, dear," she whispered, "pray to Mary, the refuge of sinners. You are a Child of Mary, too, and have as much right to her heart and help as I have. Perhaps she will reward our trust."

"O surely I will, Marianne. But who is it that you are anxious about? Your father or your mother?"

"Oh, about them, too. But first my brother. Leo, you know, has been a good boy right along. But lately he has gotten into bad company and he will succumb to its influence I am afraid if the Blessed Mother does not work a miracle of grace. Father and mother have talked to him, and he has promised several times to do better. But the temptation is stronger than his will and so he goes on and on, and my poor mother's heart is breaking."

"Poor Marianne, how sorry I am for you! Though I guessed myself that everything was not well with Leo. He keeps out of my way now, though he used to be like a brother to me. The poor fellow! But just have courage. We must pray for him very earnestly and the Blessed Mother will not desert us."

Talking thus they had reached Marianne's home. Elizabeth went on and turned into the next side street. When Marianne came into her mother's room she found her crying. The young girl's mind was so full of concern about her brother that she guessed instinctively what was the cause of her mother's grief.

She took off her hat and putting both her arms around her mother said: "Sweetest mother, you are crying. Can't your little girl know what is troubling you?"

Sadly the mother answered: "Do not ask, my dear child. You are too young for such things."

"Too young?" said Marianne, gently. "I am eighteen years old, and yet too young to share your griefs? Oh, you do not mean that. Do you remember how, when I was still a little girl, you took me into your confidence about your wayward friend? Now, when it is a question of one who is so dear to both of us, do not say that I am too young."

"You guess then?" and the mother's delicate and still beautiful face flushed painfully. The mother-heart is always the same, suffering for and with the erring child to the last moment.

Instead of further answer Marianne kissed her mother several times most tenderly and sat down beside her and talked to her, until at last the poor mother could no longer deny herself the consolation of her daughter's confidence and sympathy. Then they sat for a long time, considering what they might do and encouraging each other to trust in God.

"You dedicated me to Mary," said Marianne. "You shared your rights as my mother with the Blessed Virgin and she can not desert us in our tribulation. To-morrow is the first day of May, and we will give ourselves into her care and service."

III.

Day after day the beautiful May devotions were held in the convent chapel, and every day Marianne's mother and the two girls attended. Elizabeth was an orphan and lived in her guardian's house, but was altogether devoted to Marianne's mother, who in turn treated her almost as if she were her own child. The wish had often come up in the older woman's heart that some day Elizabeth might be more than a friend and come into the family as Leo's wife. But this sweet dream had been destroyed too by Leo's dissipation, and no one dared whisper of its realization any more. Of late, indeed, Elizabeth had frequently astonished her friends by saying that she shared Marianne's inclination to a religious life, and would some time enter the same Order which Marianne might decide to enter.

A few days after the conversation between Marianne and her mother the former went to her brother and began to talk to him gently about his wild ways, but he repulsed her impatiently.

"If you can't do anything but whine and reproach me," Leo said, "you needn't talk to me at all. I have all the reproaches and blues I want of my own and don't need your tearful face to remind me of my miseries."

"O Leo, how you talk to me, your sister, your little playmate."

"Let me be, Marianne. I can stand anything better than these naggings and reproaches, that don't do any good, anyway."

"But, my dear brother, just think what misery you are causing our parents, you who used to be so good and industrious and their pride and joy. And, now—won't you listen to me—let me warn you. Leave your present friends, come and stay with us again, and I promise you that no reproach shall reach you, no word ever allude to anything you have done in the past. Only come, Leo."

To win him back was the dearest thought of her days, the care of her nights. And the tears filled her eyes now as she talked to him and held out her hands to him. She could not forget the beautiful time when they had all lived together in sweet and peaceful companionship. She took Leo's hand and held it fast. She looked up at him so imploringly as she waited for his answer that she seemed almost irresistible. Her brother was visibly moved. He had a good heart, but he had grown careless through his dissipated habits, though betweentimes he had many a night of conscience-stricken remorse, and now he was fair enough to see that she was right and he altogether wrong. For an instant his good angel seemed to conquer. His eyes grew moist and he answered gently:

"Forgive me, Marianne, if I was cross. I know that I am a miserable, unworthy outcast, who does not deserve that such a good creature as you are should cry over him. But what can I do? I don't know where to turn. I have given my word of honor and I have to have some money within twelve hours, and you know that father will not give me any more."

"Oh, but he has done so much for you already, brother dear. You understand—"

"No," he said, becoming bitter again. "I do not understand how he can let his son go down to disgrace rather than help him with a few dollars."

"How can you talk like that, Leo? Have you forgotten the many sacrifices we have all made for you?"

"Not at all. But in the end the money will be ours anyway, and so it's all the same whether we get it a few years sooner or later."

"Leo! Surely you do not mean to steal from father? For heaven's sake tell me is there no way out of the trouble?"

"Can you help me?"

"How much do you need?"

"About $75."

"That is a good deal for me to raise, brother."

"Then you can't give it to me?"

Marianne hesitated, then she said with a trembling voice:

"I will try this once more, for our dear parents' sake. But it is the last time, Leo."

"Oh, you dear, good Marianne," he called out in delight. "Help me just this once more and you shall be satisfied with me in the future." His eyes shone. The relief from his difficulties brightened him up. But Marianne herself went away heavy-hearted. She felt and knew only too well that their meeting, as so many times before, had resulted but in Leo asking her for more money. He had made the same promises as enthusiastically each time, and, oh, how little he had kept them!

With shaking hands she opened her little cabinet, which contained the humble savings that were her own, and were all which she had the right to dispose of. She had made such sweet plans as to their use. If the grace of God smoothed the way to the convent for her, she meant to give this money as dowry for a poor serving-maid, who likewise wished to devote herself to the Lord. But she gave up even this cherished plan for her brother's sake, for in her innocence and simplicity she still hoped that he might do better if given one more chance. And how happy her father and mother would be in that event! She took the money resolutely and went back to Leo's room with it.

"Here is what you asked for. But now keep your word."

"You will see," he answered, confidently.

He kissed her delightedly, called her his sweet sister, his good angel, and so on, all the pretty titles with which he used to please her when they were younger, and nothing had yet come between them. And Marianne believed in him and hoped for the best once more. For nobody is easier to deceive than a person who is himself good and honest and noble. He judges the world by himself, and trusts others, because he expects only what is worthy of trust from others. On the other hand it is infinitely hard, too, to stop in a downward course and to turn back to better things, when habit and associations tempt at every step.

For several days Leo acted as though he really meant to carry out his good resolutions and become a better man. He stayed at home evenings and talked pleasantly with his father and mother. The latter was most happy and pleased by the change. In union with her daughter she prayed with special fervor now to the Blessed Virgin out of gratitude for her son's reformed life. But unhappily these pleasant conditions did not last very long. Our dear Lord often tests our trust in Him in the most unusual ways and seems to deny even the most urgent prayers, although they may be in the best cause and the suppliant truly pious. He wishes not only to prove our patience and our faith in His power, but also to show us His mercy and His forbearance by waiting to see whether the erring heart will not at last turn back to Him of itself.

Thus the month of May had almost passed, when one morning the maid came running out of the young man's room and gave the frightened parents a letter which she had found there. It said briefly:

"My dear parents, forgive your unhappy son the pain I must cause you. I have fought a duel and fatally wounded my opponent. So I must leave and can not return if I do not want to get into the hands of the police. Therefore it may be many years before I can see you again. Do not deny me then the only thing that remains to me in my terrible plight—your blessing and your sympathy."

There was nothing in the letter to show where Leo had gone, and so it is easy to understand how terrible were the anxiety and distress of his poor parents.

At last the final evening of the May devotions had arrived. The overflowing chapel at the asylum was slowly emptying, and the sexton was putting out the candles on the altars and rattling his keys—but still three women knelt, lost in prayer, and oblivious to all that was going on about them. Pale as death, the tear-dimmed eyes raised to the statue of the Queen of heaven, the oldest of the women poured out her woe to her who understands better than we human beings the pangs of a mother's heart. The two young girls beside her buried their faces in their hands and sobbed audibly. The griefs of youth are still demonstrative and uncurbed as youth itself, and we must begin to grow old before we can bury one sweet hope after another without crying out aloud.

Just then one of the girls felt a gentle touch on her arm.

"Marianne, my poor, dear child!" It was Sister Benigna, who had come to lock the street door of the chapel and had recognized Madame von Marten and her daughter and their friend Elizabeth in the belated group. Her questioning glance rested on Marianne's tear-stained face.

"O Sister Benigna! My brother, our poor Leo!" Marianne sobbed.

"What is the matter with him? Is he dead?"

"No, thank God," Elizabeth interrupted, but Marianne continued:

"Oh, it is almost worse than death. He fought a duel and has left the country!"

"Then we must commend him to the Blessed Mother, and pray that he will come back."

"Yes, dear Sister, we must all do that," the mother, who had risen from her knees, said now: "I have just done so myself, and feel that our Mother in heaven will not forsake the poor, misguided boy. Come, children, let us have faith and courage. Everything will yet be well. Let us go home now to father."

"Your intention shall be ours too," Sister Benigna said, consolingly, as she followed the party to the door.

"Mother," whispered Marianne, when they were outside, taking her mother's hand tenderly in hers, "where do you get your trust and your strength?"

"It comes from faith in God's love and mercy, and the conviction that Mary is powerful to help us," was the beautiful answer.

"I am a Child of Mary, like you," Marianne answered. "I must learn from you to have a firm faith."

IV.

Two years had passed. How many occurrences, how much joy and happiness, but how much sorrow and sadness, too, that span of time may encompass.

Never a word had been heard from the self-exiled Leo. If Leo was still in Europe at all, he had probably taken another name so as to escape recognition. His opponent in the duel did not die, but had, on the contrary, recovered very rapidly. In a way unintelligible to strangers, yet perfectly plain to Leo if he should see it, Leo's father had published this fact in all the most prominent papers of the continent. After that his family felt that he would surely return, but he did not. Unfortunately the duel was really only a welcome pretext for flight, as it soon became plain that the young man had many debtors, and this was one way of getting away from them. The honorable name of his parents and grandparents should not be stained by perfidious action, and so the old doctor sacrificed a substantial part of his fortune in order to satisfy the claims of those who might otherwise have suffered by his son's carelessness. Whoever had known the amiable and universally respected physician in earlier days and saw him now must have been painfully impressed by the change that the boy's conduct had wrought. The erect shoulders had drooped, the springing gait had become slow, and the curly dark hair was streaked with gray. His kindly face had grown weary and worn-looking. His wife, too, was as broken as he, though in her mother love still fought against the evidences of the facts and fed itself day by day with the hope that in some way Leo would come back.

* * * * *

Marianne suffered not least under the burden of grief that had fallen on the family. To be sure she preserved a brave front.

Never a complaint crossed her lips, and whenever Leo was mentioned she had kindly words and excuses for him. She exerted herself daily to divert her father and cheer up her mother. The only one to whom she sometimes revealed her true feelings was Elizabeth.

One day she had a long conversation with Sister Benigna, to whom she poured out her innermost soul.

"You see, dear Sister, how I am torn by doubts. I do not know what I ought to do, nor how. On one side is my long-standing desire to enter the religious life and the heavenly Bridegroom seems to call me more urgently every day. On the other are my beloved parents, bowed down in grief and sorrow, and alone on earth but for me. How can I leave them without disobeying the Divine Commandment to love our parents? I feel as if I were divided into two different persons, each struggling against the other."

"My child," the bride of Christ responded gently, "there are indeed many times in this life when we need the inspiration of the Holy Ghost in order to be reconciled to and to understand what is right for us to do. Here, however, the way is clear before you—it is the straight path of filial duty. You know that the convent rarely waives parental sanction, and ordinarily it is one of the conditions for reception. All your zeal would be displeasing to God if you were to try to combine the life of a religious with disobedience toward your parents."

"I tell myself that. But then again there are hours when I seem to hear a voice that says—oh, so plainly!—'leave all and follow Me.'"

"In this case, child, that is but a temptation which you must put behind you. Our self-love and our self-will come to the surface under all conditions and in all forms, but the will of God alone is to be considered. The Christian charity that you would vow to exercise toward suffering humanity if you entered our Order, it is now your duty to exercise toward your stricken parents, and from this sacrifice the same merits, the same blessings, and the same graces will come to you."

"Oh, Sister Benigna!" sobbed the girl, burying her face in her hands. It is always hard to give up a cherished hope, and Marianne had secretly given herself up to the thought of her vocation for many years. Yet now she saw that her first duty was to her parents.

"And there is no hope that I may ever follow the beautiful, longed-for vocation?" she asked for the last time. Sister Benigna silently shook her head and took the girl's hand and led her to the chapel. There both knelt in prayer for about a half hour. When they rose Sister Benigna said, smiling through her tears: "It is a sacrifice for me, too, for I was looking forward to your coming to us. But the holy will of God be praised and adored. Have faith, my child. Our Lord will know how to get His bride when He needs her."

The part hardest for Marianne was over, and her holy angel carried her sacrifice to the throne of the Almighty.

V.

The Franco-Prussian war was on, and was bringing fear and sorrow to countless families. In the common misery the individual suffering disappeared. Now there were many parents mourning the loss of a son, though the patriotic death for home and country was less bitter than the wordless disappearance of the erring. The one was a hallowed sorrow, but the other could not well be told nor shared.

But even this grief had been softened for the Martens in their sympathy for the general woe. Everywhere funds were being raised for help and for practical works of mercy. Even the poorest gave his little contribution to help the defenders of the Fatherland. Every week new hospital trains set out for the scene of battle with Sisters and nurses and doctors to help the wounded and ease their sufferings.

The hospitals of the city had sent all the Sisters they could spare to France. Under their direction and with them a great number of women and girls had gone as nurses. Many an undreamed of talent for nursing and for other self-sacrifice was thus developed, and what was wanting in practise was speedily made up by devotion and eagerness to serve.

The Martens did not want to be behind in helping now, and Marianne, who had but timidly ventured to ask permission to join a hospital train, had not only met with no remonstrance, but was even encouraged. She was to go to a hospital at Versailles under the direction of Sister Benigna, and she was rejoiced that she could thus far, at least, follow her beloved vocation. She went to Elizabeth and begged her to take her place with her parents until she came back.

Then she set out for France, followed by the blessings and prayers of her parents.

We are at one of the hospitals in Versailles. The fierceness of war is over and the power of love now has play. The Daughters of St. Vincent, those heroines in the garb of peace, are tireless in their ministrations to the pain-racked victims of the terrible conflict. Young girls as well as older women are helping them. The Sisters and nurses move about noiselessly in the airy apartment. Only here and there the moaning of the wounded and dying is heard.

Marianne von Marten is sitting at one of the beds and holding the hand of a young soldier. His head is bandaged, so also his arm. The ghastly pallor tells of great loss of blood. For three weeks the young patient has been fighting death, but a hardy constitution at last won the day. All these days and nights Marianne barely left his bedside, and stood by him nobly in the fight against the grave.

We have often read that the good God does not let Himself be outdone in generosity by His creatures, and that He especially blesses those sacrifices which we wring from our self will. The heart of the little nurse overflowed on this day with purest happiness. The young soldier was Leo, the mourned and lost brother.

To escape punishment he had fled under an assumed name from his parents' house, for he believed himself to be the murderer of his opponent. Soon afterward, however, he found the notice inserted by his father, which gave him peace of mind at least in one direction. But he was still afraid of his many creditors, and so stayed away. At first he made a scant living by clerical work. But after a while he drifted into Hamburg, and here his tendencies brought him into gambling places. At first he won over and over again. Then growing more bold he ventured larger and larger sums, and at last lost all his winnings at one sitting. Then he pawned his watch, a ring—everything he could, and left Hamburg a beggar. And again he went to work, miserably, at anything he could get.

His conscience often reproached him. Sometimes, too, he was tempted to suicide, but some mysterious force seemed ever to hold him back. Was it the power of parental love? Was it his mother's prayer? At any rate he did not yield.

Often, too, he yearned to go home, to beg forgiveness of his father, but a false pride held him back. The hour of grace had not yet arrived. Then the war with France broke out—the war that waked the enthusiasm of patriotism in the heart of every man. Leo at once enlisted. But war is no child's play. It is bitter, terrible, bloody, earnest. Over and over again Leo was face to face with death, and it brought home to him the follies of his misspent life. At the siege of Paris he was dangerously wounded. The good Sisters made every effort to provide at least the last consolations for his poor soul, but he lay in the delirium of fever, racked by pain, tortured by phantasies of fear and remorse.

When at last his senses came back to him there was a young nurse at his bedside—and she, oh, joy, was his own sister, Marianne. She brought consolation and peace to him. She assured him of his parents' love and forgiveness, and the grace of God completed the conversion.

On the next day—it was a Saturday, the day dedicated to the Blessed Mother—he made a good confession and received the last sacraments. But the crisis had passed. Leo recovered not only physically, but even more so spiritually.

The Superior of the hospital, Sister Benigna, watched over the brother and sister like a mother, and took the first opportunity to send them back to Germany in safety. Leo would have an easier and pleasanter chance for complete recovery at home—among old surroundings.

Marianne had only written to her parents twice. The first time she said:

"I arrived safely in Versailles and have found Leo. He is seriously wounded, but we have hopes of his recovery."

Oh, how the loving and anxious hearts of the parents were filled with joy and gratitude at this message! How they praised the mysterious ways of Providence! The mother knelt before the image of the Blessed Virgin in the convent chapel and prayed: "You will have mercy on me, oh, Mother of grace! You will not let me find my son only to take him away again." And beside her Elizabeth knelt and wept for joy and pain.

The second message said: "Leo is recovering. We will come in eight days."

* * * * *

And now he is with his own again. Everything is forgiven and forgotten—no, not everything. They want to remember the miracles of divine grace forever. The flush of health is returning to Leo's cheeks. He will soon be well and strong again, and will then make up for lost time. He learned many things out in the world among strangers, and has done ample penance for the follies of his early youth. Now, with the help of God, he will lead a different life.

His parents are rejuvenated in their joy, for happiness and peace of mind are medicines which never miss their effect. As soon as the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul return from France, Marianne will renounce the world and put on the habit of a novice in the beloved Order toward which her heart has been turning for years. As a daughter of the great saint she may satisfy her generous heart and offer her life daily for the salvation and service of others, as she desired to do even in her childhood. She may not even grieve now at leaving her parents, for Elizabeth has taken earnest counsel with herself and has recognized that she has no true religious vocation. Her desire was to be with Marianne, and one does not go into the convent for the sake of friendship. God wants the whole heart.

Elizabeth's heart is really no longer her own. She has given it to Leo, and will, as a pious wife and mother, try to do her duty in the world and replace Marianne in the house of her parents.

Thus God brings everything to a blessed end, in His own good time, and Mary's care surely leads her children aright.

DR. HERMAN CARDAUNS.

(H. Kerner.)

UNDER the pen name of H. Kerner, Dr. Herman Cardauns, the brilliant managing editor of the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, has made an enviable reputation in pure literature. The training of his newspaper life and his historical studies have resulted in an unusual mastery of interesting details. He has the quality of true genius—to eliminate the non-essential and to bring out his scenes and characters with a few lines and a touch here and there. Old times and old things are vivified and brought to the eye of the present, full of color and reality. His novels are crowded with fascinating incident and his style is easy and flowing. The name of Kerner may fairly be placed beside that of Riehl, the most noted of recent German historical novelists.

Herman Cardauns was born on April 8, 1847, in Cologne. From 1864–1869 he studied at Bonn, Munich, and Göttingen. In 1868 he passed the government examination for a professorship and was tentatively engaged at a Cologne high school during 1868–1870. At the same time he was also engaged as assistant in the division for historical research of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences. It was while acting in this capacity that he published his volumes on old Cologne. (Leipzig, 1874–77.)

Towards the close of 1872 he became *privat docent* at Bonn, and lectured regularly on the history of the Middle Ages and the history of the Rhine countries. In 1876 he became managing editor of the *Volkszeitung* of Cologne, the ablest and most influential organ of the Centre, or Catholic party, of Germany. In spite of his exhausting editorial activities, he managed to find time for historical and literary labors. He published works on the life of Alexander III., of Bishop Conrad von Hochstaden, of Mary Stuart, of the Jesuit Father Spee, on the fairy tales of Clemens Brentano, and so on. Since 1886 he has been publishing the papers of the Görres Society, organized for the promotion of Catholic truth in Germany. In 1891 he became the general secretary of the Society, which office he has held ever since His most important literary works are: "Die Erzählung Walters des Erzpoeten," "Die Abendteuer des Johannes Reusch," and "Der Stadtschreiber von Köln." His numerous short stories are scattered through the German periodicals, awaiting collection and publication in book form. From 1895 to 1899 Dr. Cardauns was a member of the Town Council of Cologne. He is as noted as a lecturer as he is as a writer

The Good Dean Ensfried.

A Story of the Twelfth Century.

BY DR. H. CARDAUNS.

CHAPTER I.

BETWEEN ST. MARY'S AND HOME.

THE church bells of Cologne were just ringing for the Angelus, as Dean Ensfried of St. Andrew's came down the steps leading to the parish-house of St. Mary's as fast as their ice-smooth surface and his old legs permitted. He was seventy years old—a thin, shrunken little man. The pastor of St. Mary's, who was a friend of his, had buttoned up his fur cloak for him, and pulled the cap over his ears, for it was bitterly cold. But when the Dean heard the bells he took off the cap his friend had adjusted so carefully, and knelt for the Angelus. The years had left deep lines in his face, but his head was still fine and beautiful in its outlines, perhaps even more so than when he was younger. It was long since he needed to shave for the tonsure. All there was left of his once thick hair was a fringe of delicate white curls around the crown. He had bright red cheeks, and about the shrunken mouth and in the blue eyes there was a look of benevolence and gentleness, so that one felt at the first glance that he was surely a good man.

"It is cold indeed," said Ensfried, as he pulled the cap over his ears again. "What will the poor people do during this hard winter, dear Lord? The sparrows fall frozen from the roofs; many a child of God is sitting miserably in a cold and drafty room, while we, Thy sinful servants, are lounging beside the warm fire." He sighed deeply, and went along for a little way, his kind face shadowed at the sorrowful thought. Then he tightened his lips together, and nodded vigorously as if in protestation. "If I could only get at my wood!" he said aloud. "But Monica has the keys and will not give them to me. She says that if she did we would not have any ourselves. How can the woman be so foolish? Hasn't she been my cook these twenty years? Just wait, you old kitchen terror, I'll fix you!"

While he was going on in this way Ensfried had descended the narrow street that led from the Duck Pool to the Cat's Back—the stretch now called *Eintrachtstrasse*. It ran along beside the fine old Church of St. Mary's, though there is only a little chapel there at the present time. Here the boys of the neighborhood were coasting, and sliding down hill to their hearts' delight. When they saw the Dean they quickly cleared the track. Ensfried had hardly put his foot upon the strip which they had worn glass-like than he slipped and would have gone over backward but that a stocky wight caught him at the last moment.

"Steady now, your reverence," he said, and carefully helped Ensfried to regain his footing. "This time you almost went over. Will you get out of the way?" he screamed at the boys. "You ruffians, do you not see that you have almost caused an accident? What are you doing? Wait—I'll make you fly!" and he swung a heavy stick in such a threatening manner that the children ran away screaming.

"Easy, easy, Heinz," said the Dean. "Childhood knows no limits—fifty and sixty years ago we were just like them. Come here, lads," he called to the boys, who at this came running back, undismayed by the burly Heinz. "What were you doing just now?"

"Sliding, Reverend Father," they chorused.

"Then slide away, but be careful not to hurt yourselves."

In a second he was surrounded by a mob of children, who kissed his hands and begged for holy pictures. He gave them all he had, and then went on. He had gone but a few steps when he was stopped by a ragged old man.

"Well, Herman, is that you? What's the matter now?"

"Matter enough, Reverend Father. What need to ask? Hunger and sorrow and misery every day that God sends. Who would have thought when I was young that I would have to beg for a bit of bread in my old age?"

"And in the human way you have indeed merited better things than that, Herman. You were always a good workman, and that you lost your right arm was not your fault. But for heaven's sake, man, what is the matter with your breeches? Your bare legs are sticking out through the holes!"

"I have no others, Father."

Ensfried put his hand into his pocket and pulled out his purse. "Ah, my dear son," he said, sadly, "Job on his ash-heap had not less than I have. How my money does go! Only yesterday my nephew Frederick loaned me a gulden—for the very last time, he said, but then he has said that often—and now it is all gone again. And yet I can not let you go this way. Wait a moment."

Between the church and a high garden wall there was a little place scarcely thirty feet square. Ensfried looked right and left hastily. Not a creature was in sight, and all one heard was the voices of the children playing on the other side of the church. So Ensfried slipped quickly into the farthest corner of the little place. After a few minutes he came out again carrying something in his hand. "Here, Herman," he said, "is something to protect you against the cold. Later you may come and get some soup at my house. And now God keep you. I am in a hurry."

Before the beggar could answer Ensfried was hurrying on past the "sixteen houses" that are now curiously called *Sachsenhausen*"—"Saxonhouses." Sometimes he looked around nervously as though he had been guilty of some crime or other and dreaded pursuit. Opposite the Beguin Convent on the Stolkgasse—on the site of which a generation later the world-famous Dominican convent was built—he turned off toward St. Andrew's.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEAN AS A HOST.

THE St. Andrew's Foundation comprised a number of buildings and was really a little world by itself. In the background towered the stately outlines of the collegiate church. The choir part had been finished only a short time before—it was an ornate edifice, in a clover-leaf form, while the older part was simpler in construction. In front of the church, and completing with it a great enclosed square, were the other houses of the Foundation—the archdeaconry, the chapter-house, the dormitory, the bakery, and various other buildings incidental to the necessities of the place.

At his appointment as Dean, Ensfried did not go to live in the comfortable dwelling belonging to his office. He left it to a colleague for a rental which promptly went to the poor, and he himself lived in a tiny house across from the Foundation, which had come to him from his parents. That was twenty years ago, and for the same length of time his nephew Frederick had lived with him. Ensfried had taken the orphan to his home when he was very young in years, and even after Frederick had been appointed vicar at St. Andrew's he continued to live with his uncle. It was a good thing for both of them. The young man by daily intercourse with his relative had become a splendid priest; that he had a somewhat practical way of looking at matters of the world was really no reproach to him, and a protection to his uncle.

"I must look after uncle," he was wont to say, "or else he will give away everything." Without being niggardly, he was much more careful in money matters than the Dean. And in this regard he found a faithful ally in Monica, the old housekeeper, who had a great talent for management. And indeed management was often most necessary in the Dean's little home.

Frederick, who was a strong and well-built man in the early thirties, was sitting, on this particular evening, in the best room of the Dean's house. With him were two intimate friends: Canon Gottfried, who was the clerk of the Dean of the Cathedral, and the merchant Hartlieb, a broad-shouldered man in the attire of a rich burgher, with a clever yet good-natured face.

"Did I not tell you?" Frederick was saying. "Supper time is past, and we wait and wait. But it's his way. He likes to invite guests, and then promptly forgets all about them. I am wondering whether he even thought of preparing for his visitors."

"Oh, about that you may be easy," said the merchant with a sly smile. "Monica would have been filling our ears with complaints before this if it were otherwise."

"That's true. Yet I am surprised at such unusual foresight. I am afraid that if a poor man had come along he would have given away at least his own dinner and probably mine also. I know him well. You have no conception of how far he carries his charity—depriving himself even of the necessities of life, and the older he gets the worse he gets. The dozen hens sent us from the Merkenich farm the first of September were gone before six o'clock in the evening. For St. Martin's Day we had a nice fat goose on the spit and the whole house was savory with the odor. But just before noon some woman comes up out of the Schmierstrasse with a soup tureen. Monica happened to be in the cellar for a moment, and he just chucked the goose into the woman's tureen. When I discovered the misfortune she was up and gone with the roast. Sheer starvation would have been my lot had I not come to you, Canon, as self-invited guest."

"I hope that my dinner did not prove a second disappointment," laughed the Canon.

"Indeed, no; thank you. The dinner was very good. But listen to uncle's latest prank. You know our tenant at Widdersdorf brings us six hams on St. Andrew's Day, every year. These I take under my particular protection, for they are a good part of the rent, and the farmer knows how to fatten hogs. Well, I went to the storeroom every day and counted the hams. And each day I was more and more surprised to find the full number and none missing. But he played a nice trick on me. Yesterday I got up on the ladder to get down a ham, and what did I see? Every one of the six was cut on the side turned toward the wall, some of them even to the middle! Who did it I do not need to tell you, and who got the meat may be inferred."

Hartlieb laughed heartily, and the Canon himself could not keep his face straight. "Yes, yes," he said. "That is just like him. And if one were to argue with him, he would answer 'What have I done wrong? Have I not left Frederick his half?'"

"Exactly," Frederick exclaimed. "His words precisely! And much good that does me! He must eat ham too—or do you think that I would let him suffer when it is he who has raised me and made a decent being out of me?"

"That's right, my friend. And who could be wroth with that saint or do anything ill to him? For that he is a saint is not to be denied. Since I have known him, and that is about forty years now, I have seen nothing but what was good and lovable in him. Oh, the beautiful golden time when he was pastor in Siegburg and I was a schoolboy! It is as if it were yesterday that I saw him for the first time. To be sure it was under conditions not easily forgotten. I had brought June bugs into school in my cap, and then let them loose. For punishment I was being well whipped, when the new pastor came in, said something to the teacher, and requested that I be sent over to him in the afternoon. I was a little rogue, on whom every effort seemed lost. But the way he talked to me, until even I began to cry! As a finish he sent me out to his cherry-tree, with full liberty to pick as much fruit as I wanted to, and I promised myself then and there that I would never displease him again. He conquered that whole wild school without ever a harsh word, laughing and playing and teaching at the same time. If ever there was a priest after God's own heart, it was he, and the whole town wept when he was sent to Cologne." There was a suspicious moisture in Hartlieb's eyes as he finished.

"He is an angel in the flesh," Frederick added softly. "In the whole parish of St. Paul, which is cared for from St. Andrew's, there is not a dirty hut or corner, where poverty and misery hide, that he does not find. He gives away the very clothes from his body, and for his suffering brethren in Christ the best is hardly good enough. Where he gets all the bread, the wine, and the money that he distributes daily, is beyond my understanding. But, of course, in the matter of borrowing for others he is not bashful. I have had my own trials with him." He laughed a little before he went on with his tale. "Recently it is said he came into the bakery just as the fresh bread was to be taken to the Canons, and said to the baker: 'Give my regards to the reverend gentlemen, and say that though it is not really right for me to do so, I am taking this bread because I need it very much; they will probably be able to get along without it.' He was to be reproved at Chapter, but no one had the heart to do it. And with all this he is not really such a soft mark that all the world can gull him. I have heard him speak of renegade and dilatory priests in a way that fairly gave me chills. And on Sundays, when he preaches, one seems to hear the trumpet of Judgment Day. Yet the man who does him a personal injury seems to become a privileged character in his eyes. About three weeks ago—I never told this to anybody because he did not want me to—he was sitting in the house all by himself, when the Scotch monk, Moengal, whom they have sent away from St. Martin's, came into the room, knife in hand, grabbed uncle by the shoulder, and said he must have money. The poor fool! As if uncle ever keeps money when he has it, and anybody else wants it. I happened to come in just then and went for the wretched beggar. But the Dean said, 'Let him be, Frederick, let him be. Moengal was just getting off a bad joke. And go out—I have something to say to him.' What they said to each other I can not report. But this I know—Moengal came out of the room, pale as death, his eyes full of tears. He has given up his dissipated life and is doing penance working as a common laborer in a convent."

Somebody knocked at the door. "At last," all three called out in chorus. One could hear old Monica slouching across the hall; a moment later Dean Ensfried himself entered.

"Ah, see, now," he began, his kind old face full of geniality, and holding out both hands to his guests. "This is nice of you, to surprise me with a visit. Will you share my simple meal with me? You are most heartily welcome."

"Oh, ho, uncle," Hartlieb answered. "To-day you surely are not going to be quite so modest as to have a *simple* meal? You asked us to come the day before yesterday."

"I asked you?" Einsfried seemed very much embarrassed. "Ah, yes, true. My old head refused to remember for a moment but I have given Monica orders to prepare for you. Forgive me that I forgot for the moment and kept you waiting. Dinner shall be served at once."

Frederick, who had been a prey to the darkest suspicions as to the probable prospects of dinner, sighed in sheer relief at the Dean's words, and led the old gentleman to the fireplace to take off his fur cloak for him. Suddenly he drew back in alarm.

"For heaven's sake, uncle," he said, "where did you leave your breeches?"

The Dean's face reddened with embarrassment and he hastily drew his cloak up again over his shoulders. "My breeches? I—I—what do you mean? Really, I—Frederick—I must have dropped them somewhere."

"Of course you dropped them—but you probably know just where and who picked them up. Or maybe it is possible that they are still lying somewhere on the street."

"No, no," the Dean protested. "How can you think anything like that? Poor Herman looked so cold, and his were so worn—"

"There it is again," said Frederick, as the Dean hastily left the room. "He might catch his death in this bitter cold. But do quit that tiresome laughing, Hartlieb. And you, Canon, why do you look as lachrymose as a funeral director?" and all the time Frederick was wiping his own eyes.

In a few moments the Dean came back, clothed once more in breeches, which, if not as good as those he left with Herman, were at least passable. "So," he said, complacently, "and now we may sit down. Monica, is everything ready? Our guests are hungry."

For answer there came from the kitchen an unintelligible grumbling. A few minutes later, a tall, lank, gray-haired woman came in. In one hand she had half a ham, in the other a loaf of bread. She laid both on the table with a bang, and then burst out, "Here is the food. I hope you'll have a good appetite."

The two clergymen exchanged a look of consternation, while the merchant laughed out loud. But the Dean said sternly: "What does this mean? Bring the soup and let us have no more of this nonsense."

"What nonsense?" asked Monica. "All afternoon I stewed and roasted and baked. An hour before it was time for the Angelus I ran out of the kitchen for a moment and when I came back the chickens were gone, the roast also—and the Dean, too. I cried for anger, and was ashamed to tell Father Frederick. Was lame George here again, or old Catherine with the five children? How often have I begged that at least the dinner be spared? 'Give and you shall receive,' is always the answer. Now you gave once too often and you'll have to see what you will receive. To think that I have to live through a thing like this!" and Monica began to sob, covering her face with her apron.

The Dean looked around helplessly. Then Hartlieb, with a sly wink, said: "Do not let her frighten you—I believe it is a joke. Let us take a look into the living-room: perhaps she has served the dinner there."

The Dean opened the door very gingerly. The little table in there was covered with fine linen, and from the soup tureen arose a tempting odor, while a great roast waited on the sideboard.

"But," said Ensfried, hesitatingly, "how did you manage, my good Monica? For old Catherine was really here, and I did give her something—perhaps more than was necessary."

But the cook shook her head and laughed and cried by turns. Then Hartlieb explained.

"You see, Dean, you proved yourself in the right once more.

'Give and you shall receive.' To be sure it was lucky that I came early enough to look into your pots. And now sit down, old friend, and enjoy yourself. And if you have no objection, Monica shall get herself a plate and sit down with us too."

CHAPTER III.

AT THE ARCHBISHOP'S.

The guests had gone. The Dean was still sitting comfortably in his high-backed chair. "Now you see," he was saying to his nephew, "our dear Lord will not forsake us."

"That surely came true to-day," said Frederick. "But He may not send a guest like Hartlieb all the time. And how do you think we are going to get along? You have borrowed my last gulden and you yourself have not a penny in your purse; none of the rents are due for several weeks. What now? Shall we borrow money? You are considerably in debt, uncle, and not a soul will lend me a penny. Many would do so, but they all think that you get everything in the end—they do not believe you are so extravagantly charitable. If you only do not sell the very house over our heads I shall be thankful."

The Dean became very red, but answered meekly: "Do not be so anxious, my dear boy. Had I not all my life kept such a deep faith in the promises of Scripture I would long since have gone to my grave from sheer worry. When your good mother died and I took you into my house I had as much as you have now—not a penny. When I put you into your little bed on the first night I was filled with anxiety. But then the thought came to me that he who takes a child in the name of Christ takes Christ Himself. I went to sleep, and the next morning I found ten ducats in an old stocking outside my door. God must have touched the heart of some good man. Since then I have always trusted in God. Short of money I have often been, but very rarely hungry.

As for you, dear nephew, you have brought me blessings, and have been the joy of my old age."

"God bless you, uncle," Frederick said softly. For a moment there was silence in the little room. Then the nephew roused himself. "But I can not help thinking what we shall do for to-morrow. You see I am not philosophical like you," he said.

"Let us have no over-anxious care for the morrow," answered the Dean. "To-morrow will take care of itself. I just remember now that the Archbishop has asked us to dinner for to-morrow. As for the rest, you are entirely right in thinking that I ought to have more care for our daily bread, for your sake, and particularly for the sake of old Monica—the faithful soul. It is true, too, that it were better if I had made some provision for both of you after I die, for it will surely not be long until God calls me. But I have always been drawn most powerfully toward charity to my fellow-beings, and I can but trust now that God will keep you in His care, as He has me. 'What you do to the least of these My brethren you have done unto Me,' has always been a sweet consolation. The time has come when I can say, 'O Lord, let Thy servant go in peace.'"

The Dean had spoken with a deep solemnity, and Frederick did not answer in words. Instead he knelt at the feet of the venerable man and kissed his hands, and for a blessing laid them on his own head.

* * * * *

The next day uncle and nephew went to the archiepiscopal residence near the Cathedral court.

It was a broad, low building, with Gothic windows from which there was a beautiful outlook over the Rhine, the old Cathedral, and the adjoining Church of St. Mary of the Stairs. The Archbishop, Philip of Heinsberg, received them pleasantly. He was famous, first as a supporter of Frederick Barbarossa and later as his opponent, and he played a mighty rôle in the affairs of the realm. But he was of a genial mind and loved a joke, and felt most kindly toward the good Dean Ensfried.

There were but few guests besides Dean Ensfried and his nephew—Dean Conrad of the Cathedral, several Canons and clergymen. The food was simple but good. At the dessert the Archbishop chanced to glance at Ensfried and saw that he hastily put something in his pocket, looking around the while to see whether he were observed. But His Grace did not let it appear that he had noticed anything.

When the meal was over and the guests wished to go, the Archbishop, contrary to his custom, urged them to stay a little longer. They all sat about the hearth-fire and, gently encouraged by the Archbishop, began to relate various experiences. His Grace led the conversation toward Ensfried, and before the latter was aware of the turn things had taken, a half-dozen little stories had been told on him. Even the story of the breeches was not forgotten. Hartlieb must have talked, for Frederick and Canon Gottfried, at whom the Dean looked reproachfully, vowed they had not uttered a word.

The Archbishop was delighted. "That was good of you, even if a little rash. We can all follow your example when it comes to charity, and the main part is that your right hand never knows what your left is doing. I believe that this applies even to your legs. In short you are a true householder of the Lord. You never leave your house without giving away something, do you, Dean? Just look, gentlemen, how his pockets are stuffed. I am sure they are full of apples for the children, for to-morrow is the feast of St. Nicholas. Let us see if you have a good variety. If not, I shall give you some better ones."

But the Dean was by this time painfully red.

"Pardon, Your Grace," he stammered, "it isn't apples—I haven't—I thought—I wanted to—that is—"

"No refusal, on pain of my displeasure. Let us see what you have in your pockets. What—you do not want to? Well, well," he said, turning to the Dean of the Cathedral, "help your colleague."

The next instant Ensfried's pockets were turned inside out and a nice collection of fine white bread and cake appeared.

"What!" cried the Archbishop sternly, "dainties from our own table? That's pretty bad, Ensfried. Do you remember the Seventh Commandment?"

"'Thou shalt not steal,'" said Ensfried, half-ashamed and half-defiant. "And I did not steal either. Your Grace guessed aright. To-morrow is the feast of St. Nicholas and to-night I wanted to play the part of St. Nicholas among some of the children, but I have no money. And so I did the next best thing. Of all these dainties I did not eat a bite, but put my portion into my pockets."

The whole company laughed aloud. The Archbishop alone preserved his solemn and threatening manner, although it was becoming trying even for him. Frowning he said: "You have done very wrong, Dean. At our table no person is permitted to put anything in any place except his mouth. But this is the result of your secrecy, which is totally unnecessary. A word from you, and I would have given you several baskets full of dainties for the children. But, no, everything must always be done on the sly. And punishment there must be. I suppose the hardest punishment will be to have to listen here in my presence to stories about your own performances. Now, gentlemen, whoever knows a story on the Dean of St. Andrew's, let him tell it."

Ensfried sighed. Still, he seemed to perceive kindliness rather than censure at the bottom of the Archbishop's words; so he waited patiently for what might come.

"Who will begin?" said the Archbishop. "Come, Dean Herman."

"I know so many," said Dean Herman, with an apologetic smile. "Let me ponder over them while Dean Conrad starts it."

"I have one ready," said Dean Conrad. "And indeed it concerns me personally. It will be three years on St. Martin's Day that I bought Ensfried's house of him. It is not worth much, and there is an entailed rental on it. Nevertheless I paid a good price and in cash at that. I waited a long time at first before I spoke to him gently and pleasantly about it. But he said he had not yet found another house, and made many excuses; at last he almost laughed at me, saying: 'My dear Conrad, can't you see that I am an old man, who can not last much longer? Wait just a little, then you will get your house as a matter of course. Until that time I surely must have a roof over me.' In this way I have let him put me off over and over again. And truly he is capable of living to be a hundred years old, I think. But now I am tired of waiting. To-morrow morning, Ensfried, I am coming to claim my house and take possession of my property."

"Uncle, uncle," cried Frederick, "what have you done—and not a word to me!"

The Archbishop gave a quick look at the Dean of the Cathedral and turned calmly to Ensfried again: "This is a very bad story, Dean. Have you really sold your house to Conrad? Yes? Then no man can help you further, for the bailiffs of Cologne will take no nonsense on a question like that. Or do you know some other way out of this difficulty?"

Ensfried had become pale. He looked imploringly at Frederick and gently pressed his hand. Then a sudden light seemed to pass over the kindly face. He raised his head and said: "It is well, Conrad—you are in the right. To-morrow I shall have another house, small to be sure, but large enough for me. And now permit me to leave, Archbishop. I must go for vespers."

The guests all left except the Dean of the Cathedral. The Archbishop asked him smilingly, "Well?"

"Forgive me for having a little fun with the good man," answered the Dean. "Your Grace knows that I would not put him out. But it may be that he himself took me seriously. If so, I should be very sorry. In the mean time a little scare may make him more careful. I shall go to see him to-morrow."

"I will be there, too," said the Archbishop, "and for the fright he has had I will give him a pleasure."

CHAPTER IV.

THE REWARD OF ST. NICHOLAS.

WHEN Ensfried returned from vespers with his nephew he found a great basket on the table filled with fruit and cakes.

"See that," he called out, and his pleasure was like a child's. "It is surely from the Archbishop. Come in here, Monica. Have you seen this? St. Nicholas must have been here."

"Oh, yes," said the old woman sulkily. "He didn't bring you a house, though, I notice." And the old cook began to cry.

"Never mind," said Ensfried consolingly. "It will all be well to-morrow. This evening is St. Nicholas' Eve. Here, Monica, is your portion of the goodies. Now we will go and see the children. Each of you take a basket."

Night came on as the three went from hut to hut, and even Monica became gay as she watched the joy of the little ones. Ensfried himself seemed to take great pleasure in the joy he was giving, laughing and playing with the children as if he were a child too. When they returned late in the evening Frederick felt that he would like to talk the situation over with his uncle and see what they could do if Dean Conrad really insisted on taking possession. But Ensfried did not even permit him to finish his sentence. "Let him come," he said. "I will play a trick on him which will astonish him. But now, on the eve of St. Nicholas' Day, I do not want to be bothered worrying over to-morrow. And I thank you, Frederick, for all that you have done for me. When I am no longer here say a prayer sometimes for my poor soul and be kind to Monica. She deserves it in spite of all her grumbling."

* * * * *

St. Nicholas' Day had come—a clear, beautiful winter day. The sun glinted on the snow, and shone pleasantly into the little room where Dean Ensfried sat in his high-backed chair. He had risen long before sunrise, although his head seemed heavy and his legs numb. Frederick would have liked to persuade him to remain at home from Mass, but it was time wasted to try. After the Dean had said Mass he knelt for a long time on the cold stones, wrapt in fervent prayer. Chilled to the marrow, he came into the house. He hardly touched his breakfast. There was nothing the matter, he was only a little cold and tired, he said. Would they not just leave him alone for an hour or so? Quiet and warmth would make him feel all right.

So he had been sitting there for a long time, his hands folded on his knees, his eyes fixed on the crucifix that hung on the wall between a picture of St. Nicholas and one of the holy Child in the manger. His face alternately showed a deep earnestness and then again a happy smile. Once his lips parted and he whispered, "I am coming, dear Jesus, I am coming," and then everything was quiet again.

Frederick opened the door leading into the little room softly. "Are you feeling better again, dear uncle?" he asked gently. No answer came. "He is sleeping," he said then, and tiptoed to the big chair, looking into the venerable old face. What he saw there made him start back in alarm. Hastily he took his uncle's hand, which lay cold and limp in his. With a cry he left the room to get help.

An hour passed. Ensfried lay motionless on his bed. Beside him stood Archbishop Philip, the Dean and the Canon of the Cathedral, Rutger the physician, and Hartlieb the merchant. Frederick and Monica knelt sobbing at the foot of the bed. He had been anointed as quickly as possible, and bled. It was a stroke of paralysis, the physician said. He might recover consciousness once more, but the end was not far away.

Ensfried opened his eyes and smiled softly as he beheld all the familiar faces. "Your Grace is here, too," he said brokenly to the Archbishop. "That is too great an honor. See, Conrad," he said to the Dean, "I am keeping my word. My new house is waiting for me out in the cemetery of St. Andrew's, and for the two or three days until I am quite ready for it you must still have patience."

"Forgive my foolish words," Dean Conrad said, sadly. "One should not jest about such things. See why I came this morning," and he took out a roll of parchment. "It is the bill of sale torn in two. This is what I wanted to bring you to-day. Did you really think me so hard-hearted as to believe that I could mean what I said last night?"

"Oh, I did not think of it at all," Ensfried answered. "When you asked to have possession of your house yesterday, somehow the story of St. Nicholas and the shepherd boy of Leichlingen came into my mind. Do you know it? Frederick, you tell it. Talking is very hard for me."

Frederick's voice was so husky that at first they could scarcely hear it. "In the little village of Leichlingen," he began, "four hours' travel across the Rhine from here, the following happened about seven years ago. A poor boy tended sheep for a farmer's wife. He had a great devotion to St. Nicholas, the friend of children, and in honor of him he shared his bread every day with other children still poorer than he. One day the saint appeared to him in the form of a venerable old man and said to him: 'My good boy, drive the sheep home.' 'Sir,' the boy replied, 'It is still early, and if I take the sheep home now the farmer's wife will scold me.' The saint said: 'I am St. Nicholas, for whom you have always had a deep devotion and in whose honor you shared your bread with poor children. To-day I have come to reward you. Go home and receive the body of Our Lord, for before evening comes you will die and come to me.' Then he vanished. But the shepherd boy did as he was commanded and on that very day St. Nicholas led him to the fields of eternal joy."

Ensfried nodded, smiling happily. "I thought of this yesterday evening, and I seemed to see St. Nicholas as he is painted on the picture at Burscheid, which the first Abbot, Gregorius, the son of the King of Greece, brought into our land. He looked at me kindly, and said, 'In my Father's house there are many mansions.' On that I have depended, and now all is well. You, however, Canon Conrad, I thank with all my heart for your generous gift. You know that I did not use the money for myself."

A dull, rumbling noise came out of the adjoining hallway.

"What is that, Frederick?" the dying man asked faintly.

"People to whom you have been kind, uncle. They are crowding the hall away out into the street, where they stand by the hundreds and weep and pray, and will not believe that the Lord is going to take you from them."

Ensfried sighed: "What will become of my poor people?"

"Let them be my care," said the Archbishop, and held out his hand. "All who lose a father in you shall be my children. Leave them to me as my legacy from you. I will care for them as a father should, with the help of God."

Ensfried half raised himself in bed. A happy smile lit up his face. "God be praised," he whispered; he gave a gentle pressure to the Archbishop's hand, and fell back on the pillows. Peacefully, without a struggle, he had passed into the better life.

The Archbishop bent over him tenderly, closed his eyes, and said: "'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' Peace to the soul of the good Dean Ensfried."

CONRAD VON BOLANDEN.

THIS is the pseudonym of Monsignor Joseph Bischoff, living in retirement at Speyer since 1870. It may well be said that Bolanden is the most popular and widest read of contemporary German Catholic fiction writers. He was born on August 9, 1828, at Gailbach in the Rhenish Palatinate. He studied theology, and later was the parish priest in Börrstedt, and then at Beghausen, near Speyer. After giving up parish work he devoted himself entirely to literary labors. He was made a Papal Chamberlain by Pope Pius IX., in recognition of the merits of his efforts in the field of Catholic literature. Since then his labors have been prodigious. Almost every year he has produced several new volumes. The motive of his books he has found in history and in the problems of social life. He is a brilliant representative of the historical school of fiction. The great struggles between the Papacy and the imperial power at the time of Barbarossa and Henry IV., the Reformation and the peasant uprisings, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's, the march of Gustavus Adolphus against the imperial troops, Frederick the Great and the French Revolution, these are the events that he knows how to weave into breathless narratives full of fascinating personal interest.

All of his novels do not rise to the same high standard. When he touches upon modern times he becomes partisan and didactic, giving but little margin to poetry and the imagination. He then has other aims than merely to please. He wants to clear the atmosphere. Indeed his heroic tales are written with a purpose too. It is to refute some of the lies of history. Many critics condemn the purpose novel entirely as inartistic. Nevertheless, Bolanden has written a series of books which belong to the best that German literature has produced in the romantic field. His earlier novels are particularly to be commended "Luther s Brautfahrt" (1857), "Franz von Sickingen" (1859), "Königin Bertha" (1860), "Barbarossa" (1862), "Gustav Adolph" (1867–1870), "Canossa" (1872). After these followed: "Urdeutsch" (1875), "Bartholomäusnacht" (1879), "Altdeutsch" (1881), "Savonarola" (1882), "Neudeutsch" (1883), "Die Kreuzfahrer" (1885–1887), "Wambold" (1889), "Deutsche Kulturbilder" (1893), "Karl der Grosse" (1895), "Die Arche Noah" (1896), "Otto der Grosse" (1898). During these years also appeared the social romances: "Die Aufgeklärten" (1864), "Angela" (1866), "Die Schwarzen und die Rothen" (1868), "Die Unfehibaren" (1875), "Bankrott" (1877), "Die Ultramontanen" (1890), "Die Sozialen" (1891), "Die Sozialdemokraten und ihre Väter" (1894), "Die Volksverderber" (1896). He has also written a series of short stories. Many of his books have gone through ten and twenty editions.

Bolanden's style is always strong, impressive, and ardent. Sometimes he is blunt to the point of portraying scenes that might meet with objections on account of the hypersensitive and the young. On the other hand, this is a world of men and women, and a man of such profound purpose and seriousness as Bolanden can not always be held within the limitations of the hypersensitive, nor of the young person.

King Ratbodo.

A Tale of the Seventh Century.

BY CONRAD VON BOLANDEN.

I.

The region between the Rhine, the Ems, and the sea was occupied by the Frisians even in the earliest known times.

The Roman historians do not give us a pleasant picture of Frisia. What Tacitus and Pliny relate of the swamps and morasses of Germany was true of Frisia in a greater degree. Even in the seventh century the Christian missionaries found a wild and uncultivated country, wherein it was hardly possible for human beings to exist. Here the Frisians lived, surrounded by water, in it and on it, almost like the fishes.

Nevertheless no Teuton tribe was more jealous of its independence and liberty than the Frisians. They were overpowered by the Romans and paid tribute to the mistress of the ancient world for a time. Moreover, they also stained their honor with treachery against their fellow tribes, by serving the Roman Drusus, the stepson of Augustus. But their submission did not last long. As far back as the year 28 A. D. they rose against the Romans, defeated Julius Apronius, and that in so bloody a battle that the Romans never after dared to attack them.

The Frisians were as devoted to their traditional customs, habits, and religion as they were to their liberties. They stubbornly closed their hearts to the rising tide of Christian and civilizing influences. The holy bishops, Amandus, Eligius, Wilfred, and others, came to them and endured the hardships of the Frisian wildernesses with heroic devotion. But the teachings of

Christianity were not to Frisian taste. They wanted to live after the ancient, barbaric manner, without putting a curb on their desires in the commandments of a God who thought very differently than did their gods. Their gods never denied them anything they longed for. Never did the warlike Weda refuse the right of might. All the spoils a brave man could take were his. It was honorable to attack neighboring countries, kill whoever resisted, and return laden with plunder.

To this traditional custom Christianity opposed the command to love one's neighbor, to respect the possessions of others, and condemned pillage and murder. Their goddess Foseta, who presided over the scanty harvests, commanded but the slaves, the old and the weak, to till the fields, while the free and the able-bodied men lay around in idleness or went on plundering expeditions. The Frisians never neglected to offer her sacrifice when they set out on their raids of pillage and murder.

They thought the command of the Christian God, who laid the necessity of work upon free men also, contemptible and degrading. Their goddess Hertha loved debauching feasts, when she passed through the land in her covered wagon drawn by cows. Neither did she take it unkindly when they broke one another's skulls at the drunken carousals held in her honor. But the missionaries preached abnegation, temperance, and forgiveness.

Considering these contrasts, it is not to be wondered at that the efforts of the missionaries had little or no result. These rough men knew very well that their gods and their feasts would disappear with the acceptance of Christianity. Therefore they stiffened their strong necks against the call to the kingdom of God. They closed their eyes to the light and dwelt in the darkness. To win the favors of their gods by human sacrifices, to be lucky robbers, and brave warriors, seemed better and more manly to them than to submit their wild passions to the gospel of peace.

But the Frisians were not to be permitted to remain in their inherited barbarity. They themselves forged the hammer that was to break down their obstinacy.

The boundaries of Austrasia, the eastern part of the Frankish empire, and its rich settlements, spurred the Frisians to frequent raids. King Ratbodo had gathered his warriors once more and had broken into the land of the Franks, carrying fire and murder wherever he went. But this time he did not get very far. Like a storm wind, Pepin of Heristal and his Franks came from the Upper Rhine, defeated the Frisians in 684, and united the southern part of Frisia with his own domains. He even took Wiltaburg, as Utrecht was then called, where was the residence of King Ratbodo. There Pepin intended to establish an episcopal see, as a dam against Frisian paganism. He sent St. Willibrord to Rome with the request that the Pope consecrate him Bishop of Frisia.

In South Frisia, where Pepin ruled, the Bishop was very successful. But in North Frisia King Ratbodo remained obstinate to Christian teaching, though he permitted the missionaries to preach, and had even promised the victorious Pepin that he would receive baptism.

St. Willibrord returned from North Frisia to his see in Utrecht, having wrought but few conversions, and narrowly escaped death himself. But he was not gone long when a man appeared like whom there seemed to be no other, for his preachings were confirmed by wonders and miracles. This man was St. Wulfram, Archbishop of Sens, in Neustria, the western part of Frankish dominion. His prayers healed the blind and lame, and even brought the dead to life.

Appointed by God to preach the gospel to the Frisians, he obtained the sanction and help both of King Childebert, of Neustria, and of Pepin, of Heristal, of Austrasia, thus having back of him the entire power of the east and west domains of the mighty Franks. Wulfram set the affairs of his see in order, placed them in the hands of a successor, and then went to the Abbey of Fontinella. There he selected several devout and learned monks, and sailed down the Seine, and out into the sea, landing on the North Frisian coast.

King Ratbodo received the new missionary rather kindly and permitted him to preach the God of the Christians to the people.

II.

All paganism had one horror in common—that was human sacrifice. The cultured Greeks and Romans, as well as the barbarous Scythians and Teutons, killed human beings in honor of their gods. Even the chosen people of the Lord, the Jews, fell into the terrible error, in the periods in which they turned away from the true God. Jehovah threatened through Moses: "If any man of the children of Israel, or of the strangers that dwell in Israel, give his children to the idol Moloch, dying let him die."

Moloch was a truly diabolical invention. He had a bull's head, and was made of metal, hollow on the inside. He was heated until red preparatory to the sacrifice. Then living children were laid on his glowing arms, and that, too, in the presence of their mothers, who were not permitted to weep for fear of destroying the pleasure of the god. To drown the crying and moaning of the roasting children there was much singing and noisy music. Even the punishments and warnings of the true God were not always potent enough to destroy this horrible worship.

All Teutonic tribes had sacred groves in which dwelt their gods and where their feasts were celebrated. The slightest harm done to a tree in one of these groves was punished by death. On the day of the feast of Weda the Frisians streamed to the sacred grove, whose mighty oaks crowned a hill rising in rolling lines out of the surrounding plain. The women had decorated their attire with bright-colored ribbons, and the men and boys were in battle array. Behind the crowds, horses, oxen, and swine were led along, wreathed with oak-leaves, and gay with strips of bright-colored cloth. The beasts were to be offered to Weda and their flesh eaten at the feast to follow. There were also in the train wagons loaded down with kegs of beer and mead. Around these wild crowds danced and sang, enjoying their contents in anticipation.

The sacrificial victim was always chosen by lot. The young man who, according to custom, was to be sacrificed to Weda on this day was a touching sight. His head was wreathed with oak-leaves and his clothing gaily decorated. But his face was pale with dread, and with dull eyes he walked between two armed men, deaf to the cries and cheers of the passing youth of his own age. Just behind him walked his parents, their faces distorted by grief, showing that superstition and hideous custom were not strong enough to suppress all human emotion.

As they neared the sacred grove a troop of horsemen galloped by, King Ratbodo at their head. His clothing was of rich stuffs, undoubtedly the spoils of some foray into southern lands, for the Frisians went even as far as Spain. The embroidered mantle fluttered in the breeze, disclosing the tight-fitting, gold-trimmed under-body. On his head was a helmet, surmounted by an eagle with spread wings. In his leather belt hung a heavy sword with glittering hilt. As he passed he glanced sharply at the poor, bedizened victim. When he saw the pale youth and weeping parents a scornful look came into his weather-beaten face. He checked his horse and turned to his nearest follower.

" Weda's choice seems a peculiar one to-day. I did not think that our god of war liked rabbit-hearts. How does it seem to you, Viderich ? "

" I am always of your opinion, king," answered Viderich, whose helmet sported two mighty bull's horns. " As for the rest, the gods must have their way."

" Of course. As long as Weda likes human blood and helps us in our battles, he may have his will," said the king with a short laugh.

His manner showed no reverence for the gods. To him they were convenient so long as the religious customs and beliefs suited his personal desires. They were to him a political measure —and in this the Frisian barbarian was not unlike rulers of far later and different times.

As soon as the Frisians reached the sacred grove their boisterous manner changed, and they became very quiet. Free from all underbrush and aftergrowths, the grove was composed only of great oaks, whose immense trunks were like vast pillars. No game was permitted in the grove and no bird allowed to rest or build its nest there. Hence the silence of the grave, gloom and darkness. A sluggish stream flowed through the forest, its waters seeming black in the half light. Out of this murky pool welled the sacred spring. Beside it stood the temple. There, in the innermost part of the sanctum, were the chief gods. At the foot of the grim old oaks surrounding a circular opening the gods were placed on rough stone bases. They were all covered with a dark crust—the sacrificial blood that had been poured over them. The surrounding trees were also blood-bespattered, and hung with fresh and withered garlands, tablets covered with Runic inscriptions, and other decorations.

In the temple itself were many other images standing against the walls and facing the altar. Suspended from the ceiling, on an iron chain, hung an immense kettle, in which the flesh of animals sacrificed was cooked. Against the walls hung pans, bowls, knives, axes, and other implements. Numerous skulls standing on the surrounding shelves filled the Christian beholder with repugnance. They belonged to enemies and it was the custom to drink out of them on the feasts of Weda as well as at other times.

A low wall shut off the temple and sacred trees, and outside of the priest, his assistants, and those who brought offerings to the gods, no one was permitted to go within this wall.

Crowded together, and in utter silence, the Frisians stood about the temple and the sacred place. There was nothing of religious emotion to be seen on any of the faces—mere curiosity, oftener impatience at the delay of the joys of the feasting to come. Some of the older men and women, for whom the pleasures of the flesh no longer held any allurement, had thrown themselves down before the trees in the vicinity of the temple, imploring the help of the gods who were supposed to live in them.

In the foremost ranks of the waiting crowd stood the king, surrounded by those bravest in battle and wisest in council. He peered anxiously into the gloaming of the temple, where one could faintly see moving figures. The day was an important one to him, for out of the intestines of the sacrificial beasts the Alruna women were to read the will of Weda to him. It was not because the king cared, but because the superstition of his people demanded the sanction of the war god for their expeditions, and the king and his counselors had been planning another raid into Austrasia, despite the drubbing given them by Pepin of Heristal.

The deep call of horns at last announced the beginning of the feast. Out of the temple came the stately figure of the priest, clad in a long, white robe, a flowing white drapery on his head. In contrast with the rest of the men, who, according to the custom of the country, were either smooth-faced or had but a mustache, he wore a flowing beard. In his hand he carried a white wand, the sign of his dignity. Following him were two Alruna women, or prophetesses. They were uncanny-looking old creatures, whose gray hair fell unbound down their back. They, like the priest, were barefooted, and were also clad in long, white robes, held together from throat to feet by shining hooks. A bright copper girdle held their robes over the hips, and in their hands they carried long knives, intended to cut the throats of the sacrificial animals or of the human victims if there were any. After them came several of the priest's helpers. They carried a rope and a ladder.

At the same time Ovo, the bedecked and garlanded victim, was led forward by his parents. The unhappy youth had the calm of utter despair. His eyes were downcast. The convulsive twitching of his ghastly face was the only evidence of his dumb misery. His mother, however, had lost all control of herself. She wept and moaned while the father submitted in sullen silence to the hideous custom.

To-day the victim was not to be sacrificed by the knife of the Alruna women, but to be strangled to death by hanging. The helpers were beginning to pull up the rope when strange sounds came through the trees. They paused, startled, listening. It was the trained voices of monks chanting a psalm, and sounding through the ghastly grove of the bloody gods like a confession of the one true faith. Now the singers were coming into sight.

First walked a tall man, with raised eyes and uplifted right hand. He wore a long black robe with a white girdle, and the three men who followed him were clad in the same way.

Involuntarily the Frisians gave way before them.

"Brave King of the Frisians, we give you greeting," said the leader.

"I return your greeting, Bishop Wulfram. Why do you interrupt our feast?"

The last words were not spoken reproachfully, but with a pleasant smile. Political reasons moved Ratbodo to be agreeable to a man who was held in high regard in the western court of the Franks.

"Do not be wroth with me, gracious king," answered the saint gently. "I have come to protest against a sacrifice that is an abomination before the face of the almighty God. Give me the life of that youth."

"It is true, you ask but little—I should like to give you much more than a rabbit-hearted youth—yet it can not be. He belongs to Weda. What we take from men—animals, gold, silver, and other booty, we may give away, but not what belongs to the gods. That is sacred, and therefore I can not do what you ask."

"What you dare not take, I dare. Do not deny me, oh king. Leave it to Weda to punish me."

"How wise you are," laughed the king. "As far as I am concerned you may take what you like. I would like to see whether Weda can not protect his own."

But at these words the crowd began to mutter. The Alruna women made threatening gestures, and the priest stretched out his wand toward the king.

"You have no right over the sacrifices of the gods," he called out. "The young man shall hang from Weda's tree. If the God of the Christians is mighty enough to save his life after that, the youth may go to Him and to His servant Wulfram."

At these words the Frisians cheered.

"May it be so," said Ratbodo carelessly. "We will see who is mightiest, Weda or Christ."

Then at a sign from the priest the youth was drawn up and swung between heaven and earth.

At that Wulfram knelt down with arms outstretched and eyes raised heavenward. The Frisians could readily see that such a posture was ordinarily impossible for any length of time, and yet the saint kept it up for nearly two hours. Without the slightest tremor he knelt thus, his eyes alone showing his ecstasy.

The Frisians watched him with growing astonishment. Even the Alruna women shook their heads in astonishment, and muttered imprecations against the Christian magician. The priest, however, stood with folded arms and a triumphant smile, for the youth was long since quiet in death.

Ratbodo watched the proceeding in the attitude of the scoffer and doubter. The whole appearance of the saint was puzzling to him, and the suspicion that some unknown magic might produce such a result struggled with the thought that Wulfram was really the messenger of the one true God.

Suddenly the saint arose and looked toward the tree from which the youth was hanging. At the same moment the rope broke and the dead body fell to the ground. The Frisians marveled at the breaking of the thick rope, but they marveled even more at the action of the saint. Moving, with an inexpressible dignity, he went over to the corpse, and bending down, took the dead hand, and said in a loud voice:

"In the name of the almighty God and Our Lord Jesus Christ, I command you to rise and live."

At once the dead youth arose.

The effect of the miracle was indescribable. At first the Frisians stared in speechless fear at the scene. Then the spell broke and a loud outcry went through the crowd, followed again by silence.

The missionary stood in the center of the sacred circle and called out: "I prayed to the almighty God that He would give a sign in His mercy that would show you that there is but one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things, at whose command even the dead come to life. Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, has heard my prayers. You have seen the miracle with your own eyes. Now I entreat you do not shut your ears to the voice of God, which calls you to leave the darkness and deception of your gods and enter into the kingdom of truth and light. Whoever wants to live according to the law of the true God, let him follow me."

With these words he took hold of Ovo's hand and turned to go away.

"The God of the Christians is the true God," rose in a mighty cry from many throats, and men and women followed the bishop in crowds. Others held back under the threats of the priest and the Alruna women, and a wild confusion resulted. Ratbodo, however, looked on like a man who is well amused, and his chiefs followed his example.

"It was but a make-believe scene of the tricky Frank," he said to his companions, "for a dead man can not come to life."

In the mean time the saintly bishop was hurrying through the forest with his following. Once out of the gloom of the pagan grove, in the free sunshine of the summer day, he called his flock together and talked to the wild crowd like a loving father to ignorant children. In conclusion he invited them all to come to him on the next day.

And the feast of Weda was going on all the while. The sacrificial beasts were killed and their blood sprinkled over the altar, the walls of the temple, the statues, and, at last, the waiting people. The Alruna women drank of the blood and groped in the intestines of the dead animals. They were trying to find Weda's answer to the king's question.

At last, covered with blood, they came out before the people and raised their voices, saying:

"Hear, O ye Frisians, the will of your god Weda! Do not go against the Franks now. Wait until Franks fight with Franks!"

The impression made upon the crowd by the announcement of the will of the god was not pleasant. There were mutterings and discontented faces everywhere. A war-loving people does not like to be told to wait. Nevertheless they bowed to the oracle.

Against the wish of Weda, and without his assistance, they never ventured a fight.

Ratbodo himself was pleased with the oracle. He remembered the bloody defeats not long past, and was careful of meeting Pepin and his Franks.

"It is a wise oracle," he said to the sulking chieftains. "The Franks have ten good fighters for every Frisian, but not every Frisian can hold out against ten Franks. So it is best to wait until they fight each other."

"Since when does Ratbodo count his enemies?" asked Ingomar.

"I count them no more than you do. I am only more sensible, and watch for the circumstances which promise success."

"I think just as the king does," said Viderich, which showed that even the Frisian barbarian had his court flatterers.

The horns were blowing again announcing now that the sacred feast was ready. The king and the chieftains entered the temple, and the crowd came up close. The hideous goblets of Weda were taken from the shelves, and, standing in front of the altar, the priest drank first in honor of the war god. Then he filled another and passed it to the king, after that the chieftains drank, and then the common people. Having taken the sacred drink in the temple they wandered out into the grove. Here the kegs of beer and mead were opened, and now they drank not out of skulls, but from mighty horns. The sacrificial meats were eaten, and then toward evening began a wild music. Thus dancing and drinking in wildest abandon, the night closed in on the feast, now a scene of utter debauchery.

III.

St. Wulfram and his monks had much work for a time. The Frisians came in crowds for Christian instructions and baptism. It was a great and hard task to teach human beings in the lowest stage of development. Moreover, the teachings of the missionaries were opposed in all things to the traditional customs of the people.

Many wrongs, such as slavery for instance, could not be set aside at once. Moreover, if the people were to be made peaceful and weaned from their wildness, they had to be taught other ways of support than plundering and hunting. So the Benedictines taught the converts not only Christian doctrine, but how to plow and to plant. They built dunes to hold out the devastating sea, and sent to their abbey home at Fontinella for seeds and implements. In a few years the face of Frisia was greatly changed.

Ratbodo had given Wulfram land and a dwelling near his own residence. In this way he could best keep track of everything that happened at the mission.

The king himself remained obdurate in his paganism. Once he said, tauntingly, to the entreating Wulfram that if the Christian God would work a miracle for him especially he would be converted. Wulfram reminded him of the miracles he had seen and had not been converted. Then Ratbodo said that if the table in front of him were changed into gold he would yield, but Wulfram, in righteous indignation, told him how childish was such a request. All the while the chieftains were urging the king to send away the Bishop. But he laughed at them, saying that what Wulfram had built up he himself would destroy in ten days when the time came, just as had been done in the case of Willibrord and Wilfred, Egbert and Wigbert and so on. Even the king's little son, Clodio, was baptized and died a Christian, but the king only smiled. His day was coming, he held. It still suited his policy to be kind to a man who was in good standing at the Neustrian court.

Then Wulfram went back to Fontinella to get more monks, laborers, and lay brothers for his work in Frisia. The converted Frisians were beginning to realize the blessings of regular and well-ordered work. There were more and more laborers and fewer sea-robbers and warriors. Nevertheless, the great mass of the Frisian people remained obstinate, following the example of the king and the great chiefs.

Among the gods whose wrath the Frisians most feared was the god of the sea. The lowness of the land made frequent inundations inevitable. Besides, Frisians, when not robbing, were fishing, or living on the water in some way. Thus they were always anxious to pacify the mighty god of the floods.

On this day, too, a great multitude, together with the king and the chieftains, were gathered at the sea-coast, waiting to soothe the water deity by human sacrifice. The lot had fallen on two little boys this time, the only children of a widow. At the time of low tide the little ones were laid on a projecting point of land so that the rising waters would cover them. Their feet were tied so cunningly that the childish hands could not undo the knots. Thus they sat on the beach waiting the waters that were to be their death.

Several hundred feet back the crowds were gathered to watch the unhappy spectacle. In the foreground sat a young woman, the mother of the children, weeping and moaning in her grief, without, however, waking the faintest sympathy in the hearts of the bystanders.

The waters were even then advancing on the point of land, and a strong wind was driving up the flood in great waves. The little ones began to scream in terror as the spray struck them, and the mother sprang to her feet. If she had not been held fast she would have flung herself into the water with her children. Gradually the land disappeared, nothing was left but the raised point to which the children clung. One could see how the older boy was trying to hold up his little brother.

"King!" said a voice, ringing with a holy anger, "why this abomination before the eyes of almighty God?"

Ratbodo started and the chieftains stared in silent astonishment.

"We are offering sacrifice to the god of the waters," said the king, after a moment. "Go take the victims away from him if you can; they may be your slaves and the slaves of your God for the rest of time," he added with a sneer.

"So be it," answered Wulfram. Turning, he made the sign of the cross over the rising tide and walked out as if on solid land. The Christians present in the crowd cried aloud for joy, but the pagans stood in wonder bordering on fear. The king himself was most moved by the miraculous sight. His eyes were fixed, his face pale as death. He was convinced that in the saint walking thus unharmed over the waters he saw an unmistakable manifestation of the power of the Christian God.

"That is even more than a golden table," he whispered, tremblingly.

Wulfram lifted the children out of the water and carried them to the land. At once the Frisians crowded about him, asking to be made Christians. Ratbodo himself said:

"It is but right that a man should keep his word. I said to you years ago that if your God would make a golden table before my eyes, I would become a Christian. But He did more. He made a solid floor of the moving sea. Come to me every day and instruct me."

At last the day of baptism arrived. The Frisians stood round the baptismal font in a wide circle, most of them being menials and slaves. Few free men and no chiefs seemed to desire the grace of entering the kingdom of God. King Ratbodo, in his rich clothing, looked contemptuously at the tattered, half-naked crowd. Moreover the Christian teaching that the least was as much before God as the greatest was not to his liking. All his pride rebelled against being placed on a level with these creatures, who could be bought and sold like cattle. After the custom of the time, those who were to be baptized stepped into the water, standing thus, while the priest poured water over their heads. It was the king's turn to be baptized. He had placed one foot into the spring. He paused.

"One more question, bishop," he said. "I ask you and entreat you, in the name of God, to tell me whether the kings and chiefs of the Frisian people are in the heavenly place which you have promised me if I believe and am baptized, or whether they are in the darkness of everlasting damnation."

The saint looked keenly at the questioner. He saw through the pride of spirit, which at the last moment rebelled against its associations and sought an escape from what seemed humiliation. So the bishop did not answer conciliatingly, but pointedly:

"Only he who believes and is baptized may enter into the glories of Christ."

Ratbodo drew his foot out of the water, raised himself proudly, and said:

"Then I will rather go down to hell with my ancestors, the rulers of Frisia, than to heaven with these beggars."

He turned and walked away with raised head.

After this nothing but the much desired friendship of the western Franks kept Ratbodo from persecuting Wulfram.

IV.

At last the opportunity so long hoped for came.

Pepin of Heristal, called *Major domus,* and, in fact, ruler of the whole great Frankish empire, died in 714. He left a widow, Plectrudis, and several sons, of whom Charles, called Martel, or the Hammer, was destined to play a great rôle in the history of the world. Plectrudis hated Charles because he was her stepson, and moreover the favorite of the eastern Franks, the Austrasians. Pepin was barely dead when she had Charles imprisoned. It was her intention to make Grimoald, her own son, ruler. Grimoald, however, who had taken to wife Teutsinde, the daughter of the Frisian Ratbodo, was assassinated by a Frisian. Then Plectrudis centered her ambitious plans in Theudebald, Grimoald's son, and, of course, her grandson. She herself acted as regent.

But the Neustrians, or western Franks, held in check until now by Pepin's strong arm, took the opportunity to rebel against the dominion of the eastern Franks.

Chilperic II., King of Neustria, made a treaty with the Frisian king, and together they attacked the Austrasians from opposite sides at the same time. Ratbodo swept over the land like a storm wave. He first retook South Frisia, drove out the Franks, burned churches and convents, banished the priests and restored the old gods. What St. Willibrord, the Archbishop of Utrecht, had built up in many years, was destroyed in a few days. Drunken with victory, triumphant over the reconquest of South Frisia, Ratbodo invaded Austrasia, carrying fire and rapine and ruin wherever he went. Thus he finally reached Cologne, where he joined the forces of the Neustrians.

The towers and walls of Cologne stopped him here, and he and his hordes comprehended for the first time the value of cities and fast places.

Plectrudis was in Cologne with her grandchildren and her treasures. She tried to buy off the Frisians and to induce them to return home by offering them great sums of money. Ratbodo was well satisfied to accept her offers. He had won back South Frisia and gratified for the time the instincts of greed and battle in his people.

The Neustrians made no objection to his departure. They, too, were homeward bent, for in the distance new storm clouds were arising. Charles Martel had escaped from his jailers and was gathering the eastern Franks for the fight.

Ratbodo did not get very far. At Stablo Charles Martel overtook him and thoroughly "hammered" him. Once more the Frisian king promised to become a peaceable Christian and to put nothing in the way of the missionaries in North Frisia. He did not keep the first part of the promise this time either, although he did the second. Moreover, the king was melancholy since his last defeat. Sometimes he was tired of life. His bravest chiefs had fallen in the fight with Martel. Every year there were fewer sea-robbers and more laborers. Weda himself had been false to his promise of help in the expedition against Austrasia. In addition, the king was tortured by a certain fear of hell. He did not like the thought of an everlasting thirst, for Ratbodo could not stand thirst, and emptied many mighty horns every day with his boon companions trying to keep from getting thirsty. And had not Wulfram said that the thirst of hell was much greater than the thirst of this life?

Then, at last, the Frisian barbarian hatched out a compromise with his conscience and his desires. He would be baptized and believe everything that was asked of him, but he would cling to his old habits here, and if possible get the best of things on the other side too. On this basis he asked the holy bishop, Wulfram, to baptize him.

"It is impossible, gracious king," said the saint. "You would like to believe as a Christian, but live as a pagan, and that is not to be done. We are not saved by faith alone, but by faith and works. Jesus Christ says: 'Wilt thou enter into life, keep My commandments.' If you wish to escape eternal damnation, you must become a Christian in faith and in works."

Ratbodo did not like the answer. He thought Wulfram a hard and obstinate man. Archbishop Willibrord, he believed, would be more lenient. So he sent his confidant, Viderich, to Utrecht, where Charles Martel had restored the saintly bishop to his see.

Willibrord received the royal messenger most kindly.

"But why," he asked, "if your king will not hearken to the voice of my brother in the holy office, should he listen to me?"

"But he will," Viderich assured him. "You are his favorite, and he will let himself be baptized by you."

The almost eighty-year-old Willibrord shook his bowed head thoughtfully.

"I am afraid it is too late. I have a feeling that the king will not be living when we get there."

"That feeling does not mean anything," Viderich answered. "The king is as chipper as a fish in the water. Therefore come, holy man, and hasten to do as the king wishes."

The weak old bishop started out, but after the first day's journey, a messenger met them with the announcement that Ratbodo had died without baptism.

"What a terrible lot," said the Archbishop sadly. "How many times God's grace was manifested to him by the preachings of the missionaries, by miracles, and signs. How long-suffering was the mercy of God, and yet over and over again he refused to yield to its inspirations."

Bemoaning thus the misfortune of Ratbodo, Willibrord returned to Utrecht.

Wulfram left Frisia the next year, A. D. 720, unable to stand the hardships of missionary life any longer on account of his advancing age. He went to the Abbey of Fontinella, where he lived thereafter as a simple monk and died in a few years. But what he had wrought in the land of the Frisians during twenty years of hardship did not perish, for he was followed almost at once by the great apostle of the Germans—St. Boniface.

ANTONIE HAUPT.

ANTONIE HAUPT is the pen-name of Victorine Endler, who was born in Treves, on January 17, 1853, the oldest daughter of a well-known physician, Dr. Bleser, and his wife Anna, whose maiden name was Jacoby. Dr. Bleser was noted as a man of broad culture in many directions, and directed the studies of his children himself. When he died suddenly, in 1878, his daughters, Victorine and Maria, began to write, primarily as a relief from the profound sorrow and loneliness which the death of such a father naturally brought into their lives and hearts. Maria has become well known and liked under the name of Alinda Jacoby. Victorine, following the trend of her father's teachings, turned especially to historical fiction, finding her material chiefly in the traditions of her picturesque native city. The chronicles of the ancient city of Treves and of the beautiful Moselle Valley have furnished her with the motives of many of her stories. Sometimes she chooses the romantic past of her second home in Hildesheim, where she has lived since 1887, when she was married to Bernard Endler, a merchant of Hanover. On the same day, May 26, her sister, Maria, married Herr Krug, a manufacturer of Mayence. Even though housewives and mothers, it has been vouchsafed to both of the sisters to continue their literary activities.

The following of Antonie Haupt's novels have appeared in book form: "Ein Adlicher Spross," "Im Anker," "Ein Moselied," "Die letzte Gräfin von Manderscheid," "Haideröslein," "Das Geheimniss des Waldes von St. Arnual," "Die Tochter des Alemannenkönigs," "Der Weg zum Glück," "Das Goldene Dach zu Hildesheim," "Hexe und Jesuit," "Der Heilige Rock," and "Bernward von Hildesheim." Her shorter stories and sketches have appeared in many periodicals. Her style is easy and piquant and, in the presentation of the peculiarities and customs of long past days, she shows a marvelous wealth of detail that gives an air of vivid realism to her writings.

Nicholas Cusanus.

BY ANTONIE HAUPT.

I.

"WELL, Catherine! Now that our house is all locked up from garret to cellar, we can go to the boat with easy minds and start for the Netherlands."

Thus spoke the boatman and shipper, Nicholas Krebs of Kues on the Moselle, as he turned the key to his house door twice. Then he drew two more bolts and fastened them with padlocks, and he and his good wife Catherine, and their two little daughters, Clara and Margaret, started toward the river. The only son, Claus, was waiting for them down on the boat. His father had sent him on ahead of the rest to scour and clean the deck thoroughly before the journey.

It was still very early in the morning. Through the rising mists one could faintly see the outlines of the boat piled high with oak bark from the surrounding hills. The boatman Krebs meant to sell it to rich tanners on the way down, and bring back coal from the Low Countries when returning. He had been doing this many a long year and had, indeed, made considerable money at it.

He would have been well pleased with his good trade as a boatman and shipper, and with his little family, if only his son Claus had shown any aptitude for following in his father's ways and becoming a boatman and shipper also. Blows and scoldings were often the lot of the boy, but they did no good.

"Oh, father," his wife would plead sometimes, "do not be so hard on the boy. He has a different spirit from ours and we can not hold him down."

But Krebs would fly into a fury at this. "The boy must obey me, or I'll beat him until he does. When I think he has mended the sails, I find him buried in a piece of old parchment, trying to make out what the curls and scratches on it mean. When I think that he has rolled up the ropes I find him in a corner with some old chronicle, doing nothing. Things must change, or the cup of my endurance will run over."

And that same thing happened that very morning, on the first day of the month of joy, May, 1413. For the deck was anything but clean, and the negligent one was not to be found anywhere. At last Nicholas discovered him crouched in a corner of the cabin, and so absorbed in the parchment pages before him that he did not hear his father's coming. Suddenly blows fell on his knowledge-loving head like hail on a summer field.

"Good-for-nothing, that is the way you do your duty!" The angry father wrenched the pigskin volume out of his hand and threw it onto the shore.

"But father, father," entreated the boy, "the chronicle does not belong to me. I must give it back to the young Counts of Manderscheid. They were in Kues not long ago with their tutor and I showed them the church."

A terrible fury seized the man. "If you think more of your chronicle than you do of your father, you should follow it and not me. I am not your father—I disown you." He seized the poor little fellow and flung him ashore, too, where he lay, senseless.

Mistress Catherine came wringing her hands and weeping.

"Father, what have you done? Have pity on your only son."

"Women's tears disgust me," he said, and then added sarcastically, "Wipe your eyes in peace. The likes of him is not so easily killed. You will see your darling Claus again."

Little did he dream how she would see her son again! And leaving him there, Nicholas Krebs sailed down the Moselle.

When the poor little boy Krebs had thrown ashore came back to his senses, the precious chronicle was the very first thing he looked for. He found it, a little spattered with mud, to be sure, but otherwise unspoiled. Then, feeling deeply guilty on account of his disobedience, and crying bitterly, he went to the house of his father's sister and asked her to take him in. He did not know any other place to go to.

But she told him to go on.

"Away with you," she said, "you lazy thief of time! Your father was right to put you out. What shall I do with you? Go try for yourself now and see what you can earn."

She cut a great slice from a loaf of bread of her own baking and threw it to him. "There is something for you on your way."

Claus took the bread humbly, put it in his pocket and said:

"I thank you, aunt."

And then he went on.

Mistress Annemarie looked after him as he walked along, so dejected and miserable.

"It is better so. The boy must learn the hardness of life and be made to understand that reading books and doing nothing bring no profit to any one." Thus she tried to excuse herself for her treatment of him.

Above Kues, on the banks of the Moselle, there was a little wayside shrine, dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron of sailors and boatmen. The holy bishop stood there, life size, in his pontifical robes, holding a basket full of children, whom, according to the tradition, he is said to have brought back to life after they were dead.

Here the outcast child stopped and knelt down. He lifted up his great dark eyes and prayed trustingly.

"O, my dear patron, pray for me to the good Lord that He may forgive my sin against my father. Be my helper and protector now, for my own father has cast me off, as I deserved. You were a great friend of the children—help me, too. I trust in your guidance. Help me to find a place where I may work and become a useful man. O, I will do any kind of work without grumbling. Prompt me that I may know whither I should turn."

As he knelt there praying with clasped hands, something fell noisily to the ground. It was the chronicle.

"Oh, yes, my holy patron," said the boy. "You remind me that before I go out into the wide world I must give this back to its owners. The young counts were going to call for it themselves at my home. But they can not do so now, for I no longer have a home."

He fervently said another "Our Father." Then he rose.

"Now for Manderscheid," he whispered.

He stepped out into the soft spring air and the warm sunshine. The waves of the Moselle murmured softly, and boats glided over the clear waters. Over the high hills across from him hung a bluish mist. It was a joyous May day. But Claus saw nothing. He was thinking: "How can I get to Manderscheid?"

Then the little fellow remembered that he heard some one say casually that the castle of the Manderscheids rose above the Lieser brook. "Then I will go to the brook and if I follow it, in time I must come to the castle."

He started on, up the Moselle, and soon found the mouth of the Lieser. For fear of losing the way he clung to the water, even when the path seemed to follow shorter paths inland. "If I stick to the water I can not get lost," he told himself.

He quenched his thirst with the clear water of the brook, and when he was hungry ate of the bread his aunt had given him. He could not have brought himself to beg for anything in the little places he passed as he traveled along. But when night came he was frightened. Fortunately he saw a shepherd bringing his sheep into the pen. Claus went up to him and asked:

"Is it far to the castle of Manderscheid?"

The old herder, who was walking along slowly knitting at a stocking, pushed his weather-worn shepherd's hat on one side of his head, and looked at the strange boy in astonishment.

"Yes, lad," he said then. "If that is where you want to go, it will take you four hours longer. It would be better for you to look for shelter in the next village, and stay the night, and go on your journey to-morrow."

"But I can't do that. I haven't any money," said Claus, barely able to keep his tears back. The old man looked at the pretty boy with a kindly scrutiny.

"You do not look like the child of poor people. Did you run away from your parents?"

"Oh, no, no," he said. "My father cast me off because I was disobedient."

"So, a little good-for-nothing? How did that happen?"

"Oh, good man, I can not tell you now, I am so tired."

And truly the poor fellow looked as if he would sink down.

"I am sorry for you, child," said the old man. "Come with me. I will give you shelter in my hut for the night. I have two out here. My little grandson, about as big as you, often comes and stays out in the fields with me all night."

Perhaps the old man was thinking of his grandson even then. When they came to the hut he pointed to the trunk of a tree, and told the boy to sit down. Then he brought him bread and a bowl of warm goat's milk.

Claus took what was offered him thankfully and did not need to be urged to eat. How often he had wished he might spend a night out in the fields with the shepherd lads, and yet, now that he had his wish, his heart was very heavy. But he slept very well and woke up the next morning fresh and hopeful. The larks were singing and the sheep crowding toward the gates. The little grandson came soon and brought a nourishing oatmeal soup and bread and butter. The old man loyally shared this tempting breakfast with the little stranger.

"Now go," he said to the boy, "in God's name. Trust in Him who sends us rain and sunshine. You have told me your story, and I know that you are not a bad boy. Do not cry any more. Sadness does not mend anything. You, Peter, show Claus the way across the rocks. Now go on together."

The boys started off. Peter knew the paths that led between the steep, moss-grown rocks. After a little while they came to a plateau. In the distance, higher hill tops rose from it. Peter pointed to the highest one of them all:

"See, that is the Mosenberg. A long time ago he threw out streams of fire. Keep to the left and you will get to Manderscheid without taking the hard road along the brook."

Claus thanked his little guide and went on merrily. It was not yet noon when he reached the village, lying up high in the hills, and looked across the deep ravine through which the Lieser poured in torrents. Two steep crags rose out of the ravine and above them, the towers of the castle. At the welcome sight the boy began to run. In a few minutes he was at the castle gate. The drawbridge was let down and the gate was open. It was a time of peace. So he entered unhindered into the court.

Here—what delight!—his young friends, the sons of the Count, were playing games on the green grass. Silent and shy, Claus remained in the arch of the gate and watched the play.

Diedrich, the oldest, and the heir, saw him first and called out delightedly:

"Claus, Claus, our little scholar from Kues!"

William, the wildest of the lot, ran toward Claus and gave him such a hug that the slight little fellow was almost crushed.

Then Ulric, a serious, pleasant boy came forward:

"Let Claus alone. He is my friend. He is coming to see me. and to return my chronicle. Isn't it so?"

Claus could only nod his head.

Ulric went on: "You are heartily welcome to our home."

"Yes," added Diedrich. "You shall be shown every courtesy as our guest."

But as Claus was still silent, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, the boys were alarmed, and went after their tutor, the wise doctor of theology, Conradus.

The reverend gentleman who now came along in his plain, black soutane was soldier, priest and scholar. He had accompanied the Count to the Holy Land and now he was chaplain and tutor at the castle. He took the boy's hand and said kindly:

"Tell me your trouble, dear child. Maybe I can help you."

Then Claus' tongue was loosened, and he told his tale in a few, quick words.

A look of great sympathy came into the clergyman's eyes.

"Do not worry, my child," he said. "God is pleased with your contrition. He will not forsake you. I will put in a good word for you at once with the Count, and ask him to give you some work. Just wait here." Then he went into the castle.

Claus began to feel safe already.

The Count's sons crowded around him, and stroked his hands sympathetically.

"Poor Claus! You will have to come and stay with us all the time." At once they began to make plans for their future amusements.

Claus' heart was beating in expectation, but he had begun to smile again when Dr. Conradus returned and said to him:

"The Count would like to see you. Come with me."

In a narrow, high-arched room, the library of the castle, Count Diedrich I., of Manderscheid, sat at a writing-table. Before him were rolls of parchment and bundles of deeds and manuscripts. The shelves about him were filled with documents, treating of the rights and duties of subjects and rulers, and agreements with the lords of adjoining estates. Not the least in it all were the family documents and chronicles.

The chief treasure, in the eyes of the Count, was a copy of the Holy Scriptures, which he had, in part, transcribed himself and illuminated with beautiful designs and initial letters. There were also the songs of the troubadours and the minne-singers, which he had gathered during the Crusades, transcribed and illuminated also by his own labor and skill.

Count Diedrich was of a different temper from most of the knights of his time and vicinity. He was a scholar. His enthusiasm for the Holy Land had inspired him at one time to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem accompanied by his wife Elizabeth. There he fought against the Saracens for the holy places, and was made a knight by a German Prince in the year 1390. His armor, and that of his wife, still adorn the halls of his descendants and show many a mark of Saracen blows.

The Count himself was large and powerful, with clear cut features and deep blue eyes, that had something of the look of the dreamer and the mystic. This was the man whom Claus approached now with fear and trembling.

" You are welcome, little Cusanus. My good Dr. Conradus has spoken so well of you that I am disposed to keep you here and give you some easy work. You are to herd the cows and horses every afternoon, but never to take a book along with you while you are herding. Will you do that?"

"O, I shall be so glad to do everything you tell me, gracious sir," Claus answered humbly.

A smile hovered about the Count's lips.

"Well, then, I command you strictly, and I must not be disobeyed. Every morning, between the time of the morning soup and the noon-day meal, you are to share my sons' instructions and try to learn something."

Claus stood speechless and immovable at these words. Then suddenly a great happiness overcame him, and forgetting his shyness he fell on his knees before the Count and kissed his hands.

"How can I thank you, sir?" he stammered.

"By your actions," the Count answered quietly. "Go now to my sons. To-day you may share their play. But first go to the kitchen and let them give you something to eat—you must be hungry."

The life that began now was such as Claus had never dared to hope for. Breathlessly, with infinite desire for knowledge, he followed the teachings of the learned Dr. Conradus. His enthusiasm and eagerness carried the Count's sons with him, so that Count Diedrich blessed the day when he had taken in the little outcast.

When Claus was herding the cattle and horses in the afternoon, the young counts and their tutor generally came down to the pasture. And a jolly herding it was then. The herders and the colts leaped and played, trying to outdo each other. The tutor often had hard work to bring his pupils home in the evening.

Thus several years passed.

Then Dr. Conradus went to the Count one day and said:

"My task is ended. I can do no more for your sons, nor for the youth Claus of Kues. It might be well to send your sons now to the great college at Deventer, and, if you want to do a good deed, send Claus of Kues along with them. If this youth is permitted to continue his studies, I promise you that he will astonish the world some day and be a light of learning."

Count Diedrich nodded:

"I have thought that same thing. Claus shall go to Deventer also."

And thus it happened that Claus, or rather Nicholas, for he had grown to be a handsome young man by this time, and his three young friends, the Counts of Manderscheid, went to that famous school of the Netherlands, which the "Brethren of the Life in Common" conducted at Deventer.

After completing his studies in this model school, he was sent to the University of Padua by his generous patron, where he was made a Doctor of Law and a Doctor of Divinity, and then took Holy Orders, as he felt that he had a vocation for the priestly life.

II.

Soft and golden the autumn sun fell into the valley of the Moselle in the year 1451. It flooded the steep hills, with their vinegrown terraces, and the wide stretches of oak forests, all brilliant with many hues.

Everything was touched with the glory of color, and above all the riot of tints arched the faintly blue sky. The waves of the Moselle glittered and glistened, and boats and skiffs enlivened the river. From the Elector's castle, above the little town of Bernkastel, the yellow and blue flag of the electorate fluttered in the breeze, and sent greetings across the river to Kues.

What unusual activity bestirred the beautiful valley of the Moselle? From Bernkastel to Kues boats were crossing continually, filled with people in holiday attire. From the hills people came down in long streams. The banks of the river were alive with expectant groups.

A message of joy had reached Kues: The noblest son of the valley, the intellectual giant and the prince of the Church, the famous Cardinal Cusanus, is coming to visit his native town. The fame of his greatness has long since reached even this quiet corner of the Moselle Valley. He, who has traveled through most of the civilized world, is passing from place to place, since the first of the year, as Papal Legate in the German countries, announcing the jubilee of Nicholas V., and working toward the spiritual regeneration of convents and clergy. His success is wonderful. A fresh breath of inspiration and of regeneration is coming to the Church through Cusanus.

The Cardinal Nicholas Krebs of Kues was the son of that sailor who once threw his too studious boy off his boat and left him to his fate as a good-for-nothing.

On the spot where the boy struck the land there was now a stately group of buildings with a Gothic church. It was not yet completed and was destined to be a hospital for old and crippled people. The founder of the place was none other than Cardinal Nicholas Cusanus.

His father had long since giving up shipping and was now living as a well-to-do burgher in the old stone house on the banks of the Moselle. His housewife, Mistress Catherine, was still alive. But the old people were very lonesome.

Since the memorable day when he cast him off, Krebs had not seen his son. His two daughters, Margaret and Clara, were not at home either. The Cardinal took care that his sisters were educated in the fine female school he founded. Thus it happened that distinguished men were suitors for the hands of the Cardinal's handsome sisters. Clara was married to the prætor, or mayor, of Treves, Paul von Brysich. Margaret had married the Court Bailiff Matthias at Bernkastel. Both couples had hastened to Kues and were standing behind their parents in the pushing, eager crowd. As the son of a boatman, the famous, simple-hearted man wanted to come to his old home on a boat.

The news that the Papal Legate would come from Treves to Kues on the seventh day of the first autumn month brought Paul von Brysich himself to Kues, with the news of the Cardinal's coming. And then Kues and the neighborhood began to prepare for a worthy reception. A landing was hastily constructed to reach to the ship. Over it a triumphal arch was built, decorated with pine trees and bright with flags and streamers. The houses were hung with garlands and flags. Flowers and carpets covered the streets from the landing-place to the church.

Under the triumphal arch, however, stood the venerable priest of Kues with the abbot of Sponheim and of Springirsbach in festival robes and surrounded by their assistants, together with the clergy of neighboring places.

The four Counts of Manderscheid had also ridden up in great state. They would not be denied the honor of carrying the canopy under which the famous man was to walk.

With mingled feelings of expectation and remorse, the old parents stood timidly behind all these great ones.

"Oh, mother, how will our learned son approach us?" the old man said nervously to his wife. She, dressed in the simple and unassuming manner which she had always followed, did not answer. She listened instead ecstatically to the conversation of the Abbots of Sponheim and of Springirsbach. The Abbot of Sponheim had just said:

"Truly Cardinal Cusanus seems like an angel of light and of peace in the midst of the darkness and confusion which is in Germany. He is succeeding in restoring harmony and unity in the Church and the authority of the Holy Father. He is sowing a rich and fruitful seed of faith and charity. One might call him the apostle of piety and of learning. It is wonderful how this great spirit can settle all controversies peacefully."

Then the Abbot of Springirsbach added:

"But his activity is just as great and as beneficent in the realms of natural history, and of mathematics, and astronomy. He fills me with awe. One could think him a magician, if he were not known as a model of priestly virtues. Just think, he claims that the earth turns on its own axis and keeps up a progressive motion around the sun!"*

The Abbot of Sponheim shook his head thoughtfully:

"If he is right, he will be praised some day as the greatest mind of our age."

"Oh, he is that anyway—"

Then suddenly the church bells of Lieser, of Andel, of Bernkastel, and of Kues began to ring, so that the echoes came back from the hills.

"The Cardinal's boat is in sight," was the message that had come from the lookout on the hills.

At last the boat came gliding along majestically, flying the papal colors beside those of Treves, and hung over and over with draperies and rugs of cardinal red. Under the canopy stood the Cardinal himself, surrounded by clergy, high officials, and members of the nobility.

First there was an awed silence, as in a church; then, however, the cheers broke forth like the roar of the surf:

"Long live Cusanus! Long live the Cardinal!" Kerchiefs were waved and hats thrown into the air. As the boat approached the landing-place, there was silence again, however. The Cardinal, tall and strong, with his face shaded by the red hat, his figure enveloped in the red robe, stepped on shore. His big, dark eyes lighted with enthusiasm as he looked upon the scenes of his childhood. He looked down, and it seemed as if the mighty man would kiss the ground of his native land, but he did not. His fine energetic face, with its full red lips, and straight, classical nose grew tender, however, for a moment.

The priest of Kues stepped up before the Cardinal and greeted him in Latin as the founder of the hospital, the benefactor of the town for all time.

After Cusanus had answered fittingly, in Latin also, the clergy and people knelt and asked for the episcopal blessing.

---

* Nicholas of Cusa was, as is well known, the forerunner of Copernicus and of Galileo in maintaining the immobility of the sun as the center of the planetary system.

During this time Nicholas Krebs and his wife had drawn back more and more. Krebs nudged his wife:

"God help us," he said, "if this great gentleman is our son."

But Mistress Catherine answered, much moved:

"He is. He is my son."

The four Counts of Manderscheid came forward and raised the canopy. But the Cardinal was looking into the crowd. He had heard a feeble voice cry:

"Claus, my son!"

Then suddenly he moved toward a little old woman, opened his arms, and clasped her tenderly to him.

"Mother," he said. "Mother, I have you again. God has kept you for me."

But the old woman said shamefacedly, while the tears stood in her eyes:

"I am not worthy of such a son. Here is your father."

Yes, there stood Nicholas Krebs, timid and ashamed, his hat in his hand: "My son and Lord Cardinal, can you forgive me, that I once threw you out into the world, not understanding the greatness of your mind?"

Cusanus laughed. "My dear father, that was a good deed. You see it turned into a blessing for me. Forgive the lazy boy, in your turn, and then everything will be well." Then he kissed his father, too.

He held out his hand lovingly to his sister Clara, and motioned to her husband, the Mayor of Treves, to step up. Then he looked about.

"Where is my sister Margaret?"

Some one came rustling up in a gold-brocade gown, with a purple cloak, stiff with gold embroideries. The lady, whose beautiful head was crowned with jewels, bowed low, and said:

"Lord Cardinal, I am your sister Margaret, now the wife of the Court-Bailiff Matthias of Bernkastel."

The Cardinal's dark eyes looked her up and down, as if he had never seen her.

"You are not my sister. No one belonging to me dresses in such costly clothes," and then he turned away and left Margaret weeping.

The Cardinal was led to the church and then the pontifical Mass began. Scarcely a tenth of those who had come could enter the church, but those who stood outside also took an ardent part in the holy celebration.

When the ceremonies at the church were over, the Cardinal was escorted to the refectory of the hospital he had founded. The buildings were not yet completed, but the garlands and draperies hid all that. All the rich families of the neighborhood had sent draperies and carpets to help decorate the hall. A table arranged in the form of a horseshoe, and covered with satiny linen, filled three sides. Gold and silver tableware glittered on it, all joyously loaned for the great occasion. The middle section of the table was raised. Here the Counts of Manderscheid put up their canopy.

That was a joyous meeting between the counts and the Cardinal. To be sure, the Cardinal's noble benefactor, the old Count Diedrich, was gone. His son Diedrich had taken his place and was much beloved by his subjects.

The earnest and thoughtful Ulric, whom Claus had loved particularly, had died in 1436 as Bishop of Treves. Two of the counts were canons in Cologne, and one was a monk in Echternach. The last one whispered to Cusanus: "We did not get as far as you have." The Cardinal answered solemnly: "Everything that I have done with the help of God, I owe to your noble father and his charity, and I remember him every day, when I say the holy Mass."

As the assembled guests prepared to go to table, the Cardinal asked that on this, his great day, his parents be placed as his neighbors on the right and on the left. Opposite him he wished to have his sister Clara and her husband, the Mayor of Treves. His sister Margaret in the mean time had come back, humbly attired in simple garments, asking the Cardinal's forgiveness.

"I thought I owed you that tribute to your greatness," she said in excuse. Then he asked that Margaret and her husband be placed opposite him, too.

Thus the day became a happy family reunion for the Cardinal.

In spite of all the formal grandeur which surrounded him, and which he had to permit on account of his position, and in spite of the great reputation that he had won for himself, Nicholas Cusanus preserved, in his own private life, a patriarchal simplicity.

That sunny day in September of 1451, on which he celebrated a reunion with all the companions of his youth still left in this world, had been a day of unclouded happiness for the Cardinal. Even so, it was a day of glory to the inhabitants of the Moselle valley for many miles around. Long after the great man had passed on his blessed way, they still talked of it.

The Cardinal died on August 11, in 1464, after a visit to Todi in Umbria, where he went as the Papal Legate. He was then Prince Bishop of Brixen.

The beautiful monument, which he made for himself when he founded the hospital of Kues, is still standing, and continues to this day in its blessed work. The buildings are in perfect preservation inside and out, just as the Cardinal had them built. Thirty-three weak old men are cared for in the hospital. The cruciform wings, and the beautiful Gothic church adjoining, are one of the sights of the vicinity. Here, beneath a metal plate, rests the heart of the great man, and beside him lies his favorite sister Clara. Her memorial stone has a fine portrait in relief of her.

On the wall of the refectory is a painting of Cusanus and under it is inscribed:

"A true representation of the Reverendissimi et illustrissimi Nicolaus von Cusa, Cardinal and Bishop of Brixen, Founder of the Hospital at Kues."

Honor be to his memory!

REV. JOSEPH SPILLMANN, S.J.

Father Spillmann was born on April 22, 1842, in Zug, Switzerland. In his short stories he gives a vivid and moving description of his picturesque native town. The boy began his studies at the gymnasium of his home town. His delicate health, however, interrupted these studies for a time and he went to work in his father's mill. This active exercise was so beneficial that he was soon enabled to resume his studies, going to the Jesuit College at Feldkirch this time. After staying here for four years he went to the Jesuit novitiate of Gorheim near Sigmaringen. After that, together with Baumgartner and other friends of his Feldkirch days, he studied at Münster in Westphalia. Then he took up philosophy at the monastery at Maria-Laach. He took part in the Franco-Prussian war as a volunteer nurse, and in 1872 he was awarded a medal for his heroic services. Nevertheless, he was banished with his Order shortly afterwards. In order to continue his studies he then went to England He was ordained to the priesthood in 1874, and was sent to Tervueren, in Belgium, where he became associate editor of the famous periodical, *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* and *Katholische Missionen.*

Here Father Spillmann developed a remarkable and distinguished literary activity. Stories and sketches for the young, scientific and travel tales compiled from the rich resources of the Maria-Laach correspondence and relations, came from his pen in rapid succession. What a wealth of valuable material is contained in the mission paper is shown in the collection of the large monographs "Rund um Afrika," "Durch Asien," "Ueber die Südsee," "In der neuen Welt," which Father Spillmann compiled from the different volumes. Besides his large works, valuable from an historical and a geographical point of view, Father Spillmann published a series of stories from mission countries under the title of "Aus Fernen Landen." But of more importance here are his novels and romances. Of these the first eight volumes appeared under the title of "Wolken und Sonnenschein," now in their fifth edition. "One can hardly say what is most admirable in these novels," writes a critic, "the sympathetic style, the keen delineation of character, or the profound culture of the author." His romance "Die Wunderblume von Woxindon," proves his right to be ranked with the great historical novelists, according to the critic of the London Star. This novel was followed by "Ein Opfer des Beichtgeheimnisses;" "Lucius Flavius," a tale of the last days of Jerusalem; "Tapfer und Treu," the Memoirs of an Officer of the Swiss Guard, and, "Aus dem Leben einer Königin." The action of the latter is in the days of the French Terror. All these works have gone through several editions, and several of them have been translated in English and other languages.

Bishop Keppler of Rottenburg, says of Father Spillmann's contributions to fiction: "Humility, purity, and a high purpose are qualities sadly lacking in modern art. Yet these are the most striking characteristics of Spillmann's works, and give them their irresistible charm. Spillmann has, moreover, a remarkable command of language, which keeps him always within the lines of pleasing simplicity and attractive fidelity to nature. Such writings are bound to have, not only a great influence upon the formation of a fine literary taste in the reader, but also in the development of sterling qualities of character and mind."

Long Philip.

A Tale of the Time of Frederick William I.

BY JOSEPH SPILLMANN, S.J.

I.

WHICH TELLS HOW PHILIP OUGHT TO HAVE STAYED AT HOME AND OBEYED HIS FATHER, BUT DID NOT.

On the border of Prussia and Saxony there is a pleasant valley in which there has been a mill from time immemorial. The ancient building, with its curiously carved cornices, its many little windows, its high gables, and its thatched and moss-covered roof, rises in the center of the forest clearing fringed by oak trees centuries old, gnarled and twisted. The mill is called the Valley Mill, and is the very last building on Saxon soil. Not a thousand paces away the mill race crosses the Prussian line. Away back in the gray, forgotten years the same miller family lived in the mill that grinds grain there now. And a more honest family never was among the grain-grinding children of men.

The most famous miller in the history of the family lived about the middle of the last century. He was popularly known as "Long Philip," and that for the good reason that he stood head and shoulders above any man within miles.

At that time the lonely valley was even more quiet and shut off than it is now. Great forests stretched in every direction for miles. Only here and there was their dense solitude broken by a peasant's farm, or the seat of some petty nobleman. Once in a while, too, there was a tiny village. The special place of the neighborhood was an old hunting lodge of the Electors of

Brandenburg. From time to time it was visited by the great folk, who amused themselves for a few weeks with the chase and its attendant gaieties. But from the time that the Electors of Brandenburg wore the Prussian crown none of them had been at the hunting lodge, and it seemed deserted for good.

Then all at once the news went the round among the forest-dwellers that King Frederick William I. was coming from Berlin with a great suite to hunt in the ancient forests. This was very exciting news for these people who saw nothing from one end of the year to the other but the still sameness of their woods and fields. The very old people now brimmed with tales of the great times at the ancient chateau at previous hunts. The young fellows were accordingly all eagerness—there would be much to see and perhaps some part to take in the great doings.

The people who lived in the little hamlet clustering around the castle were frequent visitors to the mill. They had much to tell of the scourings and cleanings and grand preparations going on. The old castellan had even sent to the city for a new livery with silver and gold fringes. One day they brought word that the king and his suite would arrive in two days. Some of the servants and game beaters and drivers had already arrived.

That same evening Long Philip was asked to come up to the sitting-room for a private talk with his father. The old man was just then suffering from an attack of gouty pains that kept him tied to his armchair.

"I hear," he said to Philip, "that the Prussian king is coming to the castle to-morrow. All I want to tell you now, Philip, is that during the time that he and his people are in this neighborhood you must not leave the house, to say nothing of crossing the Prussian line. And that you may be the more willing to obey, I will tell you why. You know how the king's mind is set on tall fellows. Every time he sees one he wants to grab him up and put him among his guards. If he, or one of his men, caught sight of you, you would have to go to Berlin just as surely as the mill wheel is turning outside. Therefore, you will stay here in the house during that time. Do you understand me?"

"But, father, I'm no Prussian. I am a Saxon, and the Prussian king has no right to my services at all. It would be too—"

"Saxon or Prussian, it is all the same to the king. I tell you, you'll stay at home. Frederick William has his own notions as far as tall soldiers are concerned. He keeps up a continual chase after the long ones, and they are not safe from his recruiting officers even in foreign countries. Just lately somebody told me that he had grabbed up some tall fellows in Silesia, in Holland, and in England, and carried them off by main force. Even in Rome he had a tall monk taken away by force and sent to Spandau. Therefore, once more, you keep yourself out of sight while he is here, if you do not want to bring great sorrow on yourself, your betrothed, and your old father. Now go and look after your work. I hear a ring below."

The command was short and to the point, but the obeying of it was unspeakably tedious and trying for Philip. Every day people came into the mill and told wonderful tales of the rich cavaliers and their mighty perukes and braids, of the noble ladies in stiff skirts, of the immense Turks that acted as the king's bodyguard, the Hussars, the squires, the hunters, the soldiers, the horses, with silver-mounted harness and ostrich plumes, carriages and so on—all glories of which poor Philip was condemned to know nothing except by report. And that, too, when he was the only one of the whole neighborhood in this plight. But he dared not try to enjoy the wonderful sight. For the first time in his life he grumbled at the immense stature to which he owed his nickname. Then, too, it was this very stature which it was so tantalizing to conceal here in the mill. He would have liked to go over to the hamlet and show himself to the famous Grenadiers, with their high, bearskin caps, of whom he constantly heard that they were just as tall, perhaps even a little taller than Long Philip.

But the time of the hunt, as everything else in this world, fortunately drew to a close. "On next Monday," it was said, "the last big chase will take place, and then the king will go back to Berlin in a few days."

"Thanks be to God," sighed Philip when he heard this. "I shall be free to go about again when he is gone."

Monday came. It was the most beautiful autumn day that could be imagined. The sun soon pierced and dissolved the faint fog that floated over the valley and shone full on the forest glory of color. From the gable window of the mill there was a wonderful outlook. Here Philip stood on Monday morning and looked disconsolately now at the wooded heights that rose on the Prussian side and then again down at the dancing waves of the sparkling mill race that dashed in white foam against the great water-wheel and then caught the glinting sunbeams and fell below in rainbow sprays.

But for all the wondrous charm of nature spread out before him Philip had no eyes. His whole attention was on the distant sounds of the chase. The north wind brought him the bay of the pack, the cries of the beaters, the merry sound of the horn and, now and again, the crack of a gun. He listened for a long time, and every moment the desire to have a look at it all became stronger.

"I shall have to be ashamed of myself all my life," he grumbled angrily, "if I am the only one in the country around who did not see the king and his guard. And what they say about the tricks and the practices of his recruiting sergeants is probably exaggerated, too. They would not dare to take me off Saxon ground. Moreover, I can arrange it so that they will not have a chance to see me. To be sure," he added after a while, "father forbade me to go, but a man ought not be a child all his life and have every move he makes laid down for him. Am I not twenty-two years old, and am I not going to be married the week after All Saints? Am I not big enough to be my own master? I am afraid that's what's the matter—I am too big to be my own master."

The bell, calling him down into the mill, interrupted his soliloquy. There was work enough to do now, and in doing it he almost forgot his annoyance and his temptations.

After he had been at work for two hours or so, there was a knock at the door. He opened it and saw a little, hunchbacked woman, with a bright, kindly face, who had a pedler's pack in front of her on a little hand wagon.

"Oh, is it you, Gertrude? There are no flour-bags to be mended to-day."

"Indeed; so they are not torn yet? I am glad to hear that, for I sewed them particularly well the last time. Ah! when I am dead I do not know whom you will get to sew your fine flour-bags right for you—for six miles around there is none that can sew as well as I do. But," she added, winking at him, "I'll teach the innkeeper's daughter Anna to sew just as soon as she is the miller's wife. Ah, you need not blush, Philip. You couldn't have found a better girl. Now, what did I want to say? I did not stop here merely on account of the bags. I want to show you something." With this she opened her box and held out daintily, on her finger tips, a tinsel wreath that glittered and shone in the sunlight.

"Now, what does that mean?" asked the miller, who was looking at the wreath in astonishment. "You do not want me to buy that thing, do you?"

"Not for yourself," answered Gertrude laughingly, "but for Anna. You see after the hunt this evening the folk around here will be given a feast on the green below the castle. Then when the king returns later in the evening the justice of the village is going to make a farewell speech to the king. He did not compose the speech himself. The preceptor at Aabach composed it for him, and the justice had so much Latin put into it that he could not read it himself. He had to have it read to him, until he knew it by heart. The speech ought to have come off at the arrival of the king in fact, but at that time the justice's new apple-green surtout was not yet ready—"

"The old fop," said Philip. "I bet he'll stick in the middle of his speech."

"That's what most of the people think. But he imagines that it will win him special favor with the quality, and thinks that maybe he will be made sheriff. He has taken it into his thick head to speak his piece, and nobody can make him do anything else. And so it has been decided that the prettiest girl in the neighborhood, and that is surely your Anna, should present the king with a bouquet of flowers. Of course, she is to be dressed all in white, like an angel, and this golden wreath will be just the thing to wear on her head."

"That's true," said Philip. "I'll buy the wreath and you can take it right over to the inn."

"Why don't you take it yourself? I am sure the dear child would be twice as much pleased if you take it to her."

The miller shoved his cap back and forth on his flour-powdered hair in embarrassment, and finally began to tell Gertrude the reason for his unpleasant confinement to the mill during the last few weeks. The old woman listened to him with many sighs of sympathy, and broke in at last:

"O dear, dear, and you haven't seen a thing of all the grand show? The king himself, it is true, is really not as fine as the old castellan, who had a beautiful rose-colored surtout made for himself. But the ladies! I wouldn't have believed that the angels in heaven could be dressed so beautifully. They have hoopskirts as big round as these millstones, and the silk in their gowns is so stiff that it could stand alone, and is all covered with big Chinese flowers. You have never seen anything like it in all your life."

"What do I care about the hoopskirts! What I want to see is the Turkish guards and the big Grenadiers that the Prussian king has brought together from all over the world. Are they really as big as they say? Are they as tall as I am, for instance?"

"They are terribly big, regular Goliaths, so that it scares a person into a fright just to look at them. There may be some of them that are even taller than you are, although I couldn't be positive as to that. They all wear bearskin caps two feet high, and that makes them look even bigger than they are. You must come over once, at least, and look at them. To-night it will be dark before the king and his people return to the castle. You can stay back among the shadows and look at the show to your fill. Nobody will see you unless you want him to. At the same time you will have the pleasure of seeing Anna, with the golden wreath in her hair, handing the bouquet to the king."

Philip had dallied too long with the temptation not to yield to it. The old woman got her price for the tinsel wreath, and a message to Anna that Philip would come over in the evening and bring her something pretty. Then he carried the wreath, carefully done up in its pasteboard box, to his own room, while Gertrude went her way toward the Prussian line, pleased with her bargain.

After a little while Philip's father came hobbling into the mill leaning on his cane. He stood a while watching his sturdy son, who sifted and lifted and poured with a vigor and handiness that did one good just to see. The old man went the round, watching things here and there, and finally said: "It is all well, very good except the bran. It looks as if the stones needed smoothing."

"Yes, father," said Philip, "I shall sharpen them to-morrow."

"Then you'll have to grind all night, for some of this flour is wanted day after to-morrow."

"Oh, well, it might be a day late without much harm. But never mind, it shall all be ready in good season."

"You are a little put out because of being shut up so long, and I don't blame you. And, while I happen to think of it, hitch up the little wagon for me after supper. I would like to go over myself and have a look at the king of the Prussians. I am sorry that you have to stay at home, but it can't be helped. I shall take old Martha with me, too. You are man enough to watch the mill alone for one night. Perhaps I'll stay at the inn, and perhaps I'll come back."

With these words the old man left his son. He had seen well enough how eager the young fellow was to go. But leaving him alone thus, he wanted to make it a matter of honor and necessity for Philip to stay at the mill. Indeed, if Philip had not bought the wreath for Anna, his father's tactics would have been successful. Now, however, he felt that he had to go.

"Nobody will carry off the building in the two hours of my absence," he said angrily, "and long before father gets back, I'll be here and have the mill a-going."

II.

WHAT HAPPENED TO PHILIP AT THE FESTIVAL.

Slowly the sun went down, its last rays lingering on the turrets and windows of the royal chateau, which rose majestically from the top of a rolling hill. At its foot stretched a wide valley of plowed land and meadows, framed by a chain of densely wooded hills.

On this evening castle and hamlet were gay with holiday dress. From the castle turrets floated flags and pennants in the mild evening air. On the open space at the foot of the castle hill the village people had built a triumphal arch. A wide circle around it was fenced off by pine branches stuck into the ground. Inside of this circle the address to the king was to be made.

On the green outside several dozens of long tables were set for the entertainment of the peasants, who had helped at the hunt. The women were naturally there, too, in their wide-sleeved, full-skirted holiday best, and the usually quiet place below the castle presented a picturesque and animated scene. The justice appeared about this time in full state dress. The long tails of his new apple-green coat almost dragged on the ground, and the immense wig above the stern-looking forehead gave him a distinguished look—at least so the justice thought. But the villagers could hardly keep from laughing. Many a joke flew the round behind his back, which would have given him little pleasure could he have heard it. Conscious of his importance, however, he passed the peasants without a word, or look, of greeting, and made his way straight to the castellan, whom he saluted with a scraping bow.

"Ah, it is the justice," said the castellan. "Does he know his speech? Will he not make a break before his Majesty?"

"I hope not. It has been well murmurized." He meant "memorized." "And with eyes shut, so that the august sight of the king may not be too confusing, it will go 'par bleu,' as Colonel Roederer is wont to say."

Thus spoke the justice, but down in his heart he was by no means as sure of himself as he pretended to be. The speech, which he carried neatly rolled up in his right hand, seemed a great weight. He was even then beginning to be conscious of the excitement that precedes great moments. In his nervousness he found a thousand and one things to arrange and to order. He ran back and forth so that the heavy braid of his wig jumped up and down on his back. Although the king was not expected until after dark, he insisted that the villagers line up along the pine hedge. Suddenly it struck him that the ceremony of handing the bouquet to the king should be rehearsed once more. When he discovered that the innkeeper's daughter was not even at the public meeting-place as yet, he almost lost his mind.

At once he sent a messenger in hot haste to the inn, a quarter of a mile away, to get the girl. She, for her part, would have been there long since, but she was still waiting for Philip. Just as she began to feel that she could not possibly wait any longer, after the urgings of the justice's messenger, Philip came.

"Oh, it is you at last? Your father is in the big room and said you were not to come. If the Prussians should see you, it would be all over with you."

"Oh, yes, but they will not see me. Keep quiet, so that father will not know that I am here. He would be angry if he knew it."

"He told you not to come, did he? If I knew positively that that were so, I wouldn't say another word to you to-day."

Philip looked at his betrothed in utter surprise, but after a moment it seemed to him he saw a hint of the tease in the gleam of her bright eyes. "Well, don't be angry anyway. It was on your account that I came."

"Very well, then, you can go home again. You have seen me."

"But I must see you when you present the bouquet to the king, and the Turkish guard and the big Grenadiers may be there, too."

"Aha, that's it. That is what brings you over here. You want to go up and stand beside the bearskin caps and show that you are a half-inch taller than any of them, even if you make yourself and your old father and me unhappy by doing so."

"Don't be childish, Anna. I shall not stand in the front rows. Just see what I have brought you. You shall be as fine as any of the Berlin ladies to-night. See how it sparkles and shines," said Philip, holding up the tinsel wreath.

"And you bought that for me, Philip?" cried the girl. "You are a dear, good fellow, anyway! But I beg you to go home right away. You can not imagine what agony I shall be in this evening if I know that you are near the Prussian soldiers."

Then she called her mother to look at the lovely wreath, and Philip said good-by. Anna called after him, "Now, you'll surely go home, Philip?"

"To be sure, this very evening."

"No; at once."

"Don't worry, Anna—not a soul shall see me."

Then he slipped out through the back door, so his father should not notice him.

A few minutes later the whole party at the Inn broke up for the scene of the festivities. The old miller in his light wagon drove a little way up the hill and took position there so that he could see what was going on in comfort.

Night had come, but the immense bonfires threw a red glare against the old castle and over the bright groups. Now, several carts loaded with game drove up—deer, with splendid antlers, hares and wild pigs. But the most wonderful, and at the same time fearsome, sight was that of an immense boar on a cart by itself and covered, after the fashion of the chase, with green pine branches.

There was no holding the people. They all ran pellmell to see the game. Not until the advance guard of the king galloped up would they go back to their places. The rat-tat-tat of drums sounded from the castle, and the company of Turkish body-guards, which the king had brought along, marched down, followed by the Grenadiers, gold-fringed attendants, jockeys and so on, and formed a cordon to keep back the crowd.

This was the first time the peasants had had a chance to see these unaccustomed figures in such numbers and at such short range, and they had not yet gotten over their astonishment when the sound of horns came from the forest. "They're coming! they're coming!" was the cry, and all heads turned toward the driveway. Soon there was the gleam of torches through the trees, and in a few minutes some of the advance riders were seen at the edge of the forest. Foremost came a number of hunters, merrily blowing their horns. After them, drawn by magnificent horses, came coaches with the court ladies; then came the king, surrounded by torch-bearers, and followed by gentlemen of the court. The end of the train was made up by hunters, Hussars, jockeys, and servants, all clothed in brilliant colors, and glittering with silver and gold ornamentations.

Straight across the meadow came the train toward the triumphal arch, under which the justice and the white-robed young girls stood. The cold sweat was on the poor man's forehead, as he saw the magnificent people before whom he was to speak draw so near.

The castellan had sent word to the king that the people of the country district wished to greet him, and, being in very good humor, he had given his consent to listen to the justice's speech. "But," he added, warningly, "be sure to tell him to cut it short."

So the coaches stood still and the attendants formed a protecting circle around the king and the ladies and gentlemen.

With solemn step and incessant bows and clearings of the throat the justice approached the king, followed by the girls in white. All the while the justice repeated, to the right and to the left, in a stage whisper. "Now watch. When I bow you must all bow, and when I call out 'Hoch!' you must all cheer."

The justice had by this time come near to the king. Holding his cocked hat in one hand and his speech in the other, instead of standing a little to one side, he stopped directly in front of the horses. He made one more profound bow, which caused his wig to slip well into his eyes, and was about to begin when the king stopped him. "Does he want to address the horse? Can he not come to our right side if his address is meant for us?"

After these words from royalty it did not need the suppressed titter of the bystanders to rob the poor justice of what little self-possession was left. Nevertheless, he made another most profound bow directly in front of the horse, which reared as the uptilting braid struck its sensitive nostrils. Then he stepped to the side of the king—but to the left side.

"Is that our right side?" asked the king laughingly. "Doesn't the man know which is right and which is left, and he justice here in this village?"

The poor justice went over to the right side and tried to talk three times, and three times he stuck at the very first sentence. It did not help the matter to have the king tell him to read the speech from the paper. The poor justice could not read it. The pause was becoming more and more painful. The king was beginning to look annoyed, and might have said something after his rather rough manner that would not have been pleasant for the justice—when the innkeeper, who was standing near, stepped up, and in a few words expressed the greeting of the people, and ended in a cheer, which the peasants joined until the hills echoed and re-echoed with their voices.

The justice had had several charges of powder placed in the underbrush at the side of the castle hill, and had ordered his servant to touch them off when he heard the people cheer. It was right near this place that the old miller had stopped his light wagon. In some unpardonable way, no one had told the old man of the danger of his choice of place. His horse was even then restless at the glare and cheers and the blowing of horns and sound of the drums. The old man had had to ask a lad to hold its head The cheers were hardly over when the shots rang out, and the horse, blinded by the flash and frightened by the roar, plunged, reared up until the shafts snapped, and broke away, running straight into the crowded knot of humanity below the foot of the hill. The screaming people dodged the animal, which was making straight for the place where Anna was just offering the king the bouquet. The king's horse plunged and reared, and the frightened animals threatened a terrible accident if they were not stopped before they dashed in among the coaches.

But at this critical moment a gigantic form rushed between the two animals and caught them simultaneously by the bits, and with iron strength pulled them steady and held them there; a second later the jockeys had surrounded the king and his fractious horse. The unknown relinquished its bit, and started to lead away the other horse. But the king called after him, "Stop!"

The unknown was none other than Long Philip. In spite of the entreaties of his affianced, he had hung around the scene, watching the king and his suite, and the gigantic Grenadiers. He was just about to steal away, safe and unnoticed, when his father's horse ran away and made straight for the king and Anna. Then all discretion left him. Shoving aside the crowding people with his strong arms, he sprang forward just in time to prevent a terrible accident. That he had shown his stature and immense strength, to say nothing of his courage, to the king in the best possible light, only occurred to him when he heard the commanding "Stop!"

Philip stopped and turned mechanically toward the king. He hardly heard the frightened cry of his bride-to-be, nor could he tell later who had taken the horse, so entirely was he filled with the one thought: "Now I am lost!"

"Let him come nearer," the king called out to him. "I must have a little better look at him. What a fine fellow! Sergeant Langbein, stand up beside this man. Put the bearskin cap on him! Fine, splendid. Colonel Roederer, what do you think of this new man?"

The officer addressed rode up and looked at Long Philip with the air of a judge. Then he answered: "At your service, your

Majesty, the fellow is a full half-inch taller than Sergeant Langbein, who is, as is well known, the tallest man in the army. By my honor, it would be the greatest sin man could commit if he were not to be a Grenadier."

"It would be unpardonable," the king agreed. Then he asked the unhappy Philip in his pleasantest manner: "What is your name?"

"Philip Moosbach, your Majesty."

"What are you?"

"A miller."

"Now, hear me, Philip Moosbach. There are other people in plenty who can swallow flour dust. You must be one of my Grenadiers, as surely as my name is Frederick William."

"But I do not want to be a soldier."

"Oh, you do not want to be a soldier! Do you think you will be asked what you want, when it is so plain that the Lord has meant you to be a Grenadier?"

"But I am not a Prussian, I am a Saxon."

"As if there were any difficulty in that! People from every land are enlisted in our army. Just remember that, now that we know where you are, we will know how to get you, too, even if you were to go as far as Hungary. But we would like it much better, if you were to let yourself be enlisted in good will. Here is a louis d'or which you may take as a reward for your courage and as a sign of our good will. Corporal Kluge, see that this man is enlisted before we leave. He must go to Berlin with us."

The king touched his horse lightly and rode up the castle hill, followed by the renewed cheers of the people. The last torch-bearer disappeared behind the castle gate and the sightseers melted away outside. Corporal Kluge, a big, angular fellow, with great mustachios and piercing eyes, went up to Philip, and several other soldiers joined them at a sign from the corporal. Among them Philip got back his wits. He saw that there was nothing more to be done by force. So he made up his mind to put a pleasant face on the matter, and keep his eyes open in the meantime.

"If it must be," he said to the soldiers, "let us go and drink the king's health for his louis d'or."

The Grenadiers did not have to be asked twice. Arm in arm with Long Philip, they started off, telling him the while of the pleasures of soldier life in Spandau.

III.

TRICK AND COUNTER TRICK. A STRANGE ADVENTURE, IN WHICH LONG PHILIP HAS THE PART OF LOOKER ON, AND HOW THE STORY ENDED AT LAST.

Until late at night the big room of the inn was filled with guests, who ate and drank, and talked. At a separate table sat Philip with the king's soldiers. Anna, who passed back and forth, sometimes helping to serve the guests, and whose eyes were red with weeping, could not understand how her unfortunate lover could seem so jolly. But when she caught a meaning look from his eyes, she began to think he had some plan. Then she noticed that he filled the soldiers' glasses, told them stories, urged them to drink, and drank nothing himself. This made the girl feel a little less anxious.

At the head of the big table sat the innkeeper himself. He had saved the honor of the village on this evening, and the villagers were singing his praises accordingly, the while they berated the justice for his break. Over and over again, the guests returned to this subject, and one of them, always emphatic and loud-mouthed, struck the table with his fist and said, loud enough for all to hear:

"This is what I say, and you can tell any one who wants to listen, that I said so, this evening's performance may cost some one (I don't want to mention any names) his position, office, and regard, in spite of a new wig and a green coat. And I know, too, who will take his place, and he will be an honor to the whole parish. We have heard who can make a speech before the king, without having it written out by somebody else. I am no prophet, but things like that are plain as the nose on one's face."

During this speech the unhappy justice appeared in the doorway behind the speaker and heard what was being said of him. He had come to take the innkeeper to task for mixing in without being asked to do so. In his vanity he imagined that he would have been able to finish his speech any way, had he not been supplanted, and therefore he felt that he had been disgraced before his Majesty and his suite by the innkeeper. What he had just heard showed him, however, how inopportune was the time for his charge. Yellow with anger, he screamed into the room: "I'll remember that speech of yours, Hill Farmer—and yours, too, innkeeper. I am still the justice, and will stay the justice in spite of you." With that he went out and banged the door, followed by roars of laughter.

But the innkeeper could not feel really happy on this evening, pleasant as the praises of his neighbors were to him. He kept looking over at the table at which his prospective son-in-law was seated. Now the lad caught his eye and called out: "Say, a word with you, innkeeper."

The innkeeper rose and left the room with Philip. They were scarcely outside the door when the corporal rose to go after them. Philip had but time to whisper a few words when the corporal was beside him again. So Philip asked aloud about his father, and whether he had been hurt, and added with a sigh: "Tell my father that it will be some time before I can come back to the Valley Mill. Do you know my good friend and comrade here—Corporal Kluge?" he asked the innkeeper then. "There's not a better inn than this from here to Berlin, now, on your honor, is there, Corporal? Let us go back and cheer up the others, and then I'm with you. Long live the king."

They went back into the room and Philip told more stories and filled the soldiers' glasses again. Midnight was past when the Grenadiers and their new recruit went singing and shouting along the forest-path toward the quarters. They had turned in the wrong direction, when they got into the shadow of the trees, but even the corporal, sleepy and full of confidence in his new man, did not notice anything amiss. Not until they came upon a little forest-stream, did he grow dubious and protest that he had never seen it before. But Philip managed to lull his suspicions. "Don't you suppose that I know the country around here? Just go on. We must get over."

"The miserable bit of a plank hasn't even a handrail," the first soldier grumbled.

"Oh, what's that?" said Philip. "Surely an honest Grenadier does not mind a little thing like that."

The two Grenadiers thus urged tried their weight on the plank and Philip followed. Whether it was that they were not in a condition to walk straight, or that Philip helped them along with a push, at any rate, the one in the back stumbled against the one in front and both of them went over into the water, which, by the way, was not deep enough to be dangerous to such tall fellows.

"There they go. Now we're in a pickle," said Long Philip. "Corporal, do you stay over there, and I'll go onto the other side, so that we can the better help them get to dry land."

But hardly had Philip reached the further side when he seized the plank and, with a great wrench, tore it loose from its protecting poles and threw it down toward the two Grenadiers, who were splashing around in the water, their teeth chattering from the cold.

"What is the matter with you?" called out the corporal. "How do you expect to get back?"

"I don't expect to go back," laughed Long Philip. "The creek is the border line. I am on Saxon ground here, and so, good-by. Report to your Frederick William that the long lad has long legs."

There was despair and rage on the other side, but Philip did not need to fear pursuit. It took some time to get the Grenadiers out, and then they had to fish out their bearskin caps. The cold plunge had sobered them up, and they could see very well how useless it was for them to try to follow Philip in the forest-wilderness and darkness. So they concluded to return, as best they could, heavy-hearted at the thought of what the king would say when he found how cleverly the coveted prize had escaped them.

The return road was really not very easy to find. Philip had taken them straight through the thickest forest. The sun was high before they came across a poor woman gathering firewood, and got their bearings from her.

Colonel Roederer was properly frightened when he heard their report.

"Why," he said, "the king talked of nothing else all evening. The new recruit seemed to give him more pleasure than the entire hunt. The man will have to be here by to-morrow morning, or there'll be trouble."

Corporal Kluge did not need any such spur to make him eager to find Philip again. He knew the king and his passion too well. Then, too, he wanted revenge for the trick played on him. He walked along the lonely road that passed back of the village, thinking and planning, when he suddenly saw the justice. That was it—the justice must help him. He saluted him pleasantly and began talking to him.

"On my honor," he said, "I am sorry for you. That was a great speech you began yesterday. It was easy to be seen that it was fine, but the stupid villagers would confuse any one."

"And so your worship noticed that too? That pleases me very much. The awe of the king and then those restless villagers—"

"To be sure, to be sure; but, unfortunately, his Majesty did not observe the causes, and made some most ungracious remarks about you last evening. It might be, indeed, that the innkeeper, whose speech, just between us, was really very poor, not to be compared with yours, may yet be your successor."

"Has that been said? Oh, I believe it would kill me."

"Oh, I am just speaking of possibilities. It would be a good thing for you if you could show your devotion in some notable way to the king. There is the very best chance to do that now. You know Long Philip, don't you?"

"To be sure. He's been an annoyance to me this many a year, and particularly now, that he is going to marry the innkeeper's daughter."

"Well, you have the very best possible chance not only to get even with him, but to win the king's favor at the same time. The fellow got away from us, and if you can find where he is hiding this very day, I'll promise to put in a good word for you with the king."

The justice was delighted. He did not think the fellow could have gone very far, and the two conspirators agreed to meet toward evening in a deserted charcoal hut. The justice carefully described its location, so that the corporal could make no mistake about it. Then they parted.

They did not suspect that their talk had been overheard by old Gertrude, who, tired from her morning's journey, was taking a bit of a rest in the sheltering shade of a dense hedge.

The affair of the previous evening had almost made the poor old woman ill, she had such scruples about her urging of Philip to go to the village. When she heard the men talking, it seemed that Providence was giving it into her hand to make good her mistake. After they went away she wondered what she ought to do. First she thought to go to the mill, then to the innkeeper, but, at last, she concluded that it would be best to go to the hut and hide there until she heard the outcome of the justice's quest.

In the mean time the justice was on the still hunt. He went to the mill first. After a little talk with the loquacious old Martha he had his suspicions confirmed. Philip was with his cousin Martin on the Pine Farm. The Pine Farm was a good two hours' travel into Saxon country, isolated in the midst of a dense forest. Years passed sometimes before a stranger drifted into the lonely place. Some distance from the farm there was a pasture clearing belonging to it. In this clearing the justice suddenly appeared, to the astonishment of Long Philip, who was peacefully herding the sheep in place of the regular shepherd, indisposed that day. But he was so lonesome and depressed by the events of the day before, and the prospect of having to hide for years to come, that he was really glad to see the justice, for whom he ordinarily had little love. The justice greeted him pleasantly, and began talking. Philip told him artlessly how it was that he happened to be there, for he had no thought that this man would betray one of his own neighborhood.

The justice listened, and then, saying that he had to travel on, so as to reach a distant farm before night, left him.

As he was leaving he asked carelessly:

"You go back to the Pine Farm at night, do you not?"

"No; I stay here."

"I am sorry to hear that. It will be a wet, unpleasant night."

"I don't mind that. I'll crawl into my barrow up there under the big pine tree, and sleep very well. Especially since I did not close an eye last night. The dog may watch the sheep."

Then the men said good-by to each other and parted. As soon as the justice came to the next turn in the road, he changed his direction and hurried back as fast as possible by by-paths to the charcoal hut. "Victory!" he laughed, full of assurance, "we'll catch the long lad and win the favor of the king again."

Philip, in the mean time, saw the loneliest, dreariest day of his life draw to a close. It was still early when he drove the sheep into the corral, tied the dog to the lower end of the fence, and went up to a barrow standing on a two-wheeled frame, on which he was to sleep. The rain the justice had promised began to fall, but Philip was long since in his box, well-bedded on fresh beech nut leaves and wrapped in a woolen blanket.

Philip had no idea how long he might have been asleep, when the wild barking of the dog waked him suddenly. At first he did not realize where he was. He wanted to get up, but a bump against the low roof of the barrow brought him to his senses. Then he heard the rustling of something moving in the brush, and a moment later there was a knock on his sleeping-box, and a woman's voice asked: "Are you there, Miller?"

"To be sure; but what do you want of me in the middle of the night, and who are you?"

"I am old Gertrude, the pedler. Dear heaven, what things are happening, and how will they end? Just let me get my breath.

I ran all the way from the charcoal hut in the redwood, until I came to the hollow below here. There I stumbled and hurt my foot, so that I thought I would never get up the hill."

"But what is the matter? Were robbers after you? Shall I light the lantern?"

"No, no; no light, whatever comes. The justice and the Prussian soldiers are following right after me."

"Oho!" said Philip, who began to see daylight. In a moment he was out of the barrow. "And so you came all this way to warn me in time. I'll remember that as long as I live."

"Wasn't it my duty? If it hadn't been for me and the gilded wreath you wouldn't have had all this trouble. They will be here about three o'clock, and I think that it is past one now."

Then she began to tell him the plan she had overheard. She was not a little surprised that the lad seemed to think it all a huge joke.

"They expect to find me and take me to the king," he laughed out aloud.

"Just as I said; and what's more they expect to make a great joke out of it. They intend to nail up the door of your sleeping-box and haul you and the barrow into the courtyard."

"Fine, fine," said Philip. "And, to tell the truth, they almost succeeded. But we'll see. He who laughs last, laughs best. We'll fix them. The corporal will have a bilious fever, and that old beau of a justice, who wants to curry favor with the king by betraying an honest lad, may yet find himself gathering thistles instead of laurels."

"But what do you intend to do? You ought to get away as fast as possible, I should think."

"Not a bit of it. I shall see the beginning of the farce myself, and some time you can tell me the wind up. The matter is very simple. You get into the box instead of me, and let yourself be hauled to the castle. As your foot is lame, it would be hard for you to walk back any way. I am going to climb up into the pine-tree."

"But what are you thinking of, Philip? Do you mean that I should creep out of the barrow before the king and all the quality, and in these clothes? Why, they would hang me."

"They will not dare touch a hair of your head. You do not need to tell them that you warned me. What's more, you'll see the best joke that could be imagined. I'd give ten dollars to see the faces of the justice and the corporal."

"But they will find out the trick sooner—"

"Then they will let you go sooner, and you have lost nothing."

Gertrude consented at last, and got into the barrow, while Philip leaned against the pine tree, ready to climb into it at the first sound from the forest road.

Everything was quiet again on the pasture. The rain had stopped, but a haze hung over the trees through which the moonlight came, but dimly. In the narrow forest roads it must have been very dark, though in the open one could vaguely distinguish outlines. Time dragged, and Philip began to fear that the soldiers were not coming at all, and so he would miss his joke. Then the dog began to bark. The next moment Philip was climbing into the pine tree. He caught the fleeting gleam of a lantern between the trees. Presently he heard careful movements in the underbrush. The dog barked much more furiously than he had before, and dragged at his chain. Directly beneath the tree Philip heard the voice of the corporal:

"That dog will spoil the whole game, if we don't hurry. Philip'll wake up, and I have no desire to become acquainted with his fists."

A second later he heard them bang the door of the barrow shut and bolt it, and then he heard them all laugh, as if at a good joke. And for the moment he could hardly keep from laughing himself.

"So there, my pretty bird, you are safe," said the corporal. "Just knock away. The door will not be opened until we reach the courtyard. He will have time to be sorry for some of his tricks for a while. Just let him keep still in there. In Spandau he will be taught how to stand guard better than he did up here. Forward, now."

And the barrow rolled and bumped down the pasture. In the ravine below a horse was hitched to it. The justice, as the native, climbed up on the front end to drive; behind him were the corporal and the two Grenadiers, and away thumped the unusual vehicle toward the Prussian line.

Philip could not help wishing that he could see the final scene in the courtyard, but this time he had less difficulty in conquering his curiosity than he had the night before. At the break of day he drove the herd up to the Pine Farm, and explained to his cousin Martin why he thought it best to leave the country for a while.

Almost at the very same time that Philip was saying farewell to his relatives at the lonely farm, the shepherd's barrow and its contents and escort reached the village. At the foot of the castle hill there was a halt. The corporal went up and reported his delightful success to the colonel. The colonel hastened to announce the glorious affair to his Majesty. Frederick William was at breakfast with several ladies and gentlemen and heard the jolly tale with immense delight.

"Let him have the barrow brought beneath our window at once," commanded the king. "And let the guard turn out. We want to see this spectacle for ourselves. And let him take note—Corporal Kluge will be promoted, and the justice—who, though he seems to be a poor orator, yet has some wit, we shall reward personally."

A few minutes later the barrow rolled up under the window and stopped there, together with the justice and the soldiers. Every eye was fixed on the low door. But when, instead of the gigantic form of the miller, poor, hunchbacked old Gertrude crept out and courtesied to the king, the king's window was thrown shut so hard that the panes flew out.

What followed can easily be imagined. Instead of promotion, there was punishment and dismissal. The following morning the king and his suite returned to Berlin. He never came to the chateau near the border of Saxony again. The justice had to leave the neighborhood, because the peasants gave him no peace after his double-dealing was known. The innkeeper succeeded, indeed, to his office. In the mean time, Long Philip wandered through South Germany as a journeyman miller. When, after a year, the news that Frederick William I., the Great Elector, was dead, and that his son and heir did not inherit his father's mania for tall soldiers, Philip went back to the Valley Mill. Not long after there was a merry wedding there.

The great tables were spread under the ancient oaks, and the gaiety was at its highest, when a strange vehicle, covered with green wreaths and mounted by lads dressed like Prussian Grenadiers with immense bearskin caps, was seen to approach from the woods. It was the famous barrow, and the laughter was unending when the door opened and old Gertrude crept out—the tinsel wreath on her head.

"Yes, neighbors," said the bridegroom, when the laughter died down; "it was a merry prank and, fortunately, had a good ending. But for a time it looked bad, and it cost me a year away from home. That is what I got for knowing better than my father. But now everything is well. It was a good lesson for me."

The barrow remained at the Valley Mill as a family treasure. The great-grandchildren of Philip still showed it to their children, and it may be there yet.

HEINRICH HANSJAKOB.

Heinrich Hansjakob was born August 19, 1837, in Haslach, in the Kinzig Valley, Grand Duchy of Baden. His father was a baker and restaurant keeper. His ancestors belonged to the hardy Black Forest peasant and bourgeoise type, and he has preserved towards the people of his land and blood the most devoted loyalty and affection. He has put the types of his native town into a number of wonderfully told stories, all the more effective because of the deep sympathy of the writer with his characters. He shares, with Alban Stolz, the merit of being the best of the Catholic writers of the time who portray the life of the people. His merits as a writer of the people has been recognized in Protestant circles as well as among Catholics, and he has been frequently likened to Fritz Reuter on account of his unfailing humor and his fidelity to nature.

He was educated at Freiburg in Breisgau and was ordained to the priesthood in 1863. He took the examination for the degree of philosophy the same year. Then he taught for six years, part of the time in Waldshut, but was dismissed from the State service in 1869 and placed under arrest on account of his political attitude. From 1869 to 1884 he was the parish priest in the little village of Hagnau on Lake Constance. Since 1884 he has had a parish in Freiburg, where he is beloved by the people, and honored by the students of the University in which he was once enrolled.

Eight volumes of his selected writings have appeared. The first two present reminiscences of his youth and student days—"Dürre Blätter," "Schneeballen," and "Wilde Kirschen," and the other three are tales of the Black Forest.

An illustrated edition of the novel "Der Vogt auf Mühlstein" was very successful. Moreover he has published a series of stories and diaries: "Auf der Festung," "Im Gefängniss," "Aus Kranken Tagen," "Im Paradies," "Bauernblut," "Der Leutnant von Hasle," "Der Steinerne Mann von Hasle," "Waldleute," "Erinnerung einer alten Schwarzwälderin," etc.; besides these a great number of short stories have also proceeded from his pen. These are the fruits of his general literary labors. His spiritual activity has expressed itself in a series of Lenten sermons much appreciated.

From the Story of an Unhappy Life.

BY H. HANSJAKOB.

It has been my custom, these many years, to spend my vacations in the suburbs of the city of Freiburg. I have secured for myself a quiet hermitage in what was at one time a Carthusian monastery, but is now the municipal poorhouse. It stands in the woods near the city, and has a most inspiring outlook over the pine-bordered valley of the Dreisam River. Here I rest, and think, and dream.

When the days are fine I leave my refuge and wander slowly down into the green valley along the creek and through the meadow. Then, after a while I return to my cell, filled with a quiet happiness.

Thus it happened one warm afternoon in the spring of the year 1898. The sun smiled on hill and dale, the thrushes sang jubilantly in the pine trees, the bees hummed along the blossoming bushes beside the creek, and, on the meadows, the spring blossoms raised their faces to the vivifying light.

Between the river and the creek I sat down, beside a sluice which regulated the irrigation of the meadow. In front of me, in the dry ditch, there lay an old, worn birch broom.

Scarcely had the broom noticed that I looked at it for several moments, when it seemed to me as if it began to address my consciousness thus:

You old fellow, you have come here just at the right time. I have seen you pass often and would have liked to talk to you. I am one of the beings whom the civilization of mankind has made unhappy, too,—one of its very first victims. Therefore let me tell you the tale of the life of one of these miserable ones, then release me and tell your fellow men how even a broom must suffer for their comfort and selfishness.

I have been lying here since late in the fall, carried to this spot by the water, and then left by it. In all my life no one even looked at me pityingly. You are the first person who ever turned to me with kindly eyes. Therefore I shall pour out all my woe to you and tell you all the misery I have gone through. For even a broom has a heart.

I know you, tall man, ever since the days of my happy childhood. My home was your home too. I, too, was born in the Kintzig Valley. You know, perhaps, the still little lake in the farthest corner of the valley? It turns the mill of the middle farmer on the mountain. Just above that little body of water that looks out, like an eye of the Earth, upon the lonesome world around it, my mother stood—a stately old birch.

It was spring when I first came to the consciousness of being. In the meadows below me spring flowers were blooming, above me sang the larks; in the lake at my feet the trout played, and we little birch twigs caressed each other in the soft air.

After spring came summer. The shepherd boys lay in the pastures and sang while the sheep peacefully fed beside them.

Gay parties went on past us up to the castle, the Heidburg. In the fields the men worked merrily and busily. The sun smiled afar over countless wooded heights and, as if veiled in silver, the hills of the Kintzig Valley looked up at us.

"How beautiful is the Earth and life on her," I thought often in the spring and summer time of my young life, when even the storms did not seem able to hurt us. For, when a storm burst over us, we little birch-children danced and sang like a lot of playing boys.

The old birch-mother would chide us and say: "Do not be too wild, children, or you'll feel it the more when you come upon days in which everything will not be as you like."

We laughed when she talked like that, and told her she was cranky and envious of the delights of youth.

"The time will come when you will think of me," she might say then, "when you are far away from home, deserted and despised."

And then she would tell us the following story, which she had heard from her forebears: "Once the birch was a holy tree. The old Kelts who had lived up there, long, long ago, would come into the birch forests in May time to offer sacrifices to their gods, drink the birch sap, and dance decently beneath the birch branches.

"But when the Franks and the Alemanns came from the Rhine into this valley and over the hills, they brought with them their God Wodan and their Goddess Freya, and the other devil gods. Then the women learned to be servants of the devil. They mounted their birch brooms and flew over to the high mountains, the 'Farnkopf' and the 'Kandel,' and there practiced all sorts of evil rites in honor of Freya.

"In the day time they kept their birch-broom steeds hidden in the kitchen, so that they would be at hand when they wanted to fly through the roof to ride to the devil mountains.

"But from the convent at Gengenbach, which the Frankish dukes founded, came the monks and preached the Christian religion.

"They forbade the women witchcraft and the riding of brooms, and told them instead it were better to use the brooms to sweep the filth out of their huts, to serve the true God, and fly the devil and his works.

"To drive out the devil the better the monks taught the people to make switches out of the birch twigs, and to punish the children with them when they did not mind.

"Thus were birch-brooms first made and also switches and cat-o'-nine-tails. And since that time countless birch-children have had to leave their homes and their mothers, victims in the cause of the culture and the education of humanity.

"Some of us go to perish in dust and filth, and others must leave their lives by bits on the backs of bad boys and girls.

"Happy the birch-children who may stay with their mother until she too must die and then rise in a fiery glow to heaven, when the Black Forest peasants light their midsummer fires."

Thus would the old birch-mother tell us tales and try to point out to us the seriousness of life. But in vain. We played on and enjoyed ourselves.

One day, you, too, to whom I am telling my life, went through our birch grove. You came up from the valley. Beside you there walked a very old, little man.

You stopped beside my mother, leaned against her trunk to rest yourself, and then you said to your companion: "There's nothing but misery in this world, grandfather."

"Yes, to be sure, there's nothing else," he answered. "But one does not notice it until one gets old."

Then you two went on again softly, toward the Heidburg, but the birch-mother called out to us: "Did you hear now what there is in life?"

But indeed we did not listen; we only played on more gaily, for we were young.

Then came the fall. The leaves turned yellow. The fogs rose from the valley and covered forest and meadow. The shepherd boys lay no more in the tall grass a-singing, as in the summer days. Shivering and silent they went up and down with their flocks. Sad of face the peasants dug the ground apples out of the cold earth.

On the field that we little birch-children could overlook, a poor day laborer was doing the same work. The farmer to whom belonged the field, the mill, the little lake, and the birch grove had allowed the poor man to plant this raw piece of ground with potatoes.

Now the man was digging his scanty crop out of the poor soil. His wife and his two children helped him at his work.

Our mother knew him well and had warned us against him even in the springtime, for in his spare moments he made brooms.

And truly, what do you think happened? One morning the farmer came up out of the fog on his way toward the mill. When Michael, for that was the laborer's name, saw him he laid down his hoe and went over to him and said: "To-morrow I'll be through digging potatoes and then I want to begin making brooms. And so I wanted to ask you if I could cut your old birch for withes. I'll work a few days for you in the springtime in return."

"To be sure, Michael," said the farmer. "The birch grove will have to be cut down any way next year. The trees are old enough now, and birchwood brings a good price down in the city."

At his words a moaning went through the grove, and old and young began to lament at the thought of death. Then we little ones first believed our mother's words.

On the second day after Michael came down with his two boys, who dragged a hand cart between them.

There was but little time for wailing and farewells. One of the boys was climbing up the trunk of our mother, a sharp knife in his teeth. I became unconscious with fright. When I recovered I was lying with numberless other birch-children under the thatched roof of an ancient hut up in the field which Michael worked. He himself was sitting on the bench beside the stove, cutting and binding some of us into brooms.

I could watch Michael through the little windows which we almost covered. Peacefully puffing away at his pipe, he cut the birch twigs and tied them together, never dreaming that he was destroying merry lives as he did so.

But then you human beings have little sympathy for the suffering that you inflict upon thousands of fellow-creatures. You only know how to destroy the works of the Creator. You act as if you were the lords, and ruthlessly sacrifice everything to your selfishness.

But I could not be angry long at Michael. He was a poor man and want taught him to make brooms. And then he had no idea that plants and trees have life and feeling also.

He was an honest, contented man. He and his lived poorly, but righteously, were satisfied with coarse food, hoped for a better life in another world, and folded their hands three times a day in prayer to their Lord and God.

One morning he brought us children of the old birch-mother at the little lake into his warm room too, to put the last touch to our misery. In the room there was an old woman, his mother, who moaned and prayed day and night. Many years she had lain there, helpless with rheumatism. At the sight of her I felt sorry for you human beings for the first time and the last time. It did seem too much to me that the poor old mother, whose lot had been nothing but hard work and care all her life, had to suffer so much before she died in that miserable room in that lonely place.

But the more I learned to know your brutal ways afterward, the less sympathy and pity I had for your sufferings.

One cold winter evening Michael tied twenty-five new brooms, among them me too, together, put them on his hand cart, and started off across the heath with them. In the distance I got a glimpse of the birch grove that had been the home of my youth, and cast one long, sad look back at it.

At a lonely house called "The Rose Inn" Michael stopped. A wagon was standing here with a horse hitched to it. The teamster was sitting inside in the warm room, only his dog was left outside to watch and bark at the poor man with the brooms. He, however, paid no attention to the yelping, but threw his brooms on the wagon and went in, too.

Every Friday evening Hans, that was the driver's name, passed up here. He came up out of the Kintzig Valley and went on toward Freiburg for the Saturday market. Whoever had anything to sell, fruit, butter, eggs, chickens, sheep, calves, brooms, brought his goods to "The Rose Inn" and gave them to Hans to take to the market.

In the warm room of the inn Hans and his customers were sitting comfortably bargaining, buying, selling, drinking, while outside the poor beasts shivered and waited.

I had barely had time to look about and discover as companions in misery several bags of oats and a basket of hens, when a farmer came driving up from the other side of the heath and brought a sheep and a calf, threw both of them, bound as they were, into the wagon and went on into the inn too. The poor beasts groaned with pain. The chickens complained softly, while we poor brooms bore our misery in silence.

Then the driver's old spitz dog began to bark scornfully at the poor beasts: "Why are you so sad, your lordships? Are we not all on the way to the beautiful city of Freiburg? There your miseries will soon be ended. The chickens will have their heads cut off and the sheep and the calf will have their throats cut. Then the people will fall over your corpses and devour them."

At this the poor creatures began to shake and shiver with fear. And indeed they might well be afraid of man—the heartless.

"And you," the dog continued, turning to us brooms, "you will be a little better off. You will at least live a little longer than the rest of the children of the country. You may enjoy the dust in the houses and the filth on the streets of the city, and between times stand in a dark corner and be glad you are living on this beautiful earth."

Now the horse, who had been listening to everything, turned around and called out: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, stupid beast of a dog, to speak so to your fellow-creatures. Why should you put yourself above others? Hunger and blows and kicks are your lot, too, and you have experienced the ingratitude and brutality of men as well as I have.

"For the last ten years you and I have been faithful in Hans' service, yet he lets us stand out here, cold and hungry and thirsty, while he is comfortable inside.

"When you are old he will kill you and throw you into the garbage. When I am old he will send me to be killed, and in the mean time curses and blows and whippings are all we get."

Then the dog, shamed into silence, lay down and grunted to himself.

At last Hans came out, followed by the farmers, laborers, and women whose goods he was to sell. He hung his lantern on the wagon, lit it, and started off.

When we came down into the valley an old woman stood at the crossroads and called out of the darkness to us. It was Butter

Barby. These many years she bought up butter for the Freiburg market and waited here every Friday evening for Hans. She put her big baskets of butter in the wagon and then climbed up beside him.

She began to complain that there was no fun in trading in this bitterly cold weather. The day before she had tramped from farm to farm, gathering up the butter, and wind and weather seemed to go to her very marrow. If it were not that now and then one of the women gave her something warm to drink, it would not have been bearable. And then to drive the whole night in the cold wagon and go and sit in the cold market-place as soon as they got into town! One could do penance for one's sins these days.

Thus she lamented. But Hans was not moved. He thought that his own life was no easier, and for that matter it was part of their business. If she had become a seamstress, or something like that, she could sit beside the stove in the winter and in the shade in the summer.

When we reached the town after the long, cold night ride, Hans said to Barby: "You might offer the brooms that are lying in the back of the wagon for sale along with your butter. Michael gave them to me to sell for him. He is a poor man, and I should like to sell them at as good a price as possible, but you know more about the city women than I do, and so can sell them better."

"Certainly," Barby answered. "I will try to sell the brooms. Birch-brooms are not wanted any more, but I'll do the best I can."

A half hour later we birch-children were lying at Barby's feet in the market-place at Freiburg.

In the darkness and fog the market-women, loaded with heavy baskets, sat down on the long rows of benches in the cold, stone-paved place, and waited shiveringly for the city women to come and buy.

When the cold morning sun lit up the place I saw that we miserable brooms were among the least, if not the very least, of all the things offered for sale.

It was a long time before my fate was decided. First the buyers marketed their eatables—vegetables, and eggs, and butter, skimping the poor country women as much as possible in the price. Nobody seemed to be looking for brooms, and although Butter Barby had sold nearly all her butter, we poor birch-children were still lying at her feet untouched and unsold. She asked over and over and over again, "Don't you need brooms?" and was answered, "Birch brooms are out of fashion. The hired girls are ashamed to use them nowadays."

At last an elderly, plainly-dressed woman came along and asked for a birch broom. She wanted it not for herself, but for a cook who did not want to carry it home. This cook gave her the coffee grounds and other things left over in the kitchen, and in return she, the poor woman, did errands for the cook.

Barby chose a broom and gave it to the woman for twenty pennies. I was that broom.

The woman took me under her arm and went on through streets and avenues, and at last entered a small but fine house.

In this house my real misery began. What I suffered in the half year I spent there would fill a book. But I will be brief, for the meadows are still damp and you might take cold if you sit here listening to me too long.

The house was the home of a young married couple. He was the son of a rich brewer and lived on what his father had left him, doing nothing but amusing himself. She was the daughter of a poor university professor and had married the young millionaire because his money promised her a luxurious existence.

He smoked cigars, played billiards, went hunting and shooting, read the papers, and speculated a little. She played the piano, painted a little, rode the bicycle, read novels, went to the theater, and gave afternoon receptions. Of keeping house she had not the remotest understanding. She could not even make tea.

When she did come into the kitchen occasionally and talk about cooking, what she said was so stupid that the cook and the chambermaid could hardly keep from laughing, and made fun of her as soon as she left. The servants in the house were girls who had rid themselves in the city of everything they had brought with them from their country homes: costume, manner, dialect, and, following the example of their employers, religion also. Sunday morning was given up to going out walking with their good friends among the soldiers instead of going to church.

The servants were usually amicable, because they were all agreed to cheat their employers as much as possible. That was how I came into the house, the difference in my cost and a broom-corn broom going into the cook's pocket. But the mistress and master were less agreeable than the servants. Sometimes, late at night, I could hear them call each other very unpleasant names; she casting up to him the origin of his money, and he calling her a beggar and like things. But the next day they would seem to have made it up again and all one heard was "Dear August" and "Emma, dear."

Thus I spent my time, either mistreated in the dirt and filth of the street and kitchen or behind the door in darkness and dust.

But the hour of my deliverance seemed at hand. The winter had been long. The streets were dirtier than ever. You know in Freiburg it is still the custom for each householder to sweep in front of his own place. And these times were really the happiest for me, for the elderly woman, who bought me, did this work for the cook. The cook was ashamed to be seen sweeping on the street. The woman always washed me nice and clean then in the little stream which flows through all the streets of the city.

One evening the cook told the woman to throw me into this stream when she was through with me and buy a new one. I was good for nothing more. You must know that you mistreat the water, which is nice and clean when it comes from the mountains, as you do everything else. You throw your refuse and dirt into it and make it miserable.

But I was glad to be out in the water in God's free air, even if I was maimed and disfigured. As I was floating merrily past the linden trees in the lower town a rude hand grabbed me and drew me out of the soft waves. The man carried me into a stable saying, "I can use this broom." From the kitchen of a fine house to a stable is a great step down, but yet I found better people in the stable than in the kitchen.

The groom had remained a peasant at heart, even if he had come into the city. He was honest, kindly, and industrious. He was the friend of the horses and talked with them, coaxed, and petted them. He and his master, the landlord of the Linden Inn, were on a pleasanter and more considerate footing than the millionaire brewer's son and the professor's daughter.

If the man had not pulled me out of the water I could have liked him, for he was the only human being I had so far seen who had any sympathy with other creatures.

On the afternoon of the first and last Saturday I spent at the Linden Inn stables a farmer came across the courtyard as if he were looking for something. When he saw me he carried me out into the street, where his wagon was standing, and laid me under a little keg, so it would not roll around when he was driving along.

I was on one side, and on the other was a piece of wood. The man had been looking for a second piece of wood, and not finding it, had seen me and had rescued me from my captivity.

Then the farmer and his wife got into the wagon and we went out of the city. I soon noticed that we were going up the valley toward the Black Forest.

Far up the valley the farmer drove; nearer and nearer came the mountains and the forests, and swifter and more swift the rivulets came down the hills.

At a lonely farmhouse on the other side of the river, which here was young and small, the wagon stopped at last.

It was the home of the farmer. In front of the cellar door the keg was unloaded and I thrown into a corner behind the house.

Here I lay in the warm spring sunshine and nobody bothered about me. I heard again, as once before, the birds singing and the shepherds calling, but you know from your own experience that this is not happiness at all times.

Old, tired, worn people, creeping toward the grave, are only made sadder when spring comes and everything is young and joyous, because they feel that they never can be so again, and that their own springtime is past forever.

So it happened to me, the old, used-up birch-child. The singing birds and the yodeling shepherds, the lovely sunshine and blossom-covered meadows, but made me think of my happy youth, lost forever, and made my soul more sad.

In front of the house the farmer's mother, a very old, wrinkled little woman, was wont to sit, thinking and dreaming, warming herself in the sun's rays. But every once in a while I heard her murmur: "What good am I here on earth any way?" and then she would take her rosary out of her pocket and pray. I really believe that she prayed each time to be soon and graciously relieved of the misery of this life.

Spring passed and summer came. Both seemed to bring content and happiness to everything inside and outside of the farmhouse, except to the old grandmother and to me.

We sighed in the midst of the sunshine and longed for the end. And it came.

Scarcely had fall brought the first fog over the valley when I saw the old grandmother no more. She had laid down to die. One morning they carried the life-weary body down into the valley, followed by her weeping children and grandchildren.

She had finished her earthly suffering, the old woman, and her passing away filled me anew with the desire for an end.

But how was it to come? I often wished the farmer's wife, or her maid, would see me and throw me into the kitchen fire, or that the river, which flowed past but a few steps away, might carry me along on its journey toward Father Rhine.

I still dreamed of a grave by the Rhine's lovely banks, of which I used to have a glimpse from the hills of my youth.

Then—it was on the feast of All Saints—the sluices of heaven were opened one night, and for days the rain poured down.

The river rose and crept up toward the farmhouse in the narrow valley. The children laughed with delight at the rising water, while their father watched it anxiously.

The little ones threw bits of wood into the rapid-flowing waves, and shouted when they danced away out of sight on the swift current.

While they were playing thus, little Hans, the farmer's youngest, spied me and did me the favor of throwing me into the waves. This time I felt sure that I would be carried out into the Rhine, where torn and broken, I might at last die. But he whom misfortune has set out to pursue, it pursues to the last. So too with me. I had hardly been carried as far as the city when I was floated into the canal, which branches off here, and was built to water the meadows of the Carthusians long ago.

The guard had opened the sluices that were placed here and there and the waters carried me into the ditch where you meet me to-day. When the cold weather came the guard turned the water off and all the long winter I lay here in the dry ditch, helpless, alone, and unhappy.

In the beginning of spring an old frog sometimes kept me company. He came hopping up the ditch on warm evenings and croaked out his complaints into the quiet night.

"Oh, these terrible people," he would croak. "How they torture us poor frogs. In the springtime when we sing with the joy of life they come, the heartless ones, catch us at the water edges, and cut us up alive, take away our lower limbs, and leave the rest of our body to its agonies and its pains.

"And in the winter, when we bury ourselves under the waters to rest, they drag us out and treat us the same way."

Thus the old frog-patriarch complained and croaked until one night he too came no more. Some boys, who came across the meadows in the warm spring night, caught him and cut him up.

Since then, it may have been about three weeks ago, I have been alone again in my misery.

I often saw you pass. I saw, too, how you would sometimes stop some ragged beggar coming along the way, question him, give him something, and let him go on. And then I would think to myself—if that long dark man but knew your misery he would surely release you.

To-day you came to me and I made use of the opportunity and told you my life.

I see it in your face that you have had sympathy with my tale and therefore I venture to ask just one favor:

Take me away from here. But do not throw me into the river. I have no luck in the water. Over there in the grove I see smoke rising. Where there is smoke there must be fire. Carry me to that fire and throw me into it. I will then rise as smoke and join the clouds that are going northward just now. May a happy fate carry me along with them over onto the heath where I was born, and there let me drop down as a tear into the little lake beside which my mother stood, and over which I passed the happy days of my childhood. By this time the farmer will have cut down the birch grove and my mother too, but when the branches of a young generation of birches are reflected in the clear, still waters of the lake, then I will weep for them and for myself—weep for my past and for their future. But I shall smile too among those tears, smile, because I may weep and end my existence there where it began; because I shall hear birds sing again and shepherd boys yodel in my old home, as I did when I was a happy birch-child.

Thus spoke the old broom, and as it had won my heart by the story of its unhappy life, I picked it up and said: "Poor creature, unhappy victim of an unhappy race, your wish shall be fulfilled. But one thing I ask of you and that is, you must not depart this life in bitterness. You must first forgive the beings who made you unhappy.

"Believe me, old, unhappy birch-child, there is a much heavier burden of misery on mankind than what you endured behind the kitchen door. Therefore forgive and forget.

"Remember that men are much more unhappy than you creatures. They feel life's misery much more and they must moreover suffer for the sins of our first parents, who drew all posterity and all Nature into the curse of their sin.

"Therefore we sigh for release and redemption, and, with us, all the creatures who suffer under the sins of man."

The broom nodded approvingly and I went on: "May heaven fulfil your last wish and let you rest in the little mountain lake of our home. And if my own wish is fulfilled, I, too, will rest some day at the foot of the heath in which is the lake that is to be your grave."

And when I had said it I walked over to the edge of the woods with it. Here the city poor, who shared with me the old Carthusian monastery that was now the poorhouse, had cleared the ground of the winter's underbrush and loose leaves, and were burning up both in a merry fire.

Into these I threw my poor friend, to the astonishment of the old men, who saw me coming along with an old broom.

"There's no loss in that," said one of them. But none suspected that an unhappy creature was being released from a sad existence.

I stood there until the broom was burned up. In light, curling smoke it rose to the clouds and drifted over the woods toward the Kintzig Valley.

I looked after it long and seriously. When it had disappeared on the other side of the woods I turned away with the words: "May you reach the hills and the forests safely, where we were both once young and happy."

PRINTED BY BENZIGER BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

STANDARD CATHOLIC BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

BENZIGER BROTHERS,

CINCINNATI:	NEW YORK:	CHICAGO:
343 MAIN ST.	36 AND 38 BARCLAY ST.	211-213 MADISON ST.

DOCTRINE, INSTRUCTION, DEVOTION.

ABANDONMENT; or, Absolute Surrender of Self to Divine Providence. Rev. J. P. CAUSSADE, S.J.	*net*, 0 40
ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. TESNIERE. Cloth,	*net*, 1 25
ALPHONSUS LIGUORI, ST. Complete Ascetic Works. 22 vols., each,	*net*, 1 25
ANALYSIS OF THE GOSPELS. Rev. L. A. LAMBERT, LL.D.	*net*, 1 25
APOSTLES' CREED, THE. Rev. MULLER, C.SS.R.	‖ *net*, 1 10
ART OF PROFITING BY OUR FAULTS. Rev. J. TISSOT.	*net*, 0 40
BIBLE, THE HOLY.	0 80
BIRTHDAY SOUVENIR. Mrs. A. E. BUCHANAN.	0 50
BLESSED VIRGIN, THE. Rev. Dr. KELLER.	0 75
BLOSSOMS OF THE CROSS. EMILY GIEHRL.	1 25
BOOK OF THE PROFESSED.	
Vol. I.	*net*, 0 75
Vol. II.	*net*, 0 60
Vol. III.	*net*, 0 60
BOYS' AND GIRLS' MISSION BOOK. By the Redemptorist Fathers.	0 35
Per 100,	17 50
CATECHISM EXPLAINED, THE. SPIRAGO-CLARKE.	*net*, 2 50
CATHOLIC BELIEF. FAA DI BRUNO.	
Paper, *0.25; 100 copies,	15 00
Cloth, *0.50; 25 copies,	7 50
CATHOLIC CEREMONIES and Explanation of the Ecclesiastical Year. ABBE DURAND.	
Paper, *0.30; 25 copies,	4 50
Cloth, *0.60; 25 copies,	9 00
CATHOLIC PRACTICE AT CHURCH AND AT HOME. Rev. ALEX. L. A. KLAUDER.	
Paper, *0.30; 25 copies,	4 50
Cloth, *0.60; 25 copies,	9 00
CATHOLIC TEACHING FOR CHILDREN. WINIFRID WRAY.	0 40
CATHOLIC WORSHIP. Rev. R. BRENNAN, LL.D.	
Paper, *0.15; 100 copies,	10 00
Cloth, *0.25; 100 copies,	17 00
CHARACTERISTICS OF TRUE DEVOTION. Rev. N. GROU, S.J.	*net*, 0 75
CHARITY THE ORIGIN OF EVERY BLESSING.	0 60
CHILD OF MARY. Prayer-Book for Children.	0 60
CHILD'S PRAYER-BOOK OF THE SACRED HEART.	0 20
CHRISTIAN FATHER. Right Rev. W. CRAMER.	
Paper, *0.25; 25 copies,	3 75
Cloth, *0.40; 25 copies,	6 00

CHRISTIAN MOTHER. Right Rev. W. Cramer.	
Paper, *0.25; 25 copies,	3 75
Cloth, *0.40; 25 copies,	6 00
CHURCH AND HER ENEMIES. Rev. M. Muller, C.SS.R.	|| *net,* 1 10
COMEDY OF ENGLISH PROTESTANTISM. A. F. Marshall.	*net,* 0 75
COMPLETE OFFICE OF HOLY WEEK.	0 50
100 copies,	25 00
COMMUNION. Edited by Rev. John J. Nash, D.D.	Per 100, *net,* 3 50
CONFESSION.	Per 100, *net,* 3 50
CONFIRMATION.	Per 100, *net,* 3 50
COUNSELS OF ST. ANGELA to Her Sisters in Religion.	*net,* 0 25
DEVOTION OF THE HOLY ROSARY and the Five Scapulars.	|| *net,* 0 75
DEVOTIONS AND PRAYERS FOR THE SICK-ROOM. Krebs, C.SS.R. Cloth,	*net,* 1 00
DEVOTIONS AND PRAYERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS. A Complete Prayer-book.	†1 00
DEVOTIONS TO THE SACRED HEART for the First Friday of Every Month. By Pere Huguet.	0 40
DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS, GOFFINE'S. 1.00; 25 copies,	17 50
DIGNITY AND DUTY OF THE PRIEST; or, Selva, a Collection of Material for Ecclesiastical Retreats. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori.	*net,* 1 25
DIGNITY, AUTHORITY, DUTIES OF PARENTS, ECCLESIASTICAL AND CIVIL POWERS. By Rev. M. Muller, C.SS.R.	|| *net,* 1 40
DIVINE OFFICE: Explanations of the Psalms and Canticles. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori.	*net,* 1 25
EPISTLES AND GOSPELS. 0.25; 100 copies,	19 00
EUCHARIST AND PENANCE. Rev. M. Muller, C.SS.R.	|| *net,* 1 10
EUCHARISTIC CHRIST, Reflections and Considerations on the Blessed Sacrament. Rev. A. Tesniere.	*net,* 1 00
EUCHARISTIC GEMS. A Thought About the Most Blessed Sacrament for Every Day in the Year. By Rev. L. C. Coelenbier.	0 75
EXPLANATION OF COMMANDMENTS, ILLUSTRATED.	1 00
EXPLANATION OF THE APOSTLES' CREED, ILLUSTRATED.	1 00
EXPLANATION OF THE BALTIMORE CATECHISM OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Rev. Th. L. Kinkead.	*net,* 1 00
EXPLANATION OF THE COMMANDMENTS, Precepts of the Church. Rev. M. Muller, C.SS.R.	|| *net,* 1 10
EXPLANATION OF THE GOSPELS and of Catholic Worship. Rev. L. A. Lambert.	
Paper, *0.30; 25 copies,	4 50
Cloth, *0.60; 25 copies,	9 00
EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRAMENTS, ILLUSTRATED.	1 00
EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. Rev. M. v. Cochem.	1 25
EXPLANATION OF THE OUR FATHER AND THE HAIL MARY. Rev. R. Brennan, LL.D.	0 75
EXPLANATION OF THE PRAYERS AND CEREMONIES OF THE MASS, ILLUSTRATED. Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B.	1 25
EXPLANATION OF THE SALVE REGINA. Liguori.	0 75
EXTREME UNCTION.	0 10
100 copies,	6 00
FAMILIAR EXPLANATION OF CATHOLIC DOCTRINE. Rev. M. Muller, C.SS.R.	1 00
FIRST AND GREATEST COMMANDMENT. By Rev. M. Muller, C.SS.R.	|| *net,* 1 40
FIRST COMMUNICANT'S MANUAL.	‡0 50
100 copies,	25 00
FLOWERS OF THE PASSION. Thoughts of St. Paul of the Cross. By Rev. Louis Th. de Jesus-Agonisant. *0.50; per 100 copies,	30 00

FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. Thomas a Kempis.	
With Reflections, †0.50; 100 copies,	25 00
Without Reflections, ‡0.45; 100 copies,	22 50
Edition de luxe,	†1 50
FOUR LAST THINGS, THE: Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell. Meditations. Father M. v. Cochem. Cloth,	0 75
GARLAND OF PRAYER. With Nuptial Mass. Leather,	†0 90
GENERAL CONFESSION MADE EASY. Rev. A. Konings, C.SS.R. Flexible. ‖0.15; 100 copies,	10 00
GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. Verheyen, O.S.B.	*net*, 0 30
GLORIES OF DIVINE GRACE. Dr. M. J. Scheeben.	*net*, 1 50
GLORIES OF MARY. St. Alphonsus de Liguori. 2 vols.,	*net*, 2 50
GOFFINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS. 140 Illustrations. Cloth, 1.00; 25 copies,	17 50
GOLDEN SANDS. Little Counsels for the Sanctification and Happiness of Daily Life.	
Third Series,	0 50
Fourth Series,	0 50
Fifth Series,	0 50
GRACE AND THE SACRAMENTS. By Rev. M. Muller, C.SS.R.	‖ *net*, 1 25
GREAT MEANS OF SALVATION AND OF PERFECTION. St. Alphonsus de Liguori.	*net*, 1 25
GREAT SUPPER OF GOD, THE. A Treatise on Weekly Communion. By Rev. S. Coube, S.J. Edited by Rev. F. X. Brady, S.J. Cloth,	*net*, 1 00
GREETINGS TO THE CHRIST-CHILD, a Collection of Poems for the Young. Illustrated.	0 60
GUIDE TO CONFESSION AND COMMUNION.	†0 60
HANDBOOK OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By S. J. W. Wilmers.	*net*, 1 50
HAPPY YEAR, A. Abbe Lasausse.	*net*, 1 00
HEART OF ST. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL. Thoughts and Prayers. Compiled by the Sisters of the Divine Compassion.	*net*, 0 40
HELP FOR THE POOR SOULS IN PURGATORY.	†0 50
HIDDEN TREASURE: The Value and Excellence of the Holy Mass. By St. Leonard of Pt. Maurice.	0 50
HISTORY OF THE MASS. By Rev. J. O'Brien.	*net*, 1 25
HOLY EUCHARIST. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. The Sacrifice, the Sacrament and the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. Novena to the Holy Ghost.	*net*, 1 25
HOLY MASS. By Rev. M. Muller, C.SS.R.	‖ *net*, 1 25
HOLY MASS. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori.	*net*, 1 25
HOW TO COMFORT THE SICK. Rev. Jos. A. Krebs, C.SS.R. Cloth,	*net*, 1 00
HOW TO MAKE THE MISSION. By a Dominican Father. Paper, 0 10; per 100,	5 00
ILLUSTRATED PRAYER-BOOK FOR CHILDREN. †0.25; 100 copies,	17 00
IMITATION OF CHRIST. See "Following of Christ."	
IMITATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. Translated by Mrs. A. R. Bennett-Gladstone.	
Plain Edition,	†0 50
Edition de luxe,	†1 50
IMITATION OF THE SACRED HEART. By Rev. F. **Arnoudt**, S.J.	†1 25
INCARNATION, BIRTH, AND INFANCY OF JESUS CHRIST; or, the Mysteries of Faith. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori.	*net*, 1 25
INDULGENCES, A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO. Rev. P. M. Bernad, O.M.I.	0 75
IN HEAVEN WE KNOW OUR OWN. By Pere S. J. Blot.	0 60

INSTRUCTIONS AND PRAYERS FOR THE CATHOLIC FATHER. Right Rev. Dr. A. Egger. †0 75

INSTRUCTIONS AND PRAYERS FOR THE CATHOLIC MOTHER. Right Rev. Dr. A. Egger. †0 75

INSTRUCTIONS. Fifty-two, on the Principal Truths of Our Holy Religion. By Rev. Thos. F. Ward. *net*, 0 75

INSTRUCTIONS FOR FIRST COMMUNICANTS. By Rev. Dr. J. Schmitt. *net*, 0 50

INSTRUCTIONS ON THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD and the Sacraments of the Church. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori.
Paper, 0.25; 25 copies, 3 75
Cloth, 0.40; 25 copies, 6 00

INTERIOR OF JESUS AND MARY. Grou. 2 vols., *net*, 2 00

INTRODUCTION TO A DEVOUT LIFE. By St. Francis de Sales. Cloth, †0.50; 100 copies, 30 00

JESUS THE GOOD SHEPHERD. Right Rev. L. de Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington. *net*, 0 75

LABORS OF THE APOSTLES, Their Teaching of the Nations. By Right Rev. L. de Goesbriand, D.D., Bishop of Burlington. *net*, 1 00

LETTERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. 4 vols., each vol., *net*, 1 25

LETTERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI and General Alphabetical Index to St. Alphonsus' Works. *net*, 1 25

LITTLE BOOK OF SUPERIORS. *net*, 0 60

LITTLE CHILD OF MARY. A Small Prayer-book. †0.35; 100 copies, 21 00

LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. ANTHONY. Illustrated. †0.60; 100 copies, 36 00

LITTLE MONTH OF MAY. By Ella McMahon. Flexible, 0 25
100 copies, 19 00

LITTLE MONTH OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY. 0.25; 100 copies, 19 00

LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. 0.05; per 100, 2 50

LITTLE PRAYER-BOOK OF THE SACRED HEART. By Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. †0 40

MANIFESTATION OF CONSCIENCE. Langogne, O.M.Cap. *net*, 0 50

MANUAL OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Complete Manual of Devotion of the Mother of God. †0 60

MANUAL OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST. Conferences on the Blessed Sacrament and Eucharistic Devotions. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. †0 75

MANUAL OF THE HOLY FAMILY. †0 60

MARIÆ COROLLA. Poems by Father Edmund of the Heart of Mary, C.P. Cloth, 1 25

MASS, THE, OUR GREATEST TREASURE. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Cloth, †0 75

MAXIMS AND COUNSELS OF FRANCIS DE SALES. *net*, 0 35

MAY DEVOTIONS, NEW. Rev. Augustine Worth, O.S.B. || *net*, 1 00

MEANS OF GRACE. By Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D. *2 50

MEDITATIONS FOR ALL THE DAYS OF THE YEAR. By Rev. M. Hamon, S.S. 5 vols., *net*, 5 00

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. Baxter. *net*, 1 25

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. Rev. B. Vercruysse, S.J. 2 vols., *net*, 2 75

MEDITATIONS FOR RETREATS. St. Francis de Sales. Cloth, *net*, 0 75

MEDITATIONS FOR SECULAR PRIESTS. Chaignon, S.J. 2 vols., *net*, 4 00

MEDITATIONS ON THE FOUR LAST THINGS. Father M. v. Cochem. 0 75

MEDITATIONS ON THE LAST WORDS FROM THE CROSS. Father Charles Perraud. || *net*, 0 50

MEDITATIONS ON THE LIFE, THE TEACHINGS, AND THE PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST. Ilg-Clarke. 2 vols.,	*net*, 3 50
MEDITATIONS ON THE MONTH OF OUR LADY.	0 75
MEDITATIONS ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD. *0.40; 100 copies,	24 00
MEDITATIONS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS CHRIST. By Rev. Francis da Perinaldo.	*net*, 0 75
MISCELLANY. Historical sketch of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Rules and Constitutions of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Instructions on the Religious State. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori.	*net*, 1 25
MISSION BOOK FOR THE MARRIED. Very Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R. 0.50; 100 copies,	25 00
MISSION BOOK FOR THE SINGLE. Very Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R. 0.50; 100 copies,	25 00
MISSION BOOK OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS. A Manual of Instructions and Prayers to Preserve the Fruits of the Mission. Drawn chiefly from the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori. 0.50; 100 copies,	25 00
MISTRESS OF NOVICES, THE, Instructed in Her Duties. Leguay.	*net*, 0 75
MOMENTS BEFORE THE TABERNACLE. Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.	*net*, 0 40
MONTH, NEW, OF ST. JOSEPH. St. Francis de Sales.	0 25
MONTH, NEW, OF THE HOLY ANGELS. St. Francis de Sales. 0.25; 100 copies,	19 00
MONTH, NEW, OF THE SACRED HEART. St. Francis de Sales.	0 25
MONTH OF MARY, NEW. St. Francis de Sales.	0 25
MONTH OF MAY; a Series of Meditations on the Mysteries of the Life of the Blessed Virgin. By F. Debussi, S.J.	0 50
MONTH OF THE DEAD; or, Prompt and Easy Deliverance of the Souls in Purgatory. By Abbe Cloquet.	0 50
MOST HOLY ROSARY. Thirty-one Meditations. Right Rev. W. Cramer, D.D.	0 50
MOST HOLY SACRAMENT. Rev. Dr. Jos. Keller.	0 75
MY FIRST COMMUNION: The Happiest Day of My Life. Brennan.	0 75
NEW RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER. 0.05; per 100,	3 00
NEW TESTAMENT. Cheap Edition.	
32mo, flexible cloth,	*net*, 0 15
32mo, lambskin, limp, round corners, gilt edges,	*net*, 0 75
NEW TESTAMENT. Illustrated Edition.	
24mo, garnet cloth, with 100 full-page illustrations,	*net*, 0 60
24mo, Rutland Roan, limp, round corners, red or gold edges,	*net*, 1 25
NEW TESTAMENT. India Paper Edition.	
3003 Lambskin, limp, round corners, gilt edges,	*net*, 1 00
4011 Persian Calf, limp, round corners, gilt edges,	*net*, 1 25
4017 Morocco, limp, round corners, gold edges, gold roll inside,	*net*, 1 50
NEW TESTAMENT. Large Print Edition.	
12mo, cloth, round corners, red edges,	*net*, 0 75
12mo, American Seal, limp, round corners, red or gold edges,	*net*, 1 50
NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES. By Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D. 12mo,	0 60
OFFICE, COMPLETE, OF HOLY WEEK. ‡0.50; 100 copies,	25 00
ON THE ROAD TO ROME. By W. Richards.	*net*, 0 50
OUR BIRTHDAY BOUQUET. E. C. Donnelly.	1 00
OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL IN GENAZZANO. Mgr. Geo. F. Dillon, D.D.	0 75
OUR FAVORITE DEVOTIONS. By Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings.	†0 60
OUR FAVORITE NOVENAS. Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings.	†0 60
OUR MONTHLY DEVOTIONS. By Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings.	†1 25

OUR OWN WILL AND HOW TO DETECT IT IN OUR ACTIONS. Rev. JOHN ALLEN, D.D.	*net*, 0 75
PARACLETE, THE. Devotions to the Holy Ghost.	||0 60
PARADISE ON EARTH OPENED TO ALL; A Religious Vocation the Surest Way in Life. By Rev. ANTONIO NATALE, S.J.	*net*, 0 40
PASSION AND DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	*net*, 1 25
PASSION FLOWERS. Poems by Father EDMUND, of the Heart of Mary, C.P.	1 25
PEARLS FROM THE CASKET OF THE SACRED HEART. ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.	0 50
PEOPLE'S MISSION BOOK, THE. Paper, 0.10; per 100,	6 00
PERFECT RELIGIOUS, THE. DE LA MOTTE. Cloth,	*net*, 1 00
PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. New, very cheap edition, with Reflections for Every Day in the Year. 1.00; 25 copies,	17 50
PIOUS PREPARATION FOR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION. Rev. F. X. LASANCE. Cloth,	†0 75
POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS ON MARRIAGE. Very Rev. F. GIRARDEY, C.SS.R. Paper, 0.25; 25 copies,	3 75
Cloth, 0.40; 25 copies,	6 00
POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS ON PRAYER. By Very Rev. FERREOL GIRARDEY, C.SS.R. Paper, 0.25; 25 copies,	3 75
Cloth, 0.40; 25 copies,	6 00
POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS TO PARENTS on the Bringing Up of Children. By Very Rev. F. GIRARDEY, C.SS.R. Paper, 0.25; 25 copies,	3 75
Cloth, 0.40; 25 copies,	6 00
PRAYER-BOOK FOR LENT. Gethsemani, Jerusalem, and Golgotha. Rev. A. GEYER.	†0 50
PRAYER. The Great Means of Obtaining Salvation. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	0 50
PREACHING. Vol. XV. St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. The Exercises of the Missions. Various Counsels. Instructions on the Commandments and Sacraments.	*net*, 1 25
PREPARATION FOR DEATH. St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI. Considerations on the Eternal Truths. Maxims of Eternity. Rule of Life.	*net*, 1 25
PRODIGAL SON; or, the Sinner's Return to God.	|| *net*, 1 00
REASONABLENESS OF CATHOLIC CEREMONIES AND PRACTICES. Rev. J. J. BURKE.	*0 35
RELIGIOUS STATE, THE. With a Treatise on the Vocation to the Priesthood. By St. ALPHONSUS DE LIGUORI.	0 50
REVELATIONS OF THE SACRED HEART to Blessed Margaret Mary. BOUGAUD Cloth,	*net*, 1 50
SACRAMENTALS OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH. Rev. A. A. LAMBING, D.D. Paper, 0.30; 25 copies,	4 50
Cloth, 0.60; 25 copies,	9 00
SACRAMENTALS—Prayer, etc. By Rev. M. MULLER, C.SS.R.	|| *net*, 1 00
SACRED HEART, THE. Rev. Dr. JOSEPH KELLER.	0 75
SACRED HEART, THE, Studied in the Sacred Scriptures. Rev. H. SAINTRAIN, C.SS.R.	*net*, 2 00
SACRIFICE OF THE MASS WORTHILY CELEBRATED, THE. By Rev. Father CHAIGNON, S.J.	*net*, 1 50
SECRET OF SANCTITY. St. FRANCIS DE SALES.	*net*, 1 00
SERAPHIC GUIDE, THE. A Manual for the Members of the Third Order of St. Francis. By a Franciscan Father.	†0 60
SHORT CONFERENCES ON THE LITTLE OFFICE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Very Rev. J. RAINER.	0 50
SHORT STORIES ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. From the French by MARY MCMAHON.	*net*, 0 75
SPIRITUAL CRUMBS FOR HUNGRY LITTLE SOULS. MARY E. RICHARDSON.	0 50
SPIRITUAL DIRECTION.	*net*, 0 60

SPIRITUAL EXERCISES FOR TEN DAYS' RETREAT. Very Rev. V. Smetana, C.SS.R.	*net,* 1 00
SODALISTS' VADE MECUM.	‡0 50
SONGS AND SONNETS. By Maurice Francis Egan.	1 00
SOUVENIR OF THE NOVITIATE. By Rev. Edward I. Taylor.	*net,* 0 60
ST. ANTHONY. Rev. Dr. Jos. Keller.	0 75
ST. JOSEPH, OUR ADVOCATE. By Father Huguet.	0 90
STATIONS OF THE CROSS. Illustrated.	†0 50
STORIES FOR FIRST COMMUNICANTS. Rev. J. A. Keller, D.D.	0 50
STRIVING AFTER PERFECTION. Rev. Joseph Bayma, S.J.	*net,* 1 00
SURE WAY TO A HAPPY MARRIAGE. Rev. Edward I. Taylor.	
Paper, 0.25; 25 copies,	3 75
Cloth, 0.40; 25 copies,	6 00
THIRTY-TWO INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY. Rev. Thomas F. Ward.	*net,* 0 75
THOUGHT FROM BENEDICTINE SAINTS.	*net,* 0 35
THOUGHT FROM ST. ALPHONSUS.	*net,* 0 35
THOUGHT FROM ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI and His Saints.	*net,* 0 35
THOUGHT FROM ST. IGNATIUS.	*net,* 0 35
THOUGHT FROM ST. THERESA.	*net,* 0 35
THOUGHT FROM ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.	*net,* 0 35
THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS for the Consideration of Catholic Young Men. Rev. P. A. Doss, S.J.	‖ *net,* 1 25
TRUE POLITENESS. Abbe Francis Demore.	*net,* 0 60
TRUE SPOUSE OF JESUS CHRIST. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. 2 vols., Centenary Edition,	*net,* 2 50
The same in 1 volume,	*net,* 1 00
TWO SPIRITUAL RETREATS FOR SISTERS. By Rev. E. Zollner.	*net,* 1 00
VENERATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Her Feasts, Prayers, Religious Orders, and Sodalities. By Rev. B. Rohner, O.S.B.	1 25
VICTORIES OF THE MARTYRS; or, the Lives of the Most Celebrated Martyrs of the Church. Vol. IX. By Alphonsus de Liguori.	*net,* 1 25
VISITS TO JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE. Hours and Half Hours of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. With a Novena to the Holy Ghost and Devotions for Mass, Holy Communion, etc. Rev. F. X. Lasance. Cloth,	†1 25
VISITS TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT and to the Blessed Virgin Mary. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori.	†0 50
VOCATIONS EXPLAINED: Matrimony, Virginity, The Religious State, and the Priesthood. By a Vincentian Father. 0.10; 100 copies,	6 00
WAY OF INTERIOR PEACE. By Rev. Father De Lehen, S.J.	*net,* 1 25
WAY OF SALVATION AND PERFECTION. Meditations, Pious Reflections, Spiritual Treatises. St. Alphonsus de Liguori.	*net,* 1 25
WAY OF THE CROSS. Paper, 0.05; 100 copies,	2 50
WORDS OF JESUS CHRIST DURING HIS PASSION. Explained in Their Literal and Moral Sense. By Rev. F. X. Schouppe, S.J. *0.25; 100 copies,	17 00
WORDS OF WISDOM. A Concordance to the Sapiential Books. Edited by Rev. John J. Bell.	*net,* 1 25
YEAR OF THE SACRED HEART. A Thought for Every Day of the Year. Anna T. Sadlier.	0 50
YOUNG GIRLS' BOOK OF PIETY, AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME. A Prayer-book for Girls in Convent Schools and Academies. Golden Sands.	†1 00
ZEAL IN THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY; The Means by which Every Priest May Render His Ministry Honorable and Fruitful. By Abbe Dubois.	*net,* 1 50

JUVENILES.

ADVENTURES OF A CASKET.	0 45
ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH CAPTAIN.	0 45
AN ADVENTURE WITH THE APACHES. By Gabriel Ferry.	0 40
ANTHONY. A Tale of the Time of Charles II. of England.	0 45
ARMORER OF SOLINGEN. By William Herchenbach.	0 40
BERTHA; or, Consequences of a Fall.	0 45
BEST FOOT FORWARD. By Father Finn.	0 85
BETTER PART.	0 45
BISTOURI. By A. Melandri.	0 40
BLACK LADY, AND ROBIN RED BREAST. By Canon Schmid.	0 25
BLANCHE DE MASSILLY.	0 45
BLISSYLVANIA POST-OFFICE. By Marion Ames Taggart.	0 40
BOYS IN THE BLOCK. By Maurice F. Egan.	0 25
BRIC-A-BRAC DEALER.	0 45
BUZZER'S CHRISTMAS. By Mary T. Waggaman.	0 25
BY BRANSCOME RIVER. By Marion Ames Taggart.	0 40
CAKE AND THE EASTER EGGS. By Canon Schmid.	0 25
CANARY BIRD. By Canon Schmid.	0 45
CAPTAIN ROUGEMONT.	0 45
CASSILDA; or the Moorish Princess.	0 45
CAVE BY THE BEECH FORK, THE. By Rev. H. S. Spalding, S.J. Cloth,	0 85
CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT; or, How the Problem Was Solved. By Father Finn.	0 85
COLLEGE BOY, A. By Anthony Yorke. Cloth,	0 85
CONVERSATION ON HOME EDUCATION.	0 45
DIMPLING'S SUCCESS. By Clara Mulholland.	0 40
EPISODES OF THE PARIS COMMUNE. An Account of the Religious Persecution.	0 45
ETHELRED PRESTON; or the Adventures of a Newcomer. By Father Finn.	0 85
EVERY-DAY GIRL, AN. By Mary C. Crowley.	0 40
FATAL DIAMONDS. By E. C. Donnelly.	0 25
FINN, REV. F. J., S.J.:	
HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE. Illustrated.	1 00
THE BEST FOOT FORWARD.	0 85
THAT FOOTBALL GAME.	0 85
ETHELRED PRESTON.	0 85
CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT.	0 85
HARRY DEE.	0 85
TOM PLAYFAIR.	0 85
PERCY WYNN.	0 85
MOSTLY BOYS.	0 85
FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.	0 45
FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES; or, The Old Tales Told Again.	0 75
FLOWER OF THE FLOCK, THE, and the Badgers of Belmont. By Maurice F. Egan.	0 85
FRED'S LITTLE DAUGHTER. By Sara Trainer Smith.	0 40
GERTRUDE'S EXPERIENCE.	0 45
GODFREY THE HERMIT. By Canon Schmid.	0 25
GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S SECRET.	0 45
HARRY DEE; or, Working it Out. By Father Finn.	0 85
HEIR OF DREAMS, AN. By Sallie Margaret O'Malley.	0 40
HER FATHER'S RIGHT HAND.	0 45

HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE. By Father Finn.	1 00
HOP BLOSSOMS. By Canon Schmid.	0 25
HOSTAGE OF WAR, A. By Mary G. Bonesteel.	0 40
HOW THEY WORKED THEIR WAY. By Maurice F. Egan.	0 75
INUNDATION, THE. Canon Schmid.	0 40
JACK HILDRETH ON THE NILE. By Marion Ames Taggart. Cloth,	0 85
JACK O' LANTERN. By Mary T. Waggaman.	0 40
KLONDIKE PICNIC. By Eleanor C. Donnelly.	0 85
LAMP OF THE SANCTUARY. By Cardinal Wiseman.	0 25
LEGENDS OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS from Many Lands. By A. Fowler Lutz.	0 75
LITTLE MISSY. By Mary T. Waggaman.	0 40
LOYAL BLUE AND ROYAL SCARLET. By Marion A. Taggart.	0 85
MADCAP SET AT ST. ANNE'S. By Marion J. Brunowe.	0 40
MARCELLE. A True Story.	0 45
MASTER FRIDOLIN. By Emmy Giehrl.	0 25
MILLY AVELING. By Sara Trainer Smith. Cloth,	0 85
MOSTLY BOYS. By Father Finn.	0 85
MYSTERIOUS DOORWAY. By Anna T. Sadlier.	0 40
MY STRANGE FRIEND. By Father Finn.	0 25
NAN NOBODY. By Mary T. Waggaman.	0 40
OLD CHARLMONT'S SEED-BED. By Sara Trainer Smith.	0 40
OLD ROBBER'S CASTLE. By Canon Schmid.	0 25
OLIVE AND THE LITTLE CAKES.	0 45
OVERSEER OF MAHLBOURG. By Canon Schmid.	0 25
PANCHO AND PANCHITA. By Mary E. Mannix.	0 40
PAULINE ARCHER. By Anna T. Sadlier.	0 40
PERCY WYNN; or, Making a Boy of Him. By Father Finn.	0 85
PICKLE AND PEPPER. By Ella Loraine Dorsey.	0 85
PRIEST OF AUVRIGNY.	0 45
QUEEN'S PAGE. By Katharine Tynan Hinkson.	0 40
RICHARD; or, Devotion to the Stuarts.	0 45
ROSE BUSH. By Canon Schmid.	0 25
SEA-GULL'S ROCK. By J. Sandeau.	0 40
SUMMER AT WOODVILLE. By Anna T. Sadlier.	0 40
TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. F. De Capella.	0 75
TAMING OF POLLY. By Ella Loraine Dorsey.	0 85
THAT FOOTBALL GAME: and What Came of It. By Father Finn.	0 85
THREE GIRLS AND ESPECIALLY ONE. By Marion A. Taggart.	0 40
THREE LITTLE KINGS. By Emmy Giehrl.	0 25
TOM PLAYFAIR; or, Making a Start. By Father Finn.	0 85
TOM'S LUCKPOT. By Mary T. Waggaman.	0 40
TREASURE OF NUGGET MOUNTAIN. By M. A. Taggart.	0 85
VILLAGE STEEPLE, THE.	0 45
WINNETOU, THE APACHE KNIGHT. By Marion Ames Taggart.	0 85
WRONGFULLY ACCUSED. By William Herchenbach.	0 40

NOVELS AND STORIES.

ASER, THE SHEPHERD. A Christmas Story. By Marion Ames Taggart.	*net*, 0 35
BEZALEEL. A Christmas Story. By Marion Ames Taggart.	*net*, 0 35
CIRCUS RIDER'S DAUGHTER, THE. A Novel. By F. v. Brackel.	1 25

CONNOR D'ARCY'S STRUGGLES. A Novel. By Mrs. W. M. Bertholds. 1 25

DION AND THE SIBYLS. A Classic Novel. By Miles Keon. Cloth, 1 25

FABIOLA; or, The Church of the Catacombs. By Cardinal Wiseman. Popular Illustrated Edition, 0.90; Edition de luxe, 5 00

FABIOLA'S SISTERS. A Companion Volume to Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola." By A. C. Clarke. 1 25

HEIRESS OF CRONENSTEIN, THE. By the Countess Hahn-Hahn. 1 25

IDOLS; or, The Secrets of the Rue Chausee d'Antin. De Navery. 1 25

LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER. A Novel. By Josephine Marié. 1 00

LINKED LIVES. A Novel. By Lady Gertrude Douglas. 1 50

MARCELLA GRACE. A Novel. By Rosa Mulholland. Illustrated Edition. 1 25

MISS ERIN. A Novel. By M. E. Francis. 1 25

MONK'S PARDON, THE. A Historical Novel of the Time of Phillip IV. of Spain. By Raoul de Navery. 1 25

MR. BILLY BUTTONS. A Novel. By Walter Lecky. 1 25

OUTLAW OF CAMARGUE, THE. A Novel. By A. de Lamothe. 1 25

PASSING SHADOWS. A Novel. By Anthony Yorke. 1 25

PERE MONNIER'S WARD. A Novel. By Walter Lecky. 1 25

PETRONILLA. By E. C. Donnelly. 1 00

PRODIGAL'S DAUGHTER, THE. By Lelia Hardin Bugg. 1 00

ROMANCE OF A PLAYWRIGHT. By Vte. Henri de Bornier. 1 00

ROUND TABLE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. Complete Stories, with Biographies, Portraits, etc. Cloth, 1 50

ROUND TABLE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE FRENCH CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. Complete Stories, with Biographies, Portraits, etc. Cloth, 1 50

ROUND TABLE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE IRISH AND ENGLISH CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. Complete Stories, Biographies, Portraits, etc. Cloth. 1 50

TRUE STORY OF MASTER GERARD, THE. By Anna T. Sadlier. 1 25

VOCATION OF EDWARD CONWAY. A Novel. By Maurice F. Egan. 1 25

WOMAN OF FORTUNE, A. By Christian Reid. 1 25

WORLD WELL LOST. By Esther Robertson. 0 75

LIVES AND HISTORIES

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA. Edited by J. F. X. O'Conor. Cloth, *net*, 1 25

BLESSED ONES OF 1888, THE. Bl. Clement Maria Hoffbauer, C.SS.R.; Bl. Louis Marie Grignon de Monfort; Bl. Brother Aegidius Mary of St. Joseph; Bl. Josephine Mary of St. Agnes. From the original by Eliza A. Donnelly. With Illustrations, 0 50

HISTORIOGRAPHIA ECCLESIASTICA quam Historiæ seriam Solidamque Operam Navantibus, Accomodavit Guil. Stang, D.D. || *net*, 1 00

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. Brueck. 2 vols., *net*, 3 00

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. 1 50

HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND. By Wm. Cobbett. Cloth, *net*, 0.50; paper, *net*, 0 25

LETTERS OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. By Rev. Eugene Grimm, C.SS.R. Centenary Edition. 5 vols., each, *net*, 1 25

LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY. By Mgr. Bougaud, Bishop of Laval. *net*, 1 50

LIFE OF CHRIST. Illustrated. By Father M. v. Cochem. 1 25

LIFE OF FATHER CHARLES SIRE, of the Society of Jesus. By Rev. Vital Sire.	*net*, 1 00
LIFE OF FATHER JOGUES, Missionary Priest of the Society of Jesus. By Father F. Martin, S.J.	*net*, 0 75
LIFE OF FR. FRANCIS POILVACHE, C.SS.R. Paper,	*net*, 0 20
LIFE OF MOTHER FONTBONNE, Foundress of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Lyons. By Abbe Rivaux. Cloth,	*net*, 1 25
LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. Cloth,	*net*, 5 00
LIFE OF SISTER ANNE KATHERINE EMMERICH, of the Order of St. Augustine. By Rev. Thomas Wegener, O.S.A.	*net*, 1 50
LIFE OF ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA. Edition de luxe. By Rev. Father Virgil Cepari, S.J.	*net*, 2 50
LIFE OF ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA, of the Society of Jesus. By Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J.	*net*, 0 75
LIFE OF ST. CATHARINE OF SIENNA. By Edward L. Ayme, M.D.	||1 00
LIFE OF ST. CLARE OF MONTEFALCO. Locke, O.S.A.	*net*, 0 75
LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. Illustrated. By Rev. B. Rohner, O.S.B.	1 25
LIFE OF THE VEN. MARY CRESCENTIA HOESS. By Rev. C. Deymann, O.S.F.	*net*, 1 25
LITTLE LIVES OF SAINTS FOR CHILDREN. Berthold. Ill. Cloth,	0 75
LOURDES: Its Inhabitants, Its Pilgrims, Its Miracles. By Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.	0 75
NAMES THAT LIVE IN CATHOLIC HEARTS. By Anna T. Sadlier.	1 00
OUR BIRTHDAY BOUQUET. By Eleanor C. Donnelly.	1 00
OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL IN GENAZZANO. A History of that Ancient Sanctuary. By Anne R. Bennett-Gladstone.	0 75
OUTLINES OF JEWISH HISTORY, From Abraham to Our Lord. Rev. F. E. Gigot, S.S.	|| *net*, 1 50
OUTLINES OF NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. By Rev. F. E. Gigot, S.S. Cloth,	*net*, 1 50
PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Cloth, 1.00; 25 copies,	17 50
REMINISCENCES OF RT. REV. EDGAR P. WADHAMS, D.D., First Bishop of Ogdensburg. By Rev. C. A. Walworth.	|| *net*, 1 00
ST. ANTHONY, THE SAINT OF THE WHOLE WORLD. Rev. Thomas F. Ward. Cloth,	0 75
STORY OF THE DIVINE CHILD. By Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings.	0 75
VICTORIES OF THE MARTYRS. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori.	*net*, 125
VISIT TO EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND. By Rev. H. Fairbanks.	1 50
WIDOWS AND CHARITY. Work of the Women of Calvary and Its Foundress. Abbe Chaffanjon. Paper,	|| *net*, 0 50
WOMEN OF CATHOLICITY. By Anna T. Sadlier.	1 00

THEOLOGY, LITURGY, SERMONS, SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABRIDGED SERMONS, for All Sundays of the Year. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Centenary Edition. Grimm, C.SS.R.	*net*, 1 25
BAD CHRISTIAN, THE. By Rev. F. Hunolt, S.J. Translated by Rev. J. Allen, D.D. 2 vols.,	*net*, 5 00
BLESSED SACRAMENT, SERMONS ON THE. Especially for the Forty Hours' Adoration. By Rev. J. B. Scheurer, D.D. Edited by Rev. F. X. Lasance.	*net*, 1 50
BREVE COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIAE DOGMATICAE ET MORALIS una cum aliquibus Notionibus Theologiae Canonicae Liturgiae, Pastoralis et Mysticae, ac Philosophiae Christianae. Berthier, M.S.	|| *net*, 2 50

BUSINESS GUIDE FOR PRIESTS. Stang, D.D.	*net*, 0 85
CANONICAL PROCEDURE IN DISCIPLINARY AND CRIMINAL CASES OF CLERICS. By Rev. F. Droste.	*net*, 1 50
CHILDREN OF MARY, SERMONS FOR THE. From the Italian of Rev. F. Callerio. Edited by Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J.	*net*, 1 50
CHRISTIAN ANTHROPOLOGY. Sermons. By Rev. John Thein.	*net*, 2 50
CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. A Treatise on the Human Soul. By Rev. J. T. Driscoll, S.T.L.	*net*, 1 25
CHRISTIAN'S LAST END, THE. Sermons. By Rev. F. Hunolt, S.J. Translated by Rev. J. Allen, D.D. 2 vols.,	*net*, 5 00
CHRISTIAN'S MODEL, THE. Sermons. By Rev. F. Hunolt, S.J. Translated by Rev. J. Allen, D.D. 2 vols.,	*net*, 5 00
CHRISTIAN STATE OF LIFE, THE. Sermons. By Rev. F. Hunolt, S.J. Translated by Rev. J. Allen, D.D.	*net*, 5 00
CHRIST IN TYPE AND PROPHECY. Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J., Professor of Oriental Languages in Woodstock College. 2 vols.,	*net*, 4 00
CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENT BOOK.	*net*, 0 25
CHURCH TREASURER'S PEW. Collection and Receipt Book.	*net*, 1 00
COMMENTARIUM IN FACULTATES APOSTOLICAS EPISCOPIS necnon Vicariis et Praefectis Apostolicis per Modum Formularum concedi solitas ad usum Venerabilis Cleri, imprimis Americani concinnatum ab Antonio Konings, C.SS.R. Editio quarto, recognita in pluribus emendata et aucta, curante Joseph Putzer, C.SS.R.	*net*, 2 25
COMPENDIUM JURIS CANONICI, ad usum Cleri et Seminariorum hujus Regionis accommodatum.	*net*, 2 00
COMPENDIUM SACRAE LITURGIAE JUXTA RITUM ROMANUM una cum Appendice de Jure Ecclesiastico Particulari in America Foederata Sept. vigente scripsit P. Innocentius Wapelhorst, O.S.F. Editio quinta emendatior.	*net*, 2 50
CONFESSIONAL, THE. By the Right Rev. A. Roeggl, D.D.	|| *net*, 1 00
DATA OF MODERN ETHICS EXAMINED. Ming, S.J.	*net*, 2 00
DE PHILOSOPHIA MORALI PRAELECTIONES quas in Collegio Georgiopolitano Soc. Jesu, Anno 1889-90 Habuit P. Nicolaus Russo. Editio altera.	*net*, 2 00
ECCLESIASTICAL DICTIONARY. By Rev. John Thein.	|| *net*, 5 00
ELEMENTS OF ECCLESIASTICAL LAW. By Rev. S. B. Smith, D.D.	
ECCLESIASTICAL PERSONS.	*net*, 2 50
ECCLESIASTICAL PUNISHMENTS.	*net*, 2 50
ECCLESIASTICAL TRIALS.	*net*, 2 50
FUNERAL SERMONS. By Rev. Aug. Wirth, O.S.B. 2 vols.,	|| *net*, 2 00
GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF HOLY SCRIPTURES. By Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S. Cloth,	*net*, 2 00
GOD KNOWABLE AND KNOWN. By Rev. Maurice Ronayne, S.J.	*net*, 1 25
GOOD CHRISTIAN, THE. By Rev. J. Allen, D.D. 2 vols.,	*net*, 5 00
HISTORY OF THE MASS AND ITS CEREMONIES IN THE EASTERN AND WESTERN CHURCH. By Rev. John O'Brien.	*net*, 1 25
LAST THINGS, SERMONS ON THE FOUR. Hunolt. Translated by Rev. John Allen, D.D. 2 vols.,	*net*, 5 00
LENTEN SERMONS. Edited by Augustine Wirth, O.S.B.	|| *net*, 2 00
LIBER STATUS ANIMARUM; or, Parish Census Book. *Pocket Edition*, *net*, 0.25; half leather,	*net*, 2 00
LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND POLITICAL VIEWS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON. By H. F. Brownson.	*net*, 1 25
MARRIAGE PROCESS IN THE UNITED STATES. Smith.	*net*, 2 50
MORAL PRINCIPLES AND MEDICAL PRACTICE, THE BASIS OF MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE. By Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the John A. Creighton Medical College, Omaha, Neb.; Author of Text-books in Metaphysics, Ethics, etc.	*net*, 1 50

NATURAL LAW AND LEGAL PRACTICE. Holaind, S.J. *net*, 1 75

NATURAL THEOLOGY. By B. Boedder, S.J. *net*, 1 50

NEW AND OLD SERMONS. A Repertory of Catholic Pulpit Eloquence. Edited by Rev. Augustine Wirth, O.S.B. 8 vols., || *net*, 16 00

OFFICE OF TENEBRAE, THE. Transposed from the Gregorian Chant into Modern Notation. By Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S. *net*, 0 50

OUR LORD, THE BLESSED VIRGIN, AND THE SAINTS, SERMONS ON. By Rev. Francis Hunolt, S.J. Translated by Rev. John Allen, D.D. 2 vols., *net*, 5 00

OUTLINES OF DOGMATIC THEOLOGY. By Rev. Sylvester Jos. Hunter, S.J. 3 vols., *net*, 4 50

OUTLINES OF NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. Vigot. Cloth, *net*, 1 50

PASTORAL THEOLOGY. By Rev. Wm. Stang, D.D. *net*, 1 50

PENANCE, SERMONS ON. By Rev. Francis Hunolt, S.J. Translated by Rev. John Allen. 2 vols., *net*, 5 00

PENITENT CHRISTIAN, THE. Sermons. By Rev. F. Hunolt. Translated by Rev. John Allen, D.D. 2 vols., *net*, 5 00

PEW-RENT RECEIPT BOOK. *net*, 1 00

PRAXIS SYNODALIS. Manuale Synodi Dioecesanae ac Provincialis Celebrandae. *net*, 0 60

PRIEST IN THE PULPIT, THE. A Manual of Homiletics and Catechetics. Rev. B. Luebermann. *net*, 1 50

PRINCIPLES OF ANTHROPOLOGY AND BIOLOGY. By Rev. T. Hughes, S.J. *net*, 0 75

REGISTRUM BAPTISMORUM. *net*, 3 50

REGISTRUM MATRIMONIORUM. *net*, 3 50

RITUALE COMPENDIOSUM seu Ordo Administrandi quaedam Sacramenta et alia Officia Ecclesiastica Rite Peragendi ex Rituali Romano, novissime edito desumptas. *net*, 0 75

ROSARY, SERMONS ON THE MOST HOLY. Frings. *net*, 1 00

SACRED HEART, SIX SERMONS ON DEVOTION TO THE. By Rev. Dr. E. Bierbaum. *net*, 0 60

SANCTUARY BOYS' ILLUSTRATED MANUAL. Embracing the Ceremonies of the Inferior Ministers at Low Mass, High Mass, Solemn High Mass, Vespers, Asperges, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and Absolution for the Dead. By Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S. *net*, 0 50

SERMON MANUSCRIPT BOOK. *net*, 2 00

SERMONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVALS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. With Two Courses of Lenten Sermons and a Triduum for the Forty Hours. By Rev. J. Pottgeiser, S.J. 2 vols.. *net*, 2 50

SERMONS ON THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES. By Rev. F. Hunolt, S.J. Translated by Rev. John Allen. 2 vols., *net*, 5 00

SERMONS ON THE DIFFERENT STATES OF LIFE. By Rev. F. Hunolt, S.J. Translated by Rev. John Allen. 2 vols., *net*, 5 00

SERMONS ON THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS. By Rev. F. Hunolt, S.J. 2 vols. Translated by Rev. John Allen, D.D. *net*, 5 00

SHORT SERMONS. By Rev. F. Hunolt, S.J. 5 vols., 10 00

SHORT SERMONS FOR LOW MASSES. Schouppe, S.J. *net*, 1 25

SYNOPSIS THEOLOGIAE DOGMATICAE AD MENTEM S. THOMAE AQUINATIS, hodiernis moribus accommodata, auctore Ad. Tanquerey, S.S.:

1. THEOLOGLA FUNDAMENTALIS. Half morocco, *net*, 1 50
2. THEOLOGIA DOGMATICA SPECIALIS. 2 vols., half morocco, *net*, 3 00

THEOLOGIA MORALIS NOVISSIMI ECCLESIAE DOCTORIS ALPHONSI. In Compendium Redacta, et Usui Venerabilis Cleri Americani accomodata. Auctore Rev. A. Konings, C.SS R. Editio septima, auctior et novis curis expolitior curante Henrico Kuper, C.SS.R. 2 vols., *net*, 4 00

TWO-EDGED SWORD. By Rev. AUGUSTINE WIRTH, O.S.B. Paper, *net*, 0 25

VADE MECUM SACERDOTUM, continens Preces ante et post Missam, modum providendi infirmos, necnon multas Benedictionum Formulas. Cloth, *net*, 0.25; Morocco flexible, *net*, 0 50

WHAT CATHOLICS HAVE DONE FOR SCIENCE. With Sketches of the Great Catholic Scientists. By Rev. MARTIN S. BRENNAN. 1 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GENTLEMAN. By M. F. EGAN, LL.D. 0 75

A LADY. Manners and Social Usages. By LELIA HARDIN BUGG. 0 75

AIDS TO CORRECT AND EFFECTIVE ELOCUTION. With Selected Readings. By ELEANOR O'GRADY. 1 25

BONE RULES; or, Skeleton of English Grammar. By Rev. J. B. TABB, A.M. 0 50

CANTATA CATHOLICA. By B. H. F. HELLEBUSCH. || *net*, 2 00

CATECHISM OF FAMILIAR THINGS. Their History, and the Events which Led to Their Discovery. With a Short Explanation of Some of the Principal Natural Phenomena. 1 00

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL. Stories by Best Writers. 0 25

CORRECT THING FOR CATHOLICS, THE. By LELIA HARDIN BUGG. 0 75

ELOCUTION CLASS. A Simplification of the Laws and Principles of Expression. By ELEANOR O'GRADY. *net*, 0 50

EVE OF THE REFORMATION, THE. An Historical Essay on the Religious, Literary, and Social Condition of Christendom, with Special Reference to Germany and England, from the Beginning of the Latter Half of the Fifteenth Century to the Outbreak of the Religious Revolt. By the Rev. WM. STANG. Paper, || *net*, 0 25

GAMES OF CATHOLIC AMERICAN AUTHORS:

PICTORIAL GAME OF CATHOLIC AMERICAN AUTHORS.
- Series A, *net*, 0 15
- Series B, *net*, 0 15

GAMES OF QUOTATIONS FROM CATHOLIC AMERICAN AUTHORS.
- Series I., *net*, 0 15
- Series II., *net*, 0 15
- Series III., *net*, 0 15

GUIDE FOR SACRISTANS and Others Having Charge of the Altar and Sanctuary. By a Member of an Altar Society. *net*, 0 75

HOW TO GET ON. By Rev. BERNARD FEENEY. 1 00

LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL. 0.05; per 100, 3 00

ON CHRISTIAN ART. By EDITH HEALY. 0 50

READING AND THE MIND, WITH SOMETHING TO READ. By J. F. X. O'CONOR, S.J. || *net*, 0 50

READINGS AND RECITATIONS FOR JUNIORS. O'GRADY. *net*, 0 50

SELECT RECITATIONS FOR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES. By ELEANOR O'GRADY. 1 00

3 1205 02249 9691

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILIT
AA 001 387 709